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FRANCESCO CRISPI.

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I.

JOHN BULL has often been reproached with his insularity. Were the charge a little less threadbare we might be surprised at the silence prevailing in this country with regard to a personage who has commanded so large an amount of attention at the other side of the English Channel. While the most striking incidents in the career of Signor Francesco Crispi have long been matters of common knowledge, his life has yet not received from us that full and connected treatment which it deserves. It might have been imagined that English writers would have found in this survivor of a stormy past a subject worthy of their notice; but they have hitherto relegated him to the pens of their French *confrères*. At the hands of our neighbors, however, Crispi has not suffered a similar neglect. Not only has

the French press honored him with its most violent and insatiable animosity, but a member of the French Academy* has employed the weight of his position and the fascinations of his pen to swell the turbid stream of hostile criticism seeking to engulf the ex-premier of Italy. For the credit of the national character it was but right that from the midst of so many enemies a defender should arise, and that the accusations made by the graceful pen of one Frenchman should be answered by that of another. By his "Francesco Crispi,"† however, M. Félix Narjoux has placed more than his own countrymen under a debt of gratitude. Not only has he shown that it is still possible for a Frenchman to rise superior to national preju-

* M. Cherbuliez: *Profilis étrangers*.

† To which I would acknowledge my obligations, so avoiding subsequent reference in detail.

dices, but he has adorned with the light touch of his nation a career among the most romantic of the age. For those who, from a calm and assured position, find enjoyment in the spectacle of their fellows tossing on the billows of the switchback, the life of Crispi cannot fail to possess an interest. Nor is it merely as a page of romance that the story of the statesman who so lately guided the destinies of Italy deserves attention; it forms an epitome of the story of his country. When, in September 1879, Crispi told his fellow-countrymen at Palermo that "Italy has known how to solve this weighty problem, the union of democracy and royalty," his words must have appealed to his hearers with no ordinary power. To all he must have spoken with the authority of a man who, for many years, had acted as one of the officiating clergymen at the marriage ceremony of which he boasted; to a few his words may have carried a deeper significance. Some there may have been among his audience whose memories would carry them back from the white-haired, military-looking figure before them to a vision of a picturesquely long-locked republican enthusiast, in whose political dictionary "king" stood for the irreconcilable enemy of his people. If such there were, for them a due appreciation of the past twenty years was possible. In the history of Crispi they could see the history of Italy in miniature; recognizing the distance which separated the monarchist from the republican, they could measure the tract over which their country had advanced. In the fact that men who had dreamt of a republic now lived and worked for a monarchy was contained a whole volume of political lectures for those who cared to read them. They must have been dull indeed if they did not perceive that, in stating Italy's problem, Crispi was stating his own private problem and the problem of men like him, and that it was exactly because Crispi and his fellows had known how to solve their problem of the union of democracy and royalty that Italy had arrived at a similar solution.

Born October 4, 1819, in the little mountain town of Ribera, in the southwest of Sicily, Crispi may truly be said to have "drunk life to the lees," whether in our definition of life we look to a numerical total of years, variety of experi-

ences, or intensity and continuity of effort. Among students of history there still exist a class who derive much satisfaction from a contemplation of "the might have been." To such, a never-ending vista of speculation is offered by the fact that, in his early days, family influences urged Crispi strongly toward the Church. What would have been the issue in his inner and outer worlds of his adoption of such a life? When the ingenious devotee of hypothetical cases sought to discover the results of an irresistible body meeting an immovable one, he found himself obliged to be content with "the devil of a shindy" for an answer. Perhaps a similar conclusion is the nearest approach to a solution of the present problem at which we can arrive. From such a future Crispi was saved by his own decision of character. He resolutely resisted the pressure brought to bear on him, and, after finishing his art studies at the seminary of Monreale, entered the law school of Palermo. After an extensive course of legal reading he duly took his degree, and settled down to the practice of a profession which seemed to open to him a prosperous and honorable career. In reality, the path he was destined to reach through the portals of the law was one very different from that to which his family fondly looked forward. It is a remarkable fact that the legal profession, which tends to make its older members the most conservative of mankind, seems to have precisely the opposite effect on its younger followers. Combining intellects sharpened and tongues loosened by their professional training, with idle moments and their attendant empty pockets, it is but natural that they should desire the renovation of society and consider themselves capable of its accomplishment. Statistics of the number of revolutions in which lawyers have played an important part would well repay the trouble of compilation; their influence in the great cataclysm of the last century is too well known to need comment. In the condition of the Two Sicilies at this period there was but small prospect that the law courts would be allowed to monopolize the passionate eloquence which has since raised Crispi to the rank of the first pleader in Italy. Under the despotic government of Ferdinand II., better known as Bomba, that kingdom had

brought forth a plentiful crop of secret societies—those mushrooms of the political world for whose growth darkness and an unwholesome atmosphere are the first essentials. Enrolled in various of these ever since his student days, Crispi was not long in finding his way into the "Young Italy." In the ranks of even that passionate and devoted band he speedily signalized himself by his ardor and devotion; and when at last, in January 1848, the order went forth and all Sicily blazed up into insurrection, he was appointed to high office in the revolutionary government. On the details of that abortive attempt of the Sicilians to secure their freedom it is unnecessary to dwell. The success attending their first efforts failed to encourage them to renew the struggle after the disastrous news of Novara told them that their hopes of external aid were shattered. When to this was added the fall of Catania, the capital hesitated no longer. In spite of all the efforts of Crispi and the more desperate section of the patriots, it was decided to come to terms with their late sovereign. Nothing remained for the revolutionary leaders save to wander forth into the exile in which alone their lives would be safe. But Crispi could not yet bring himself to acknowledge defeat. At his instigation the revolutionary government had accepted complete responsibility for the past. He was resolved, for his part, to deserve to the fullest the consequences which that responsibility might entail. Gathering round him a small band of desperate patriots, he attempted a last stand against the royalist troops as they entered the town. Such a contest could have no other effect save that of raising its promoter to a more distinguished place in the vengeance of the Bourbons; but calculations of utility have never been known to find a home in the supreme moments of a generous nature. The royalist troops had little difficulty in dislodging the devoted band, and on May 11 Crispi saw his name heading the list of those condemned to death without trial. It was useless to brave danger longer. For the present it was finished. The chains of the Bourbons were once more riveted around the fair neck which they had so long and so deeply galled. The dream of Sicilian liberty, rich in such early promise, was ended. Over his own future an equal darkness had settled down. He had lost

all save the privilege of a perpetual exile, with pale, ghostly memories to keep him company.

But at present it was necessary to act, and that quickly; in the long days before him there would be plenty of time for thought. Escaping from Palermo on the evening of the 11th, he succeeded in reaching a vessel, which carried him to Marseilles. Here he did not remain long. Making his way to Turin, he earned a scanty livelihood by his contributions to the Liberal papers of the day. To such straits was he reduced at this time, that the salary of 1200 francs attached to the clerkship of the little town of Vero-Lungo rendered the post a desirable one to him. He went so far as to offer himself as a candidate. But this was the furthest concession which his hunger could extract from his pride. His application took the form of a demand rather than that of a solicitation. As might have been expected, he found his offer declined in favor of some more pliant candidate. Soon, however, at the instigation of his old enemies, the Austrians, he was temporarily relieved from any fears of actual starvation. After the failure of the Mazzinist rising in Lombardy in 1853, Austria called on Piedmont to take active measures against the refugees gathered within her territories. Among these Crispi was too conspicuous a figure to escape attention. He was seized and imprisoned; an examination of his papers, however, proved nothing upon which to found an accusation, and after some time he was released under a decree of expulsion. But, in the interval, an event, destined to have a most important influence on his future, had taken place in his life. Crispi's claims to the position of representative Italian would be far less valid than they are if his rôle of conspirator and politician had never given way to one of a more tender character; if the romance of his public had found no counterpart in that of his private life. But from his earliest days the same imaginative power which of old time hurried him into the ranks of "the Young Italy," and in more recent years enriched his parliamentary and forensic utterances with the gold of eloquence, has rendered him peculiarly susceptible to feminine influences. While not yet more than twenty-one he had married, in spite of the opposition of his family, a young girl beneath him in

rank, the daughter of his lodging-house keeper. His married life was terminated in two years by the death of his wife; but the experience, if short, seems to have been satisfactory, for his grief exhibited itself in a desire to re-enter into similar relations with his deceased wife's sister; against the defences, however, of a heart devoted to the cloister his eloquence had broken itself in vain. We can hardly, then, be surprised to learn that when one day a pretty little girl walked into his cell and announced that she had come for his washing, he found his enforced idleness grow less irksome and his political concentration giving way to a more delicate and engrossing interest. On her side, the simple Savoyarde was not slow to feel the attraction of the dark, melancholy conspirator, whose sufferings in the cause of freedom would of themselves have been a sufficient passport to her sympathies. She, too, was alone in the world, and far from the land of her birth. In the similarity of their fortunes was added a further link between them. Crispi's wardrobe was scanty. What so natural that it should need constant washing, with the consequent passing and repassing of Rosalie Montmasson? Soon even these excuses became unnecessary; and when at last she burst into his cell one day with the news that he was free, it needed little effort on his part to persuade her to share the wanderings of an exile.

Driven from Sicily, Crispi had sought an asylum in Turin, where he could feel himself among brother Italians. Now Italy was closed against him. But, though he must henceforth dwell in a strange land, it would at least be some sort of consolation to know that he was near his country. Accordingly, accompanied by Rosalie Montmasson, he made his way to Malta, where a small knot of his fellow refugees had gathered. To the sentimental pains of exile was now added one of a more prosaic nature. Previously, he had found it difficult to procure a livelihood for himself alone; now, he had accepted the responsibility of another's maintenance. His condition was one of the direst poverty. On his expulsion from Turin he had been the recipient of a purse of 300 francs—the result of a subscription, privately opened in the Piedmontese parliament—to enable him to start on his wanderings. But this small sum was now wholly dissipated.

Upon his arrival at Malta, the future premier of Italy had not even the price of a lodging, and the lovers were forced to take up their abode in a deserted ruin. Fortunately for them, straw was cheap, and their slumbers were saved from depressing contact with the bare ground. At last, by dint of great exertions, Crispi succeeded in starting a small journal, which was smuggled across into Sicily in fishing smacks. The importance of a paper is not to be gauged by the number of its pages; insignificant in size, "La Staffetta" yet contained the fire proceeding from the heart of a man who, five years before, had rallied the last stand of his countrymen against the Bourbons. In Crispi's hands, the pen has ever shown itself a not unworthy rival of his tongue. We can well imagine, then, what molten lava might be scattered abroad by this co-patriot of Etna. Some articles, attacking England, attracted the attention of the Governor. Soon complaints against "the Russian agent" poured in from the other Italian refugees, who feared lest Crispi's violence might imperil their position. The Governor resolved to endure the presence of the audacious stranger no longer; it was decided to expel him. Henceforth, even the melancholy satisfaction of feeling himself near his beloved Sicily would be absent from Crispi's life. To add to the painful sense of loss which weighed him down, he found that, for a time at any rate, a separation between himself and his brave little companion was unavoidable. The state of his finances would not permit him the luxury of her consolation any longer. But, before he passed away from her into the uncertainties of separation, he felt that he must pay the debt owed to her courage and fidelity; while it was yet possible to do so, he must change her position into the less equivocal one of wife. Barring the way, however, stood a very matter-of-fact obstacle, at which even those who find therein pathetic proof of the lovers' condition can scarcely repress a smile. The united resources of Crispi and his friends were not such as to support the expense of a wedding ring. From this difficulty of detail he was extricated by a co-patriot, whose calling of watchmaker had raised him to the comparative luxury of being able to present the would-be bridegroom with the desired object. By the same good friend-in-need

a wandering Jesuit was secured, who consented to overlook the want of the formalities usually attendant on the marriage ceremony. A little group of five gathered in the priest's lodgings, a few prayers, a benediction, Rosalie Montmasson's finger enriched with the insignia of her new position. Such was the way in which Crispi bound his life in chains, whose pressure he was one day destined to painfully recognize. Surely, the principals in a marriage inaugurated under conditions so unorthodox might fairly have counted on a happy union! But it was not to be!

Over the next few years of Crispi's life it is unnecessary to linger. It was a period of steady and comparatively silent absorption. Driven from Malta, he took up his abode in London. Here he was joined by the partner of his difficulties as soon as she could procure sufficient to defray the expenses of the journey. It was not long before she showed her fitness for her newly acquired dignity of conspirator's wife. While the interests of the various knots of refugees, scattered at this time over Europe, demanded that they should be kept informed of each other's movements, the post-office was considered too dangerous a medium of communication. Some agent, whose innocent exterior would cover a brave heart and ready tongue, was necessary to carry their correspondence. The ex-peasant girl accepted this perilous duty. Hidden away in her basket of fish or poultry, papers, whose discovery would have made the fortune of their finder and sent the bearer to a life-long imprisonment, were wont to pass and repass under the very eyes of the police. Meanwhile her husband was carrying on, resolutely as ever, his struggle against circumstances. Outwardly, his days were devoted to staving off starvation on the proceeds of a bank clerkship; inwardly, they were occupied with the study of political problems and dreams of an Italy one and undivided. In London he met Mazzini, and eagerly drank in the mysteries of the conspirator's art from their "king and pontiff." But Crispi has ever shown himself too independent to remain long under the influence of any man; he soon broke away from his master. Agreeing with him in the end to be attained, he differed from him as to the means of accomplishment. "I dream," he wrote, "of a reunion of all

the provinces of the peninsula, the formation of an Italian nation, strong and independent as France or Great Britain. To arrive at such a result I do not deem it necessary to supplicate the kings or abase ourselves before them, as Manin proposes—to assassinate them, as Mazzini. It is enough to hunt them off, to suppress them. Kings will never do aught for the people, whose enemy they have ever been, will ever be." Sincere in such repudiation of political assassination, Crispi was not at first involved in the repressive measures taken against the refugees after Orsini's attempt. But his immunity was of brief duration. Since 1856 he had been living at Paris, engaged on journalistic and office work. His contributions to the Italian newspapers had irritated the French Government by the hostility of their tone; to this was now added his well-known friendship for many of those suspected of complicity in the late affair. One day he received notice that he must leave France within twenty-four hours. All remonstrances and efforts to procure a respite were equally futile. He was forced to accept the harsh fact that, henceforth, one more portion of the globe was closed against him. Should the fashion spread much farther he might soon expect to have to pass his days in mid-ocean. For the present, however, he returned to London.

On March 1, 1859, the news reached London that Cavour had at last brought to completion his long-cherished design of a Franco-Sardinian alliance against Austria. The struggle, from which a kingdom was to arise, had begun. Italy was in motion and panting toward the goal. For the Italian refugees the next few months were a time of feverish excitement. Events followed thick upon each other. Magenta, Solferino, the revolt of the Duchies, lit up their horizon with the flush of an approaching dawn which the gloom of Villafranca could not wholly shroud again in night. Crispi could endure inaction no longer. Through the uproar he heard the voice of his Sicily calling on him for deliverance. On July 16, carefully disguised, he left London; ten days later he reached Messina. For more than a month he traversed Sicily, where to be discovered meant death, organizing and arranging in all the chief towns the details for a fresh insurrection.

His diary of this period affords an interesting account of his ceaseless activity. To the outer world he was an intelligent tourist in blue spectacles, whose general appearance and avidity for the joys of sight-seeing suggested the American. To the inner world of conspiracy, in which he really lived, he was the eloquence of his country taken form. From what a shock were the Bourbon agents saved, in that they never saw the elderly and inoffensive Manuel Paroda changing himself into the firebrand, whose brain could plot and plan, whose hands could fashion bombs, and whose tongue could hurl explosives scarcely less deadly. Toward the end of August he left Sicily. The plan of the forthcoming revolution was fully arranged. Palermo was to set the example by an attack on the royalist troops, and at this signal all Sicily was to blaze up into insurrection. Radiant at the future's promise, Crispi returned to London for his final preparations. October saw him back once more in Sicily to lead his countrymen in their approaching struggle. But in the interval all was changed. The timorous patriots, whom his burning words had warmed into life, had clothed themselves once more in caution as soon as his influence was withdrawn. The projected rising must be indefinitely postponed; nothing was ready; the times were not propitious; they must wait and hope for a more favorable opportunity. Meanwhile, why should Crispi be endangering his friends by his presence? let him betake himself elsewhere; when Sicily needed him she would send for him. Such were the excuses which greeted Crispi, rising around him like the tombstones of his hopes. Sick at heart, he soon relieved his friends from the perils of his society. It was all over then! Sicily alone in the general race toward freedom was to lag behind. She alone was to refuse to doff her widow's robes, while all Italy was clothing herself anew. So she had herself decreed. Better, perhaps, to leave her to her shame!

But after the first burst of bitter disappointment had spent itself, nobler thoughts prevailed. Ten years before, Crispi had looked upon Sicilian liberty and seen that she was very fair. Ever since then her face haunted him. She might continue to evade him, but he would persist till he had found her once

more. While his countrymen hoped for Piedmontese interference in their affairs and, like "Sister Ann," kept straining their gaze "to see anybody coming," his grasp of the European situation showed him that in the first instance Sicilian liberty must be won by her own exertions; that Piedmont dare not attack Naples lest she set the match to a European conflagration. But Sicily had just refused to trust to her own unaided powers. If she was ever to be free, some external assistance must take her by the hand and start her on her journey. Where was such assistance to be found? Crispi looked about him, and, before the end of the year, the scheme by which Sicilian liberty was to be won had taken shape. In an interview with Farini, the newly-appointed governor of Emilia, he disclosed his plans. He requested to be allowed to make use of the volunteers who had served under Garibaldi in the late war. "I would wish," he told him, "to assemble them at Elba. I would form with them a body of two thousand men. I would put Garibaldi at their head, and, at the proper moment, I would embark them on two or three steamers to carry them to Sicily." But Farini, though ready to assist him with money, had no authority to deal with such a proposal; the matter must be taken to headquarters. To headquarters Crispi went. December saw him at Turin endeavoring to get Cavour's support for his project. But Cavour would not commit himself. If the scheme succeeded, well and good! Cavour would know the exact moment at which to step in and skim off the cream for his royal master. If the scheme failed!—why, the less one had to do with any friend of Mazzini the better. Disgusted with the delays by which Cavour sought to evade a definite answer, Crispi resolved to wait no longer. Betaking himself to Genoa, he applied to Garibaldi, who had retired in ill-humor to Caprera. The veteran leader, fascinated by a scheme which appealed at once to his hatred of the Bourbons and his love of adventure, threw himself eagerly into the work of organization. Summoning around him his old comrades, before the end of April he had gathered together a motley band of various nationalities. By means of private subscriptions the necessary funds were provided. The preparations for the rash undertaking were quickly made and the

day fixed for departure. But suddenly, to Crispi's disgust, a spirit of hesitation began to spread among the leaders; the news from Sicily was conflicting. In a last council of the chiefs it was resolved to defer a definite decision until a further meeting. The day arrived; the leaders were gathered together; the future of Sicily, the future of Italy, though they knew it not, hung on their votes. Starting to his feet, Crispi declared that he had lately received secret despatches from Sicily before which their doubts must fade away into nothingness. "Sicily had arisen, the revolutionary movement was gradually spreading; Palermo had given the signal; she was in arms and awaited her liberators!" When to his words was added corroboration from the despatches themselves, all hesitation flew away; it was decided to start on the morrow. Needless to add, the despatches were forgeries—the handiwork of Crispi.

The tourist, ignorant of the affairs of Italy, whom the early days of May 1860 saw lingering at Genoa, would have found there matter to excite his curiosity. In his walks through the city he would have come upon many a little knot of grim, travel-stained individuals, whose red shirts and wide felt hats gave them a picturesque appearance, well in keeping with their reckless bearing. In their faces, tanned by sun and scarred by wounds, he would have read the traces of an excitement of which their vigorous choruses were but the feeble expression. Nor would he have failed to notice that, while the inhabitants greeted them with effusion, the police appeared ostentatiously oblivious of their presence. But on the morning of May 5, the inquisitive tourist would have searched for these interesting strangers in vain; not a redshirt was to be seen on the streets of Genoa; had the earth opened and swallowed them, their disappearance could not have been more complete. All day long the sun blazed down on Genoa; men panted at their work and yearned for night and its cool darkness. At last it came; the sun slowly disappeared; the stars began to show faintly in the evening sky; from the sea a cool, refreshing breeze came sweeping in over the tired city; men paused from their labors and breathed a sigh of thankfulness for the close of a trying day; the hum of work gave place to the hum of gossip; on the Piazza Carlo Felice a band

began to play. Thither the inquisitive tourist would most naturally turn his steps. But, had he only known it, he might have found, dawdling about the harbor, a little band of the picturesque redshirts for whom he had looked so vainly in the morning. Lying about on the ground, they seemed the embodiment of the national indolence. Occasionally, perhaps, they would cast a reproachful glance at two large steamers whose preparations for departure broke the stillness settling down on the harbor; but for the most part their surroundings appeared to interest them but little. Night gradually came down; the hum of gossip ceased; the band gave over their exertions; their audience went home to bed. But still the redshirts lay stretched out along the quays, seemingly too lazy to take the trouble of moving. The night deepened and began to slowly pass away into dawn; no sound broke the silence of the harbor save the dull throbbing of the engines on the two steamers, now almost ready for departure. Suddenly the first quaint quiver of sunrise appeared in the sky; straightway, as though yielding to the touch which used to awake Memnon, the recumbent forms started into active life. Two boats lay moored alongside the quay; to fill them was but the work of a moment; there were no oars; but willing hands supplied their place; the two steamers were quickly boarded; before they could grasp the situation the captains found themselves prisoners and the crews that they had acquired new masters.

Such was the *coup d'état* by which Crispi and his fellows procured for themselves the necessary means of transport. A short distance from Genoa the main body of the Garibaldians awaited their daring comrades. The embarkation was speedily effected, and these red-shirted evangelists of liberty set forth for the field of their missionary labors. Though unconscious of it, they were the modern edition of the old military orders. The distance separating them from the Templars is but the distance between the nineteenth and twelfth centuries. The watchwords were changed; the fiery zeal remained. Strong in this, they went forth to preach their gospel and to evolve from a wild and haphazard expedition events among the most momentous of the century. On their subsequent fortunes it is

unnecessary to dwell ; they have become a matter of common history and have fittingly crowned the story of an island which had seen Guiscard, with his handful of Normans, expel the Saracens. In the meteoric campaign that followed their landing Crispi bore his part, and rendered no small service to his general ; his fiery eloquence swelled the ranks of the Garibaldians with many a volunteer ; while to his knowledge of Palermo, which enabled them to cut the royal forces in two, was largely due the success of their attack on that town. But in the rôle of fighter Crispi was wasted ; his powers of administration marked him out for more difficult work. As a member of the Provisional Government, he assisted vigorously in the process of reorganization, so imperatively demanded by the centrifugal tendencies of every revolution. Harassed and bewildered by the moves and countermoves of the delicate game in which Cavour and Mazzini were endeavoring to checkmate each other, Garibaldi turned to his subordinate for advice. Crispi's answer came prompt and decided—"As to the form of government, the nation shall decide." It was in pursuance of this object that, with his own hand, he drew up the question submitted to the popular vote : "Does the people wish that Italy be one and indivisible, with Victor Emmanuel as constitutional King, and after him his legitimate descendants ?" In the universal "Yes" which came rolling in from the ballot boxes, Crispi the republican passed away forever.

II.

With the year 1861 began the second period of Crispi's life. The rôle of conspirator was laid aside for that of deputy. The republican who had declared that "kings will never do aught for the people, whose enemy they have ever been, will ever be," was henceforth to assist in consolidating a monarchical form of government. The inconsistency, if inconsistency there were, was not that of the vacillating time-server, but the noble inconsistency of the man who is alive and open to the varying currents of life ; a stagnant pool is always perfectly consistent ; its opinion never alters. The inconsistency, however, is less real than apparent. Crispi had formerly desired a republic because through it alone he had believed it possi-

ble to thrust out the foreign sovereigns who kept Italy partitioned and prevented her unity ; it was as a means rather than as an end that he regarded it. But the events of 1859-60 had shown him possibilities previously invisible. Not only was it possible to reach the goal under a monarchy, but this had become the only means of so doing. It did not need his political acumen to see that the centralization, so necessary for a country whose past had been one long process of disintegration, was more likely to be obtained under a national king than under any republican system, even if such were possible. But, when to his own convictions was added the unanimous voice of his country, he accepted, once for all, her decision. The people had called Victor Emmanuel to reign over them ; Crispi was far too good a democrat to oppose the will of the people (especially when it coincided with his own), or deny their right to choose their form of government. In the House of Savoy he saw at once the elected of the people and the guardians of Italian unity. To them, accordingly, he transferred his undivided allegiance. As might be expected, he had soon to face the ugly names of "traitor" and "deserter" from the lips of his former friends, the Mazzinists. His answer was given in the tract, "Monarchy or Republic," addressed to Mazzini. "You would have wished," he told his former master, "to see me enter the Palace Carignan, distrustful and suspicious, concealing my old flag and threatening to unfurl it at the first opportunity. Such a mode of action would have been repugnant to my conscience. I would not have been willing to hide the conspirator under the garb of the legislator. For me an oath is a serious act. . . . It is unworthy of an honorable man to offer himself in the temple of the laws, to swear to respect them, with the mental reservation of becoming foresworn as soon as a fitting occasion arises. . . . I shall never consent to serve my country under such conditions. I am not willing, I ought not, to sacrifice for her my honor. If the constitution is imperfect we must improve it. But to erect barricades and beat each other is a bad way of bringing about such a consummation. Let us improve it by enlightening our consciences, by making the principles to which we desire the laws of the

State to conform triumphant at the ballot boxes. You preach insurrection ; I preach freedom of debate, liberty of the press, and liberty of public meeting."

Such was Crispi's explanation of his new position. In it lies the secret of his parliamentary life. The change that had been wrought in him was one of means, not ends. He was still the Radical, with whom the people's welfare was the leading consideration. Victor Emmanuel was for him only "the first citizen of Italy, the supreme chief of the national unity." In the struggle for reform the people could still count him among their leaders. But, with the fall of the Bourbons, the nature of that struggle had changed. It was no longer the internecine conflict of liberty against foreign despotism, but the more temperate contest between the claims of the many and the few, for whose decision less violent processes had been provided. That he intended to avail himself to the uttermost of the weapons thus furnished by the constitution, Crispi soon showed. Ministers quickly learned to dread the fierce tongue whose attacks were both savage and incessant. Conscious of his own powers, he had no hesitation in either forming or expressing his opinion. Though seated at first among the followers of Garibaldi, he was too independent to owe allegiance to any leader. It was not long before he gave his colleagues a foretaste of what they might expect. A fellow-deputy wished to know with what party Crispi intended to throw in his lot. "You will identify yourself with Mazzini?" "No!" "With Garibaldi?" "No!" "To what party, then, will you belong?" "I shall belong to Crispi." Insignificant at first in point of numbers, the section led by Crispi was, like another celebrated fourth party, rendered formidable by the ability of its leader. For the "Piedmontese bureaucrats" he had no mercy. Ministry made way for ministry ; but each alike found in him an implacable enemy, whose hostility occupied a prominent place in their death-bed moments. Gradually his influence extended itself ; in 1865 he was elected Vice-President of the Chamber ; two years later he became the recognized leader of the Left. With Garibaldi's various attempts on Rome he had always shown an active sympathy. It was to him, accordingly, that the country turned in the excited autumn of 1867 ;

with one voice it demanded him as minister. But Victor Emmanuel was not prepared to break with Napoleon, and Menabrea was summoned as Ratazzi's successor. In the fierce attacks to which Garibaldi's arrest at Figline exposed the new minister Crispi led the van. Nor did his hostility abate with time ; the savagery and continuity with which he assaulted the position of the Government reached their culminating point in the session of 1869. But, though it cannot be denied that Crispi's language has often been both extravagant and unjust, some excuse for its violence at this period may be found in the anxieties and troubles of his private life.

Since 1861 he had resumed the profession which he had been forced to relinquish after his flight from Sicily twelve years before. By dint of close and steady application, he at length succeeded in establishing a comfortable practice at Turin ; but the transfer of the seat of Government to Florence deprived him of his clients and obliged him to begin all over again his struggle for a livelihood. Resolutely he faced it ; by degrees he regained his position at the Bar, only to find it once more slipping away from him when Rome replaced Florence as the capital. To add to his anxieties, his home-life was of the most unsatisfactory character. His wife was a daughter of the people. She had borne unflinchingly the poverty of his early days, for with poverty she had been acquainted from her birth. Through the hardships of the Sicilian campaign she had accompanied her husband without a murmur. At Catalafimi she had been conspicuous, in the thick of the fight bringing courage to the strong and succor to the wounded. But, unfortunately, she found prosperity a severer trial. It was easy for her husband to reassume the position into which he had been born. For him, it was but to return to the life which had been his by right of birth and education. For her, however, her new fortunes were an unknown world, wherein she had never set foot. She suffered the usual fate of women who have been taken out of their class. After the success of the Sicilian revolution she found herself, as was natural, an object of general attention. The survivors of "The Thousand" presented her with a diamond cross ; her services to the State were rewarded with a pension,

and the King himself favored her with a gracious reception. Such unwonted honors were too much for the poor ex-washer-woman. Fortune's frowns she had known how to bear; her smiles intoxicated with their sweetness. The sudden rise from insignificance to importance, from poverty to affluence, turned the head of the Savoyarde peasant. She began to give herself ridiculous airs, and, in her efforts to appear well suited for her new surroundings, exhibited a complete travesty of the manners of good society. Nor was this all. She speedily developed the most extravagant habits. Crispi's hardly won earnings were lavished on the sudden whims of a fancy whose dictates she had lost the power of resisting. As long as her loss of self-control manifested itself only in the purchase of the finery usually attendant on female vanity, her husband might have borne with it; but when one day he returned home and found her very much the worse from drink matters reached a crisis. Leaving her straightway, he took refuge in the house of an old friend, Giorgio Tamajo. It so happened that Tamajo had been one of the two witnesses present at the informal ceremony which Crispi had now such good reason to regret. As accessory, he had been able to view the proceedings with a more critical eye than either of the principals, and recognize the fact that they did not constitute a legal marriage. Finding all efforts on his part to bridge over the domestic chasm worse than useless, he enlightened the quondam lovers as to the true nature of the tie which bound them. Rosalie Montmasson was Rosalie Montmasson still; no marriage contract had ever turned her into Madame Crispi; at most there had been but a simple promise, from which her own behavior had now absolved her supposed husband. Crispi eagerly grasped the chance of freedom. Poor Rosalie Montmasson accepted it with less unmixed satisfaction. It was only by dint of threats and entreaties skilfully combined that she was brought to recognize her position and retire into seclusion on an allowance from her old lover. She still lives at Rome; she still wears her diamond cross—the echo from her youth. She still watches Crispi from afar, and hopes for a day when past feelings may be revived. Seclusion has restored to her the peace of mind and self-control which she could

never have found in contact with a society for which she was unfitted.

It might have been expected that henceforth Crispi would give his undivided attention to political life; that his late experiences would consign him to a lonely future. But within a year he was entering once more into similar relations. He had made Rosalie Montmasson's acquaintance in a prison cell; it was characteristic of his changed fortunes that he should first see the new lady of his choice in a Sicilian drawing-room, where he was the chief guest of the evening. He was chatting with a group of acquaintances when he heard a female voice behind him asking impatiently to be shown Francesco Crispi, "the brave soldier, the skilful politician, the renowned orator, etc." Crispi has never been wanting in a due recognition of his own qualities; this community of appreciation, especially when it found female voice, excited his interest. Without turning he managed, by the aid of a looking-glass, to identify the speaker. That she was young, pretty, and graceful his eyes speedily assured him; that she was intelligent her late speech had conclusively proved. On inquiry, he learned that she was the widowed daughter of a Sicilian magistrate. A few months later he met her with her father at Rome, and before the end of the year she had accepted the position of his wife.

The year 1876 saw the Left carried into power at last. Crispi had long been recognized as their most active leader, and by his efforts had in no small degree contributed to their victory. General expectation entrusted him with the task of forming a Cabinet. But the disfavor with which he was regarded in high quarters caused him to be passed over. The more moderate Deprétis was preferred, and in the new ministry not even a portfolio was assigned to Crispi. Such neglect was a bitter experience for a man whose consciousness of his own abilities rendered him eager after power. It seemed as if he were destined to play no more conspicuous part than that of a snatcher of political chestnuts from the fire. With Garibaldi, he had procured a kingdom for Victor Emmanuel; for his reward he had narrowly escaped arrest at the hands of the "Piedmontese bureaucrats." He had led the Opposition to their long-deferred victory, and, in their hour of triumph, found

himself passed over and ignored. As some slight alleviation, however, to his disappointment, he was elected to the Presidential chair in the new Parliament, and afforded an opportunity of exhibiting his powers of management. The result, it must be confessed, was not always such as to give satisfaction. Though his impartiality was unquestionable, his nature was too impetuous and passionate for a position where coolness and urbanity were so indispensable. On one occasion, finding that the speakers chosen to criticise an important bill were not in their places at the hour fixed, he refused to wait for them, and, declaring the debate closed, passed on to the next business. As might be expected, the absent deputies were highly indignant at such treatment; but the public supported the President, and approved of his sharp protest against the unpunctuality of their representatives. The following year saw him taking the tour through Europe which, at the time, gave rise to such comment in political circles. Recognizing the foreign influences affecting Italy, he wished to study the European situation at headquarters; Bismarck, Gambetta, Lord Derby, and Count Andrassy were visited in turn. When to his popularity with the country, and the proof of confidence recently shown him by the Chamber, was added the importance derived from these visits, it was found impossible to keep him from office any longer. A ministerial crisis unexpectedly arose with regard to the secrecy of the telegraph; the ministry resigned. In the new Cabinet the Portfolio of the Interior was entrusted to Crispi!

Thus, after many buffetings of fortune, it seemed as if Crispi had at length reached port. By his own unaided exertions, and despite the hostility of his Sovereign, he had won his way into the foremost rank. He might fairly hope that his eventful career had been crowned once for all, and that a long period of useful activity as minister lay before him. In reality, fortune had reserved till now her most cruel blow; his future, at the very moment when it seemed assured, was buried again in gloom.

When, in 1872, Crispi had married the Signora Capellani, the scruples of the lady had been satisfied with a purely religious ceremony. Her husband, afraid to excite attention and arouse the jealousy of

Rosalie Montmasson by a civil marriage, had hitherto postponed legalizing their union. But now that he had become one of the chief men in the State he felt that conformity to the laws should be delayed no longer. Accordingly, the necessary legal formalities were duly complied with, and the previous ceremony supplemented by a civil one. Unfortunately, in so doing, Crispi had furnished his enemies with a weapon which they were not slow to turn against him. The exact nature of his relations with Rosalie Montmasson were known only to one or two. It was supposed that the ceremony at Malta constituted a legal marriage, and on this foundation a charge of bigamy was built up against the new minister. Popular feeling rose indignantly at this grave scandal. Crispi found the sweets of power, gained through such years of struggle, turning to ashes in his mouth. His political career seemed ended just as it had begun to open before him. Resolved to quit public life forever, he sent in his resignation, and turned to face the legal proceedings commenced against him. "Italy," he wrote bitterly to a friend, "has few men capable of serving her; she does not know how to protect them against the attacks of the envious and mediocre, who themselves never give offence to any one." After two months' investigation, the civil correctional tribunal at Naples delivered judgment, and fully sustained Giorgio Tamajo's estimate of the value of the ceremony of 1854. It found that no legal matrimonial engagement had taken place, and ordered the proceedings for bigamy to be stayed. Crispi was free to return to his old life. But though he might appear once more in the Chamber, he could not take up again the thread of his career exactly where he had dropped it. The injury done him by the schemes of his enemies was of too far-reaching a character to be so easily disposed of. Another man would have shrunk from facing a public sentiment so hostile, and seen, in his sixty years, a valid reason for retiring from the struggle. Not so Crispi! With the same dogged resolution with which he had in previous years set himself to regain a position at the Bar, he now applied himself to the recovery of his lost popularity. Resuming his prominent place in the parliamentary debates, he asserted himself with the defiant arrogance to be expected from his

nature and situation. "Go, sit with the Right," cried an indignant deputy to him one day, after he had been venting his spleen against the Left for their desertion of him. "Your cries matter little to me," was the retort, "I know what place befits me. I shall take it when I please. Let you try and do as much." The stormy scenes reached a climax at last, and Crispi sent in his resignation as deputy. "If the ministry," he exclaimed, "share in the ideas of the Left, they can carry them into execution without me; if they do not share in them, all my enemies will declare me the sole obstacle to the regular march of government." Italy is the land of wonders; she has enriched the world with countless treasures; she has even given it a sensitive politician. To the British mind there is something singularly attractive in this mode of facing a charge of obstruction. What delightful simplicity would be imported into parliamentary warfare if a similar sensibility might be counted upon to pervade all sections of politicians alike! But "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." In Crispi's case, however, his extreme sensibility carried him further. Having dictated his resignation, it straightway insisted on its reconsideration as soon as a flattering vote of the Chamber had suggested the advisability of such a step. To be accessible to external influences is surely the first duty of the democrat. Though so acute, his dread of a charge of obstruction did not prevent Crispi from forming one of the Pentarchia—a coalition of the various "caves" of the Left but feebly held together by their common object, the overthrow of Deprétis. The minister, however, declined to be overthrown; and before long Crispi's natural independence carried him away from "the council of generals without soldiers." Gradually he found himself regaining his lost popularity. In 1885 he was chosen, in his professional capacity, to represent Italian interests before the Court of Aix in a case of international importance. A year later, after the Italian defeat at Dogali, the country turned to him, as it had turned twenty years before, and demanded that he should be summoned to the counsels of the King. Once again royal prejudices stood in the way; and once again royal prejudices were forced to yield to the inexorable necessities of the situation. Humbert I.

found himself, as his father had done before him, unable to ignore any longer the claims of the old ex-Mazzinist. The year 1887 saw Crispi included once more in the ministry. In the struggle with fortune, ability and perseverance had scored one more victory!

III.

Twenty-six years after his first entrance into parliamentary life, and ten years after his political career had seemed irretrievably ruined, Crispi had re-established himself in the front rank. It might perhaps have been imagined that he would have declined to serve under a chief whom he had himself, not many years before, accused of "living on hypocrisy and lies" and "perpetually increasing the number of his courtiers by favors and corruption." But Irish patriots must not expect to command a monopoly of the waters of Lethe, and the value of political hostilities or friendships may be discovered even without the assistance of manifestos and Committee Room No. 15. Three months after Crispi's entrance into the Cabinet, Deprétis died: Crispi stepped into the vacant leadership. Since then he has been regarded as the man for the situation, and, till his recent fall, held the helm of power practically without intermission. At the outset of his ministerial career he was threatened by a serious danger in the hostility of his royal master. Humbert I. shared his father's dislike of the ex-republican. On one occasion matters nearly came to a crisis between them. In his official capacity, Crispi received an invitation to dinner at the Quirinal. The wives of the other ministers were included in their husbands' honors; but Madame Crispi was passed over unnoticed. Blazing with rage at this insult he sought the royal secretary. "Tell her Majesty, that if amends are not made to Madame Crispi by this evening, within forty-eight hours a republic is proclaimed in Italy"—a very foolish speech if a mere empty threat, a very wicked one if not. But it had the desired effect; the King interposed, and royal prudery gave way to political exigencies. It was not likely that the disfavor with which the Court regarded him would be diminished by this little incident. He set himself to remove it, and looked around for an ally whose good opinion would assure his position against

all the schemes of his enemies. In the favor of Bismarck he saw the means of perpetuating his power. At an interview with the German Chancellor at Varzin for the purpose of effecting some alterations in the terms of the Triple Alliance, so skilfully did he play upon the weaknesses of his fellow-statesman, that the grim absolutist resolved to cast the ægis of his protection before the path of the old ex-Mazzinist. Henceforth Crispi had nothing to fear from the Italian Court.

As a necessary consequence of his German friendship, Crispi has often been accused of Gallophobism; but if we are to judge, not merely from his public utterances, but from the far more weighty testimony of his private letters, this charge is as unfounded as many others from which he has suffered. In 1881, when public feeling in Italy was much excited against France owing to her occupation of Tunis, Crispi alone had the courage to openly declare that "France had done much for Italy." A few months later, in a letter to a friend, "I am opposed," he wrote, "to everything which might seem offensive to our neighbors, and my chief desire is to see Italy maintaining the best relations with them. I keep far from my spirit all thought of a war of offence. I would wish Italy to confine herself within her frontiers, busy herself with her own affairs, and become an element of peace for Europe." Nor have his sentiments changed in the course of years. In 1887 he could write to the same friend, "I love all peoples as I love all men. I feel for them neither hate, nor resentment, nor need of revenge either in my private or my public character." Since at the time of penning these letters Crispi could have had no reason to expect that they would ever see the daylight of publicity, their language merits no small amount of attention when we seek to discover the real feelings of the Italian ex-premier toward France. In our own foreign politics, Crispi has occupied a less conspicuous place than in those of our neighbors; but he has not forgotten that, when all other countries rejected him, he found with us an asylum. Of the value of England's friendship he is fully sensible, and it is worthy of note that when, in 1882, Mr. Gladstone invited the assistance of Italy in an Egyptian settlement, he exerted himself to the utmost, though in vain, to bring his countrymen to appreciate

the advantages which could be derived from such a step.

In these days of interviewers and reminiscences, the private life of any personage is apt to procure more attention than the public, and to close a sketch of any individual without some details of the manner in which he disposes of his twenty-four hours would be to rob curiosity of its choicest morsels. For the power which his position conferred on him Crispi cares a great deal; for its ceremonies and honors he cares but little. In the midst of his own family circle he finds the calm pleasures which his stormy past has earned so hardly. All his life he has been dominated by a passion for hard work, and has seemed to draw from ceaseless activity an almost inexhaustible supply of health. Latterly, however, he has been forced to recognize the stealthy hand of time, and has suffered from gout and other disorders. Nevertheless, he still rises at six in the morning, occupies two hours over his toilette, and works with his private secretaries from eight to ten, when he breakfasts with his family. Even then, however, his work follows him, and the intervals of conversation are given over to an examination of the morning's telegrams. Breakfast over, he adjourns to his study for the day's labors, which engage him till the cool of the evening, when he drives out with his daughter. At seven he dines, and half-an-hour's after-dinner nap ushers the way to a social reunion, in which Crispi is never tired of telling those who care to hear it the story of his Sicilian experiences. At ten he retires to his work, and remains invisible for the rest of the night.

In the domain of thought, as in that of politics, Crispi has ranged himself under the banner of liberty. To himself the ceremonies of religion offer little that is attractive; but his family enjoy perfect freedom in following the dictates of their convictions. On the burning problem of the Papacy he has adopted the position most thoroughly in keeping with Liberal principles, and therefore the most difficult in the present state of the question. "We shall protect worship in its different forms," he declared at Palermo in 1883, "because we deem that a society cannot exist without religion." But he distinguishes very decidedly the temporal from the spiritual power. "It would be a mistake," he continued, "after having

made Rome our capital, after having reduced the Pope's temporal power to merely his sacerdotal functions, to allow it to be re-established under another name. . . . Since 1870 the Pope is no longer a temporal sovereign, but only the supreme chief of the spiritual authority of the Church." That eventually, as education spreads and time heals the wounds not yet closed, the solution of the difficulty will be in the direction here pointed out by Crispi can hardly be doubted; but he can scarcely hope to see it. On October 4 he entered on his seventy-second year. His long public career has brought him the keenest pleasure possible to statesmen, and yet one more usually enjoyed by their

children and grandchildren than by the statesmen themselves. He has had the satisfaction of witnessing the steady diffusion, and in many cases final victory, of the principles which he has persistently advocated ever since his entrance into the Chamber. When, two years ago, Mr. Gladstone visited Italy he found there "a free press, free speech, free worship, and freedom of person, with every sign of a vigorous municipal life replacing the stagnant uniformity of a despotism both local and central." It is thus that Francesco Crispi has written his individuality across the life of his country.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH LITERATURE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

To compass the extent, so as to exhibit the contrasts, of two such literatures as English and French—the greatest of the world, if mass be considered as well as merit—in the space of sixty minutes, may seem no doubt a rather hazardous attempt. It would be hazardous indeed if it pretended to be complete in that period; still more if it pretended to dispense hearers from the study necessary to verify the contrasts for themselves. I think, however, as I have on one or two occasions endeavored to maintain by the written if not by the spoken word, that the study of literature, almost more than any other study, gains by being, and indeed needs to be, carried on by the method of contrast and comparison. I am quite sure that the enjoyment of that study which I am disposed to believe as important as what is commonly called the edification of it, is enormously increased by the comparative method. But I should like to explain at the outset what sort of contrast and what sort of comparison you are to be invited to make. The senses of the words have been sometimes curiously confused and misinterpreted by persons whom I should hardly have supposed likely to be guilty of such confusion. Our comparison here will not be in the least ungracious.

What I do not want to do myself, or to induce any one else to do, is to exalt either literature at the expense of the other—to run down English for the sake of showing that they order these things better in France, or to point out the defects of French in order to show how great a nation we ourselves are in literature as in other things.

In making the comparison it will, I think, be well to keep as much as possible to the historical side of the matter. By this I mean that it will be well to avoid certain kinds of contrast and certain kinds of comparison which have been occasionally resorted to, and which have perhaps sometimes led to obscurity rather than enlightenment. All my hearers are no doubt acquainted with certain famous passages which the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, a critic never to be mentioned without respect by critics, a writer never to be thought of without admiration by writers, devoted to what seemed to him mistaken moral tendencies and unpleasant moral features of French character and French literature. Some recent passages in the history of their literature might tend to strengthen the affirmative side; but we should have from the wider historical point of view to let the negative also have full play. Some of you, again, may expect me to show how the contrasted characteristics of French and English re-

* A paper was read before the Bradford Philosophical Society on Feb. 16th.

spectively are due, on the race and heredity theories, to the Celtic, Teutonic, and Latin strains mingled in them, to various Teutonic strains with a slight admixture of Celtic and others in us. I have, I hope, a sufficient stock of orthodoxy in some ways : but I own that in others, and this is one of them, I am profoundly heretical. In the first place these fashionable explanations vary and yet recur in a manner most disquieting, I should think, to the believer, save that he can rarely be got to consider it, most amusing, I am sure, to the sceptic. Although I am not a very aged man I am old enough to remember the later heyday of another universal explainer, the association-of-ideas theory. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford professorial and tutorial chairs were still mostly held by disciples of Mr. Mill ; and we explained (except some of us whom the gods made critical even then) everything by association. Mr. Mill died in the metaphorical as well as in the physical sense ; Mr. Darwin succeeded him, and now the scientific explanation of all things is by selection and heredity, derivation and crossing. I think it excessively likely that many of my hearers, and not absolutely impossible that I myself may live to see something else as popular, as satisfactory, as passing as either. These dominant keys to the mystery of the universe are in the truest sense

Priests that slew the slayer
And shall themselves be slain.

They always tell some truth, and the truths they tell are always made to extend far too widely and apply far too absolutely. Moreover, there is this of questionable about them to a cool-headed observer, that they can be made at pleasure to explain anything, to turn round (at least, for opening is another thing) in any lock. In other words, a man with a tolerably fertile imagination and a little trick of logic (it will do no harm if he be specially expert in the department of fallacies) can adjust the theory, and all such theories, to any circumstances, and can perform to a miracle that kind of explanation of the problem which consists in restating it in other words. And I think if he were as frank as Captain Dugald Dalgetty, he would take very much the captain's attitude toward all theories of the kind. He, you remember, after a pleas-

ant summary of the party-cries of his day added, " Good watchwords all—excellent watchwords ! Whilk is the best I cannot say ; but sure I am that I have fought knee-deep in blood many a day for one that was ten degrees worse than the worst of them all." Substitute skull-deep in argument for the more alarming phrase, and you have it.

Let us therefore not attempt this side of the matter ; and however tempting they may be let us decline both deductions from general race-theories and paradoxes from individual contradictions of them. It is a curious thing no doubt, that what is by some accounts the highest poetry of the world, and is by general consent among the highest, comes from a race which is also by general consent one of the most prosaic, the most matter-of-fact, the most, as some would say, Philistine of races. It is curious again that the Frenchman who prides himself (affecting to laugh at the phrase, but really hugging himself on it) upon being *né malin*, upon his lightness and adjustability of wit, should be of all created beings not only the most disinclined to new ideas on many points, but the most positively incapable of entertaining them. A friend of mine who, if he has paid less attention to the literature of France than I have, has lived in France much more and knows Frenchmen in the flesh much better than I do myself, not long ago observed to me, " A Frenchman's mind is built in watertight compartments, and when the bolts are once shot nothing can get in." These are interesting things no doubt ; but the consideration of them would only draw us away from our proper subject, and seduce us into pleasing but delusive generalizations of the kind I have referred to already. Let us abstain from such Delilahs of the imagination, and come down to comparison of the actual course of the two literatures. Let us see, so far as we can in the time, what they have done, what they present between the covers of their million books, what we can actually conclude as to their agreements and differences not on any *à priori* theories, but from simple induction based on the observed and arranged facts of the two histories.

In considering the first and not the least striking point of contrast between the two there is something, not much, which may offer a little initial difficulty. If I say,

what I believe to be an undoubted fact, that the course of French literature is much longer and more unbroken than that of English, I am likely to be confronted with some indignant gainsayers—some of them persons I much respect—who will accuse me of treason to Old English. Some of these, a hardy folk, would assert an apostolical succession of English from *Beowulf* (though nobody knows when *Beowulf* was written) to the very latest work of Lord Tennyson. Professor Earle, who has written a most interesting book on English prose, assures us that it was in full force in the tenth century; and I am not sure that he does not hold the English prose of the tenth century to be something which we are only laboriously endeavoring to equal now. Certainly French cannot pretend to any antiquity like this. But then what they call Old English, that is to say, everything before the thirteenth century or thereabouts, is of such a nature that no one who merely knows modern English can read it except by guesswork. The earliest literary French that we have dates probably from the end of the eleventh century; and though I know that both in France and England there are those who deny this, I do not believe that any fairly intelligent man who can read a French book of to-day will have much real difficulty in reading the *Chanson de Roland*. The difficulty that he will have, will be about the same which used to be felt in England before we became more familiar, and so not more contemptuous but more at our ease, with Chaucer. Now this is my criterion of a literature's identity, the being readable in all parts by intelligent and fairly educated persons without special study or great difficulty. Taking it as a starting-point we shall find that what I said just now about French and English is very fairly true. We shall find likewise that not only is the appearance of French as a literary language earlier, but its development is much more varied, regular, and equal. There is nothing at all surprising in this, nor need it grieve the self-love of any Englishman. Although French had gone through a process of transformation from Latin through the *Lingua Romana Rustica* with extraordinary rapidity and thoroughness—with thoroughness and rapidity for which I think there is elsewhere no parallel—it had always, so to speak, its ancestor at the

back of it. Through the four or five centuries during which the process of transformation lasted, all the educated part of the nation had the old literary language in more or less use, and some at least of its monuments in contemplation. The French, in short, in those days, whatever they have done in later ones, steadily “dwelt in the old house while the new was a-building,” and it was impossible that the results of this should not make themselves felt. We, on the other hand, started with a great if undeveloped literary faculty, as Gothic, and Icelandic and old High German, and the other kindred and ancestral tongues show, but with no ancestry of written literature, and with the apparatus of the only literary tongue that to the knowledge of our ancestors existed, utterly unfitted for our use. We had to make all such apparatus for ourselves; the French found it to a great extent made for them. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the marks of this difference are on the two languages and the two literatures to this day. There is undoubtedly an Old English prosody and an old English syntax, but both, and especially the former, are rudimentary compared to those that the first finished, which is also all but the first piece of organized French shows. I do not think it at all fanciful or rash to trace to this difference the main divergence between the two, too striking and manifold to have escaped any observer—the divergence between order in the French and license in the English.

Whether order was Heaven's first law I do not know; but it certainly was the first law of the Latins. It would be out of our way to do more than allude to the examples of this to be found in their politics, their economy, their religion, their jurisprudence; but equally valid proofs of it are to be found in their literature. In no single case did they borrow (and they were always borrowing) from the Greeks without drawing the reins tighter, discarding license, substituting a hard and fast rule for a discretionary alternative. Some of the results of this were no doubt lost in the centuries of disintegration; but enough remained to make French, when it emerged from those centuries, an almost scholastic language compared with English, and to impress on it a character which it has never lost. Only in these latter days have Frenchmen, greatly daring and

then under the censure of their authorities, ventured to break through such rules as that of the fixed *césura* at certain parts of a line which we find in the earliest monuments of the literature, and that of the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes which meets us almost as early. They have never to this day except in mere unliterary song-writing ventured to slur a syllable, or to neglect that mute *e* the value of which in French itself some Englishmen of great accomplishment seem not even to suspect. And the interesting thing is that there is absolutely no period during the eight centuries of the existence of French as a literary language in which these characteristics do not appear. If the formative laws of French verse, and in a less degree of French prose, are not exactly laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not, they deserve that description more thoroughly than the laws of any other literature of equal duration known to me. French constantly experienced foreign influences, indeed during the Middle Ages it may be said to have been to no small extent both inspired and written by foreigners. It went to school to Italian in the sixteenth century, to Spanish in the seventeenth, to English in the eighteenth. But so strongly fixed is it in the forms and moulds into which it was first run that it never experienced a sensible alteration of form. From time to time attempts not suited to the genius of the language were made, and they all died strangled at birth. Even now, when the liberty of the Romantic movement has long diverged into all sorts of queer excesses, the spell of the whole is on the executants, and neither M. Richepin nor M. Verlaine can help reminding us constantly of the restrictions which as a Frenchman he underlies.

Contrast this for one moment with our own literary history. So far has it been from being the case that the laws and forms of English have resisted foreign influences in a similar way, that almost the only restrictions which we have ever obeyed, and those but partially, have been of foreign importation, and that we have thrown our own matter into them instead of subjecting their matter to our own form or absence of form. Even the sonnet's ribs of steel we made pliable; and in more complicated matters, such as the classical tragedy, we refused again and again to bear the yoke because we could not shape

it. It is, or used to be, the fashion to hold that during the "correct" period—the period of the influence of Dryden and still more of Pope—English did become in a manner formal; but the slightest examination will show to how small an extent this is the case. For the moment the stream ran small and low, and so it did not attempt to overpass the bounds which were set to it; but with the first freshet they were all swept utterly away, and became as though they had never been. Just as France, constantly feeling foreign influences, has never expressed those influences in anything but a more or less French form, so England has constantly borrowed foreign forms, has bent and lissomed them after her own manner, and has uttered through them thus altered her own spirit—the curious, indefinable, incalculable spirit, which some shortsighted people call insular, but which is in effect and at its best microcosmic, possessing something in common with all parts of the world of mind, though as a whole more different from any of them than they are from each other.

It is, however, particularly desirable to avoid rash language in connection with this matter of form; and I should like to bring our contrast before you a little more particularly under that special light. I have, to bring out the comparison in another way, just adopted the ordinary description of the lawlessness of English as contrasted with the strict formality of French. It is the truth, but not all the truth. In the sense in which French is subject to the reign of law, English is no doubt comparatively lawless; but in that sense only. I think that some, and even some great ones, have made a grievous mistake in sighing in this sense for change from lawlessness to law. When I hear these sighs I always think of a certain delightful verse of Peacock's:

But this you may know, that as long as they
grow,

Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

And English is one with its own greenwood trees in this respect. It will grow as it likes or not at all; and if you try the *ars topiaria* upon it you will only make stunted abortions or playthings at the best, pretty enough, but obviously out of their kind and element. When a certain

French poet undertook to teach poetry in twenty (or was it thirty?) lessons he was not in reality uttering either a paradox or a bravado. Not only can a very great deal of what makes poetry in French be taught in lessons (the precise number does not matter), but what is much more important, the greatest poet in the world could not write good French poetry without such lessons given orally or by reading. No amount of genius will teach a man, except by pure accident, to break his twelve-syllabled lines at the sixth, and his ten-syllabled ones at the fourth syllable; to tip alternate, and only alternate, pairs of rhymes with *e* and so forth. Of such rules, of such form as this there is practically nothing in English verse or prose, both of which justify themselves by the effect, or not at all. In the same way, English is much more tolerant than French, if French can be said to be tolerant and if English can be said to be intolerant, of peculiarities and neologisms of phrase. I know that there is just now a school of Frenchmen who are trying to break the intolerance down in France; and I know that there not only is, but always has been, a school of Englishmen who strongly object to the tolerance in England. I can only say that, as usual, I look at history and judge by it *securus*. All the greatest Frenchmen, with hardly an exception, have been on the side of rigor; all the greatest Englishmen, with hardly an exception, have been on the side of latitude. If I were a Frenchman, I should be the fiercest of purists; as I am an Englishman, I choose to follow with unequal steps the seven-leagued strides of Shakespeare and Dryden and the rest, in taking a new word or a new construction, whenever it seems to me that the word or the construction is not intrinsically objectionable, that it is defensible by English analogy, and that it either supplies an actual want or furnishes a useful or ornamental alternative. But because I am thus for liberty in English, do I maintain that English has no forms of its own—that it is simply a case of “go as you please”? Most assuredly this is not the case. English is probably, if not certainly, a more difficult language to write really well than French; and it could not possibly be that if it were a mere “pidgin” dialect, composition in which were limited to the hanging together anyhow of a sufficient number of words to

express the thought. It has its own forms, and very severe ones they are in their own way. But they are in some cases not easy, in others impossible to formulate in the ordinary way and sense. They are something like those ancient laws of various peoples which were never written down, and which it was a sort of sacrilege and violation of them to write down. They are transmitted by observance of the elders, by inference and calculation, sometimes as it were almost by an inherited and otherwise incommunicable instinct. A great Greek philosopher has been sometimes laughed at, and sometimes made a text to preach the weakness of philosophy, because he added to a definition, “and as the intelligent man would define it.” That addition is essential to all our English laws and forms of literature. Where the Frenchman has a clear positive enactment which is to take or to leave, the Englishman finds only a caution “as the intelligent man shall decide,” or “unless the intelligent man shall decide otherwise.”

It has always seemed to me that consideration of these points ought specially to affect the discussion of a question which is always being renewed in England (whether with entire seriousness or not it is difficult to say), the question whether a French Academy adjusted to the meridian of Greenwich would be a good thing for England. That question has been revived lately with increasing frequency, and it is particularly well-suited to certain characteristics of public life to-day. On one side of the matter, the personal side, I need say nothing here. I have no doubt at all that we could get together a very respectable, not to say a brilliant, Forty in England; and I have less than no doubt that some at least of those who were not included would be exceedingly angry at their exclusion. These things are incidental to Academies even in the countries where they exist. But an incident is not an essential. What I cannot see is the good that the Academy is to do in England when it is got together. The good that it is to do, and to some extent does, in France is quite clear. The “Forty Geese that guard the capitol” (it is only fair to remember that that excellent jest was made by a goose who had failed of appointment as a guard) know exactly what they are appointed to do. They have to maintain the hard and fast rules

to which we have already referred, to exemplify them in their own writing, to denounce the breach of them in others. Further, as even the hardest and fastest rules must sometimes admit of enlargement after a fashion, they have from time to time to signify certain relaxations and easements, not of the strictest form of French, for that is irrelaxable, but of what may be called the attitude of French official criticism, by admitting some innovator of undoubted genius or prevailing popularity to the charmed circle. They do this part of their duty a little less well than the other, but they do it fairly; and they do the other very well indeed. For you will observe that it is a duty which can be done by men not exactly of genius, almost as well as by men of genius, and perhaps even better. In the worst times, by the least distinguished of immortals, provided only that the individual members (which is *ex hypothesi* certain) are fairly educated and not in their rashest youth, the traditions of French form, which are so clear and so valuable, can be observed and championed. In the best times, the very best writers can but exemplify them with additions, can but show how the greatest talent or even genius can put up with them and yet suffer no loss. The advantage of this is obvious. It is not metaphor, but simple expression of fact, to say that a French Academician is in the position of a French judge. He has a clear code to expound and apply; and he can hardly be so abnormally stupid or so abnormally clever as not to be able to do so. The danger is that the code should lapse for want of exposition and application; and that is what he exists to prevent, and what his mere existence, such as he must almost necessarily be, does prevent of itself.

But how different is our state! I do not myself see how an English Academy could do any good, how it could even refrain from doing considerable harm, unless its members were, in large and permanent majority, men of genius endowed at once with consummate judgment and with almost superhuman catholicity. For we have no fixed rules to apply; we cannot take down a code and turn to article so and so, clause so and so, with a certainty of finding that it meets the case in hand. Unless we could always count on that standing majority of men of genius, tem-

pered in each case by judgment and sympathy, we should have mere stupidity dominant at one time, mere crotchet at another, mere exaggeration at a third. So far from having a fixed central exponent of the literary standard we should have ups and downs considerably worse than at present. We should not only neglect but crucify our Chattertons and our James Thomsons at one time; at another we should endow them all, Chattertons and others, for fear of accidents, at the public expense, to the intolerable annoyance of future generations. Now to maintain a standing majority of men of genius doubled with judgment and doubled again with catholicity on such a board is, I should imagine, a very dangerous attempt indeed. Allowing for illness and accident, we must keep at least thirty such out of the forty. Are we prepared always to do so? Could any country that literary history tells us of have done so? Remember, they must be men who have produced and can produce masterpieces in their own kind, or they will not here be respected. They must be able also to recognize masterpieces and promises of masterpieces in kinds the most different from their own. They must have at once the qualities of the Chief Justice and those of the wild Prince and Pains. They must be academic and Bohemian, creative and critical, full of intense individuality, and full of catholic appreciation. I have a very high idea of the powers of my countrymen, but I think we might try them too high in setting them such a task. It has not been invariably achieved to admiration even in France, where the conditions of themselves facilitate success. Is it worth while trying it here, where they are such as almost to assure failure?

If we turn to another point of the contrast—a point which has been more than once mentioned—the contrast of spirit, we shall find ourselves on somewhat more perilous ground. The contrasts of outward form may be misinterpreted, but cannot be wholly missed. Yet, as the poet says,

Soul is form and doth the body make.

And to the soul we must go. It is far harder and far more apparently presumptuous to attempt to sum up the spirit of literature in a few words and minutes than in a few words to define its outwardly

formal characteristics. It is especially hard in the case not of French but of English. Yet those whose minds have been long in contact with the two literatures are here, even less than elsewhere, likely to come to any serious disagreement about them. There are five pairs of opposites, or at least of differences in the two, which I think would be acknowledged by most such persons. The first is the sobriety of French as opposed to that characteristic of English which presents itself to foreigners in the light that suggests to them the famous phrase "mad Englishman." The second, closely allied, is the predominant wit of French literature as opposed to the predominant humor of English. The third is the singular abundance of what may be called the mechanical inventiveness in French balanced by the discursive imagination of the English. The fourth is the clearness and precision which seem to be, as they were once boasted to be, wedded to the genius of the French language as opposed to our own proneness to the vague and obscure. The fifth is the prevalence of the critical spirit in French as opposed to a certain impatience of criticism proper which is extremely noticeable in English. Pray do not let these divisions of mine mislead anybody. I am not saying that all Frenchmen are witty, that all Englishmen are humorous (I wish to heaven they were!); that no Englishmen are witty, which would be conspicuously false, or that no Frenchmen are humorous, which would be though very generally by no means universally true. In the same way, no one of the other qualities mentioned is either universally present in the literature of the one nation, or universally absent in the literature of the other. But the division holds on the average of the two cases, and what holds still more strongly is that combination of these and other qualities which is present in the highest examples of each. Thus the French have never produced any man with that combination of sense of the vague, of imagination, and of humor which goes to make the very highest poetry; and I am not sure that we have ever produced any one with that mixture of sobriety, inventiveness, precision, wit, and critical spirit which goes to make the most perfect prose. The difference is the same at the other end of the scale. It is almost impossible for a Frenchman to write such

bad prose as an Englishman writes easily and with joy; and though there is a strange characteristic about very bad poetry which makes all nations of the earth akin, I am not quite sure that an Englishman can write it quite so badly, with a badness so little relieved by mere absurdity, so little dependent upon technical faults, so sheerly, purely, hopelessly *bad*, as that which comes naturally to some Frenchmen. For the mere sound of English is poetical, while that of French (third parties, the only judges, will tell us this) is not; and so the English poetaster may blunder into a success, as the wandering and unconscious wind draws music from a harp. In French that is not to be done; and with the absence of art there is the absence of everything.

Yet another set of differences arises almost necessarily from the combination of the results of these two; but they are not on that account less interesting. Although all languages more or less attempt, and attempt with more or less success, different kinds, still most of them, especially when they have such strong idiosyncrasies as the pair we are now surveying, devote themselves with peculiar success to this kind or to that. Of poetry proper we need say little, for what has been just said accounts for and disposes of it with fair completeness; but in prose and drama the case is different. With respect to drama I am not a very good judge, taking myself little pleasure in the theatre, and knowing little about it except as the incidental producer of some excellent and much execrable literature. I suppose we may not borrow from Marmontel his famous apology that the English succeed better in poetry than the French because their genius is more poetical. But I never could see myself why the countrymen of Shakespeare, and Congreve, and Sheridan should have to borrow plays even from the countrymen of Molière. Probably, however, that mechanical and orderly inventiveness of which we have spoken is at the bottom of it. In prose it is much plainer sailing. We should almost be prepared to find from the considerations already advanced, and we do find as a matter of fact that the French excel us in oratory, in a certain kind of history, and, generally speaking, in the exposition of clearly understood facts and theories. The superiority of literary hackwork in France

is a commonplace, a truism, almost (I am myself inclined to think) what some ingenious person called a *façisme*. I have never been able to admit that the usual newspaper article in France, for instance, is better than with us, though it no doubt has a certain superficial air of superior order, logic (which is often desperately illogical), and general arrangement. But what in my years of constant miscellaneous reading of books fresh from the press of both countries I do find, is the immense and extraordinary superiority of French as a medium for what itself calls vulgarization—for what we call popularization—of scientific and miscellaneous facts. Happy is the man—I do not say who wants to go deeply into a subject, but—who wants to find a clear and not exactly superficial exposition of it, and who can find that exposition ready to his hand in French. Yet again universally recognized is the advantage which French has in the more properly literary department of aphorism, maxim-writing, and the like. The successful construction of such things in English is one of the hardest and one of the rarest exercises of our tongue; it is, if not one of the commonest and easiest, comparatively common and easy in French. And it throws a most curious and instructive side-light on those contrasts which we are discussing, that the writers who in English strive to make themselves remarkable by epigrams, *pensées*, aphorisms, and the like, are almost invariably driven to do it by manufacturing what may be called hard sayings. They make the natural vagueness of the language vaguer, they push to license its liberty of using words in new senses, they go more and more to the ends of the earth for strangely-matched metaphors and unexpectedly-adjusted images. The French maxim-maker, by an obvious instinct, does just the reverse. He clarifies yet further the natural clearness of his speech, avoids with yet more scrupulous care the juxtaposition of apparently incongruous images. The most wonderful of all examples of compressed thought, which has yet perfect urbanity and lucidity of expression, are the immortal maxims of La Rochefoucauld. He with the other great writers of the same class who have followed him, have provided as it were so many different ready-made moulds of the *pensée* and maxim, that lesser men and women can run their own very inferior

matter into these, and turn out something which at least looks like a *pensée* or a maxim with ease. Hardly a year passes without there coming into my hands, fresh from the Parisian press, some book of the kind, generally very prettily printed, often quite prettily written, and, if you read it without too much attention, reading not unlike the real thing. On the other hand, it is almost impossible even to translate such things into English at their best; and as for original writing of them, Englishmen, to do them justice, very rarely attempt it. When they do, it is still more rare that they achieve anything but rubbish pure and simple, or rubbish tricked and spangled up with strange tinsel of language. I am by no means sure that this is wholly or even to any considerable extent a proof of weakness in our language, though the opposite of it is certainly connected with the strength of French. These aphorisms and epigrams are almost always half-truths at most. The flash of them dazzles in the very act of illuminating, and I half think that the tendency to produce and to be satisfied by them accounts to some extent, and is in turn to some extent accounted for by, that limitation and obtuseness of the French mind which has been already glanced at. An epigram or an aphorism, like a dilemma, is in perpetual danger of what is technically called *retorsion*—a fact of which the person who delights overmuch in it is but too likely to take insufficient heed.

Whether there is much to choose between the languages in the matter of narrative is a long question to enter upon. There is, at any rate, very little doubt that we taught the French to write novels on more than one occasion. But instead of handling at any length the contrast of the English and the French novel, which might well afford a more than sufficient subject for a lecture by itself, let us take it as part of a wider division of this sketch—the contrasts presented by the two languages as subjects respectively of study and of amusement. It is sometimes objected to French that it is, for a study, too easy; and I certainly should never myself dream of recommending it as a substitute for studies severer still in form, more prolific in initial difficulties, and presenting a more elaborate and yet simpler because preciser discipline. In plainer language, I would never consent to accept the study of French

in lieu of the study of Greek and Latin. But is any study, using that word in its proper sense, easy? I have tried many; I have found plenty of difficulty, if only it be not deliberately avoided or carelessly ignored, in all. The peculiar difficulty of French, even to some extent as a language but to a much greater extent as a literature, lies in the very fact that it looks so easy, that it looks so like English. There is an old joke about the surprise of the untravelling Englishman who lands at Calais and discovers that the people, despite their strange facility in speaking French, are very nearly human. I am inclined to think that the real danger is the other way. Only after a very considerable study of French life and French literature does one discover the deep and almost unfathomable differences which exist between them and the life and literature of England. We pride ourselves from time to time on the thought that Europe is getting more and more cosmopolitan, that nations are getting to understand each other better, and so forth. Are they? I doubt it very much. In ordinary experience, on the surface of politics, manners, letters, there may seem to be no great division, but the cracks are like those very unpleasant natural fissures which widen as they go down. In many matters it is simply impossible to get a Frenchman even to understand the English point of view, and not much easier, though I think it is a little easier, to get the Englishman to understand the Frenchman. Now the finding out, if not the reconciling of, such differences is one of the chief businesses and one of the chief benefits of the combined study of the two literatures. It is really a much more effectual way than that of residence in the two countries. For, in the first place, it is very hard for a foreigner in either to get really what is now called in touch with the national life; and by so much as he does get in touch with it by so much, infallibly and by the law of nature, does he get out of touch with his own people. In that silent companionship of the library which has been extolled by writers far too great for any wise man to attempt to rival their phrase, this difficulty disappears. La Bruyère does not put you out of touch with Addison, Swift with Voltaire, Corneille with Shakespeare, Balzac with Thackeray, Hugo with Tennyson. You do not become less an Englishman be-

cause you are familiar with French from the *Chanson de Roland* to the works of "Gyp," nor less of a Frenchman because you are (as at least one French friend of mine is, and as I wish more Frenchmen were) familiar with English from Chaucer to Browning. You may not care—you might not be able if you did care—to exchange in either case your point of view for the other; but you are no longer unconscious of the two points. You can trace them in the past, you can to a great extent foresee them in given cases in the future, and above all you can understand them. Now there are few things in the world better than understanding, though there are many more common.

Perhaps, however, enjoyment is not less good even than understanding; and here too the contrast of the two literatures heightens the benefit of them. There is, I believe, a notion prevalent, though not quite so prevalent as it used to be, that there is something insincere, unnatural, impossible almost, in a man liking opposites and things different from each other. I have never been able to share this notion myself, or to know why I may not admire *A*, because I admire *B*. On the contrary, I should say that the admiration and enjoyment of *A* decidedly heighten the enjoyment and admiration of *B* by supplying perpetual foils, bringing out in turn the excellences of both, and softening the defects of each by showing that there are defects in the other. And it would be hardly possible to select in the intellectual world two subjects which perform this office of mutual correction and setting off so well as English and French literature, by dint of all the differences which we have been examining and many more. If there had really been a pre-established harmony in virtue of which each should supply what the other wants, each should correct the other's faults, each should serve as a whet to revive the appetite jaded by the other, the thing could not have been better arranged. The two together form the veritable Cleopatra of literary lovemaking, whom no age can wither nor custom stale. I do not forget the charms of others, nor the merits of others. I would not give up my reading of Greek or of Latin for any consideration. I would not be ignorant of German, nor unable to make a shift to read Dante. I wish I knew more than I do of other

languages. But I cannot help thinking that for those whose circumstances do not permit them a wider range, it would be absolutely impossible to find two literatures which both for edification and delight complete each other in so strange and perfect a way as these two. If we have any intellectual advantage over the French (and being an exceedingly patriotic Englishman, I should be sorry to think we have not), it lies as much as anything in the fact that knowledge of French literature is far commoner in England than knowledge of English literature is in France. To be well read in French is no great distinction here ; to be well read in English, whether it be regarded or not as a distinction in France, is an uncommonly rare accomplishment there. Many of my hearers must know and rejoice in the cleverest and most amusing of living French critics, M. Jules Lemaitre. Now it is M. Lemaitre's pride and pleasure to assert his ignorance of English ; and though it is never quite safe to take such declarations too seriously, I must say that his remarks on English literature bear testimony to his absolute veracity. After which M. Lemaitre permits himself to express unfavorable opinions about Shakespeare. There is nothing surprising in that ; but what, if not surprising, is really interesting is, that this flaw in M. Lemaitre's equipment shows itself just as much in his remarks on his own literature, as in his remarks on ours. He is not alive to things in French, and he misconceives things to which he is alive, exactly in the way from which knowledge of English would, or might, have saved him. And so doubtless would it be with any English critic who presumed to be ignorant of French. He would make mistakes in reference to English itself, from which knowledge of French would have saved him. But English critics are not so brave as French ; and I hardly know one who would confess such ignorance even if he dared to run the risk of it.

Still we are not all critics, though, at the risk of seeing my own business overstocked or simply abolished, I am not sure that we ought not to be. At any rate, we are all persons who have to live our lives, and who need take no shame in endeavoring to live them with as great and as varied an amount of honest and wholesome enjoyment as possible. And to that end, which I venture to think not in the very

least a low or contemptible end considered from the point of view of any religion, philosophy, or æsthetic, I know no such adequate means on the intellectual side as the study of literature. It is not indeed at all times of life sufficient by itself, and I do not propose that it should be thought so. It does not interfere with the pursuit of other kinds of business, of pleasure, of duty. I rather doubt whether it is ever itself pursued with thorough success unless those who pursue it pursue the others too. But it has the great virtue of receiving us, if not into everlasting, yet into lasting habitations when the others fail. *Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez !* said the great diplomatist and humorist, — who, so far as we can make out, made his last stroke of humor in leaving memoirs more or less uninteresting, with tantalizing precautions—to the person who was ignorant of whist. Far be it from me to speak of whist in any uncomplimentary fashion. But to play it satisfactorily you must get three other people, and those not the first comers : you must be in a place where whist is playable ; and you must, at least that is my experience, make something of a business of it, and invest no small capital of time, if not of money. You need do none of these things with literature. Books are cheap, and even those who cannot afford them can borrow them from libraries, though I own that for my part I cannot read with comfort any book that is not at least temporarily my own. They are infinite ; they are unexacting ; they can be taken up and put down at pleasure ; they need no partner to secure their enjoyment ; they interfere with nothing ; they help everything. There is a certain charm also in filling out, not too methodically or slavishly, but with a sense of a definite end perhaps never to be reached but always to be aimed at, a certain scheme of reading. And that charm is, as it seems to me, infinitely increased by shaping the scheme so that it may include contrast and provide relief. It is quite possible that there may be some special attraction to a man whose main ordinary business is political and miscellaneous journalism in this kind of subsidiary study, which at once carries one out of and corrects the merely ephemeral passages of the day. But I can see no reason why the comparative anatomy of the two literatures which I have found so satisfactory myself should not be

equally satisfactory to others whose occupations may be different, or who have no fixed occupations at all. At any rate, in recommending it I am only obeying the old maxim *candidus imperti*, which, on the pattern of an ingenious and right reverend friend of mine, who once rendered *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori*, "Don't be

ashamed of marrying the housemaid," I may render, "Tell us all about it and don't give yourself airs." I am quite sure that I have not told you all about it this evening; but I hope I have told you something, and that I have not given myself airs.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF A PEDESTAL.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.

MARLOWE, the father of the sons of song
 Whose praise is England's crowning praise, above
 All glories else that crown her, sweet and strong
 As England, clothed with light and fire of love,
 And girt with might of passion, thought, and trust,
 Stands here in spirit, sleeps not here in dust.

II.

Marlowe, a star too sovereign, too superb,
 To fade when heaven took fire from Shakespeare's light,
 A soul that knew but song's triumphal curb
 And love's triumphant bondage, holds of right
 His pride of place, who first in place and time
 Made England's voice as England's heart sublime.

III.

Marlowe bade England live in living song:
 The light he lifted up lit Shakespeare's way:
 He spake, and life sprang forth in music, strong
 As fire or lightning, sweet as dawn of day.
 Song was a dream where day took night to wife:
 "Let there be life," he said: and there was life.

IV.

Marlowe of all our fathers first beheld
 Beyond the tidal ebb and flow of things
 The tideless depth and height of souls, impelled
 By thought or passion, borne on waves or wings,
 Beyond all flight or sight but song's: and he
 First gave our song a sound that matched our sea.

—*Fortnightly Review*.

PESSIMISM AS A SYSTEM.

BY R. M. WENLEY.

"CURSE God, and die." "Pity God—who is a miserable devil—and live to lessen his eternal wretchedness." Startling as they may appear, these conclusions of modern Pessimism are no products of capricious self-dissatisfaction. They do not necessarily bear witness to broken ideals, to adverse fortunes, or to embittered lives. They are rather the results of matured reflection upon the graver problems of metaphysics, ethics, and religion. "The still sad music of humanity" has indeed lost none of its sadness, but it is no longer still. Suggestion or *motif* now dominates accompaniment, and the recurring wail of isolated melancholy has swelled into an inharmoniously harmonious symphony of despair. The importance of contemporary Pessimism is partly to be gauged by the assurance with which its professors advance it as a working theory of the world. Schopenhauer supposed that he had superseded Kant, but Hartmann regards his "Philosophy of the Unconscious" as the last word of speculation. All that is valuable in Hegel and the idealists, no less than in Kant and Schopenhauer, is there brought to a unity. Nor are his co-workers—Bahnsen, Du Prel, "Mailänder," and Preuss, to name no others—less confident. Pessimism, in short, has not merely a history, and a *bizarre* theosophy, it puts in a claim to be the system of the universe. A modest pretension, some one will say. Yet it is not entirely devoid of reason. Moreover, as a system, Pessimism commits itself to certain definite issues, and the advantage of knowing that by these it must stand or fall is obvious.

History is the best witness to the reasonableness of Pessimism. It might conceivably be shown, that in the development of civilization there are periods when the apparent contradiction inherent in things imperiously commands attention. The joyousness of pre-Socratic Greece or of Elizabethan England is seldom of long duration. One generation accepts life as a fact, the next must needs frame a theory of it. Loss of contentment usually accompanies reflection, and then heart-searchings arise. Nudity is without shame when it attracts no attention. But while

this might be proved true of epochs, its application to individuals carries greater conviction. Similar ages do not occur so frequently as similar men, and the particular is more easily understood than the general. Even the happiest times have seldom lacked a Diogenes. The long roll of history furnishes a succession of thinkers, saints, and poets, for whom the prevalence of pain and sin was an insoluble or overwhelming mystery. The writer of Job, whose "days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope," and the author of Ecclesiastes, who saw "no profit under the sun," had a fellow plaintiff—a contemporary, perhaps—in the farther East. Kapila, the Brahmin evolution philosopher, announced that "the complete cessation of pain, which is of three kinds, is the complete end of man." At a later time, and under widely different conditions, Stoic and Epicurean optimism gave way beneath the pressure of circumstances. Suicide ended the wise man's quest for freedom. Once more, Gnosticism, concurring in the Platonic notion that matter is necessarily accompanied by evil, gave birth to the curious doctrine of God's fall. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, because the Creator, by his very act of creation, committed sin. Manichæism and Augustinianism, each in its own way sought to explain or to eliminate evil. The dualism of mediæval civilization was largely due to a protest against the world and the ills inseparable from it. And its implied conclusion, that "if creation was a blunder, procreation is a crime," strangely foretold some of the latest pessimistic deductions. But, cull illustrations as one may, the heart affliction and pitiful uncertainty on which despondency battens, did not assert themselves unmistakably till the eighteenth century was nearing its dramatic close. Rousseau was the herald of a widespread movement. His "Reveries" reveal a mental state through which many have since passed. Sensibility become morbid, egoism determined to be self-sustained, nature willing itself unnatural, these were his birthright and his legacy. Proclaiming himself the best

of men, Rousseau deemed himself the most miserable. Yet he put forth no effort to discover his own contribution to his despair. It is easy to set about reforming the universe, but reformation, like charity, begins at home. Self-sophistication, with its attendant vanity, constitute Rousseau's importance as the initiator of the Byronic school. The individualism of the French Revolution was beforehand with it in him. His sorrow and self-praise, his broken-hearted peace, and his greed of that approval which the world did not then know how to give, formed the insoluble contradictions of his life. Continually looking for himself in the wrong place, as it were, he as constantly found that he was in bondage to the "gêne and subjection which were insupportable to him." Little wonder that he waxed wroth with the world, and struggled to deliver himself from ill by striving to annul irritating, but inevitable, limitations of human life. He would have lost his significance had he been able to make Leopardi's confession: "I perceived that the more I isolated myself from men, and confined me to my own little sphere, the less I succeeded in protecting myself from the discomforts and sufferings of the outer world." Rousseau was either too introspective, or not introspective enough, to apprehend this. The French Revolution, which but embodied his doctrines in practice, was scarce well over, its wild dreams of an unobtainable freedom had hardly been dispelled, ere the disease of the age began to reassert itself, not indeed with fresh symptoms, but for new causes.

Byron in England, Leopardi in Italy, De Musset, Baudelaire, Gautier and Leconte de Lisle in France, Heine in Germany, Lenau in Hungary, Poushkin in Russia, bore witness to widespread disillusionment and unrest. The hoped-for heaven upon earth could be found nowhere, and these writers gave utterance to the universal disappointment. Differences among them there certainly were, from the self-obtrusion of Byron to the impersonality of Leconte de Lisle. But one and all protest against the cruel barriers to intellectual satisfaction inseparable from man's finite nature. The studied impassibility, which so many now deem essential to art, especially to literary art, is only another phase of Byron's *implora eterna quiete*. "I hope that whosoever may survive me,

and shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress of the Adriatic, will have those two words, and no more, put over me—'Implora Pace.'" Statuesque impassibility amid human woes, and the peace of the tomb, are impracticable ideals. Born of the so-called unintelligible, they reduce not one whit the unintelligibility of things. Sentimental Pessimism, whether in Ferrara seventy years ago, or in Paris to-day, seeks to assuage grief by the grievous. Impassibility is without pity, and the peace of death is no anodyne for the sorrow of life.

The Pessimism of the poets was not only unreasoned, but also subjective. Each writer gave expression to his own dissatisfaction, and sought relief for himself after the manner which best pleased him. But "the sadness which clings to all finite life" was then so universally felt as to demand a more systematic explanation. Byron and Leopardi were ill at ease; so were many others everywhere. The high-strung sensibility of the genius is racked by unavoidable evils; but does not talent go unrewarded, and is not hunger the laborer's lot? Pessimism, in short, is as reasonable for society at large as for a few of its more gifted members—that is, it has objective no less than subjective validity; as such it cannot be compassed or mitigated by poetical caprice. A system is now necessary. If pain is not to reduce the world to moral and spiritual impotence, a reasoned account of it must be forthcoming. Leopardi's Iclander was opportunely devoured by a couple of famishing lions immediately after he had put his inconvenient question to Nature. The question still remained, and Schopenhauer was the first to attempt a systematic reply. "But since that which is destroyed suffers, and that which is born from its destruction also suffers in due course, and finally is in its turn destroyed, would you enlighten me on one point, about which hitherto no philosopher has satisfied me? For whose pleasure and service is this wretched life of the world maintained by the suffering and death of all the beings which compose it?" A theory of the ultimate reality of the universe is indispensable to the solution of this problem, and Schopenhauer was the first to formulate it on the given premises.

Now Schopenhauer, being a philosopher, was affected by the speculations of previ-

ous thinkers, as were none of his poetic contemporaries. No doubt he lived throughout the "storm and stress" period, and gave its *weltschmerz* formal expression. But his thought, as distinguished from his standpoint, was largely determined by Kant. Add Indian rationalism, as formulated by Kapila, Plato, mediæval mysticism, and Schelling, and the main elements in his system are enumerated. Its peculiar doctrines were drawn from these sources; the diffused discontent, which found voice in the poets, called it forth; its aim was the diagnosis of misery and the prescription of a cure; reasoned Pessimism was its result. Schopenhauer professedly set out from the point where Kant stopped. In this he only followed his pet aversions, Fichte and Hegel. He saw, with characteristic acuteness, that Kant's system, rigorously interpreted, had finally explained reality neither on the side of things nor on that of thought. The unknowable "thing-in-itself," which actually exists, but is beyond man's ken, and the equally unknowable "self," which remains over and above all such manifestations of it as are given in imagination, memory, perception, and the like—these, as Schopenhauer said, are inexplicable *residua* for Kant. Accordingly he proceeded to attempt their explanation. The world, he would seem to have reasoned, is unquestionably a mere succession of representations conjured up by the intellect. But are my activities as a thinking being exhausted in such representations? Have I no other faculties? It is in the direction indicated by these questions that he seeks the way to the absolutely real. Continuous energizing, unwearied effort to assert himself is, he concludes, the ultimate in every man's nature. The thinker is not a mere machine for grinding out phenomenal representations, he is far rather a *subject who wills*. Will, the persistent and impelling power in all acts, is thus that *ego* beyond experience which Kant failed to explain. The fact that I exist is consequent upon the fact that I will. I am I, because I will. So the unknowable "I" of Kant is abolished. Nor is this all. Will is not only *indirectly* cognized through the intellect, but is *directly* known in bodily movements, which are its manifestations. "The body is the objectification of the will." This doctrine enables Schopenhauer to remove another difficulty; for, he can constitute

body the link between subjective personality—which is all compact of will—and the outer "thing-in-itself." If my body be my will, then by an obvious analogy the phenomena represented to me are each of them revelations of a Will. As my being is ultimately grounded on will, so too is theirs. Like me, they are will, both phenomenally and actually. Thus, by an easy transition, the elimination of the "transcendental ego" leads to the removal of the troublesome "thing-in-itself." Finally, by another convenient analogy, it is concluded that Will is the ultimate reality of the universe as a whole. If my body be identical with *my* will, and if all bodies be simply wills—and "all that we grasp offers resistance, because it has its own will that must be subdued"—then Will is the substratum of the universe. Phenomenal nature, including man, is therefore the visible manifestation of a Will. Whatever reality it may have proceeds directly from this all-essential volition. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are different only in degree, in kind they are homogeneous. "There is not a smaller part of Will in the stone and a larger part in man, for the relation of part and whole belongs exclusively to space, and has no significance when we transcend this form of perception. The more and the less have only reference to the manifestation, that is, the visibility, the objectifying, of Will. Of this there is a higher grade in the plant than in the stone, in the animal a higher than in the plant; indeed, there are as many gradations in the Will's emergence into visibility as exist between the dimmest light of dawn and the brightest sunlight, between the loudest sound and the faintest echo."

How then does this Will necessitate pessimistic conclusions regarding the present life? Schopenhauer reversed the doctrines of previous thinkers, and especially of Kant. According to a general consensus of opinion, in which Socrates, Augustine, Duns Scotus, Kant, Schelling, and Hegel join, Will is a particular case of self-consciousness. It is the faculty which presides over practical or moral life, just as intellect directs subjective thought. At the same time, there could be no Will without consciousness. Willing is but the outer side of thinking. The individual who acts must will; he need not will in order to contemplate. But were he unable

to contemplate, he could neither will nor act. Schopenhauer, on the contrary, regards the primal Will as an impersonal and unconscious force. Its one positive characteristic is that it is pregnant with undistinguishable desire. Like water in a reservoir, it would burst the dam if it could, and aimlessly realize its latent energy by rushing anywhere. Accordingly, Will is neither God nor devil, it contains no principle, nor is it subject to any law. It is a diffused potentiality, ready to take every direction for the sake of actualization, yet unable of itself to choose one. From this unconscious Something, Schopenhauer leaps to self-conscious man, to conscious animal, to living vegetable. Darkly striving Will first reveals itself—we are not told how—in the guises of mechanical force and chemical affinity. Then, still more inexplicably, it speeds from the sphere of dead matter into that of living beings.

“And vaguely in the pregnant deep,
Clasped by the glowing arms of light,
From an eternity of sleep
Within unfathomed gulfs of night,
A pulse stirred in the plastic slime,
Responsive to the rhythm of Time.”

Like Aristotle's “soul,” Will follows the ascending scale of plant, brute, and human life, attaining self-consciousness at length in man. The grandiose sweep of Schopenhauer's demonstration is fascinating. But it constantly suggests a difficulty. According to the theory, Will cannot manifest itself except under causal direction. Notwithstanding, Will is all from the beginning, there is nothing external to it. Whence, then, its motive to definite revelation? Here Schopenhauer falls back upon Platonic mysticism, upon the mythological and unsatisfactory part of Plato's philosophy. As it rises from lower objectivity, in gravitation, to higher, in organism and self-consciousness, Will is causally directed in each operation by archetypal ideas. Behind the imperfect phenomena known in the world are pure ideas. These correspond to the objects, and constitute their real perfection. Man's body, for example, is a manifestation of Will; therefore it is a “mere idea, as it is only the mode in which the Will represents itself in the view of the intellect.” It is unnecessary to do more than draw attention to the vicious reasoning involved here. Idea, as Schopenhauer

very rightly points out, is a product of intellect, but intellect, he continues, is produced by the brain; and brain is a revelation of Will *directed by idea*! The contradiction is obvious, and vitiates the entire argument. Will is postulated as the sole original reality, yet it is attended by other realities, the abstract Platonic ideas. Schopenhauer's ontological scheme presupposes this contradictory doctrine, and is in turn the basis of his practical philosophy. By a species of ecstasy—a negation of the limits of reason, that is, of personality—artistic genius is able for a moment to identify itself with the archetypal idea, and thus to escape from the dominion of Will. Such supreme moments are few, and their fruition is only for the select. Yet they constitute the one joy of human life. Cancel them, and this would be absolutely the worst of all possible worlds. Will, the ultimately real, is essentially fraught with pain and every sort of imperfection, because in its ceaseless and frantic effort to find perfect expression it is ever baffled. “Man's greatest crime is that he was born,” said Calderon. And Schopenhauer, for the reason indicated, cordially endorsed the cheerful sentiment. In being born every individual of his own free act commits the unpardonable offence. He *ought not* to be born. For, reality or perfection is beyond the bounds of time. Man, the individual, is perfect, so be that he never becomes an individual—that he remains absorbed in the Will's eternal past. The perfection attaching to true reality flies forever at the moment of birth. Life itself is an unreality, the supposititious past of the individual is a myth, and the same may be said, not only of his future, but also of that of mankind. Immortality is an illusion, because to gain perfection man must divest himself of his own selfhood, and be received back again into the unconscious reality of Will, where nothing is distinguishable. Thus existence, by the very fact that it is, is the most fearful of evils. Life, seeing that it possesses no inherent value, is worth living only in so far as it furnishes opportunity for regeneration by the extinction of self. “Curse God”—who is so constituted that he must have your existence, and that without incurring one iota of responsibility for its inevitable evil. “Curse God”—who can do nothing to redeem you from the sin into which

his efforts have forced you. "Die"—because death, being the negation of individuality, is the one good in life. "Die"—for death alone can in any measure redeem you from the evil which is the very essence of your present life. Quietism, or the state in which "the will to live" has become utterly indifferent, is the acme of morality. The absolute selfishness of self-annihilation is the regenerating grace which overcomes the relative selfishness of living. "A painless sympathy with pain" is the moral ideal—the most irrational entity in Schopenhauer's most irrational account of the world, we would add. "My doctrine therefore ends with a negation. It can only speak here of what is denied, surrendered; what is won, laid hold of instead, it can only describe as nothing; adding, by way of comfort, that it is only a relative nothing, not an absolute one."

Schopenhauer is often taken by critics as *par excellence* the representative of Pessimism. There are several plain reasons for this. To the public at large he is better known than any of his co-thinkers. Indeed, if von Hartmann be excepted, he alone is more than a mere name. Besides, optimists, especially of the utilitarian school, are well aware that his system may be pulled to pieces with little difficulty. But it ought to be remembered that Schopenhauer is no more the corypheus of Pessimism than is Fichte of Idealism. Von Hartmann is his severest critic, just as Hegel was Kant's. The comparative ease with which he may be pulverized certainly has its attractions, but, so far as Pessimism is concerned, the victory thereby loses much of its significance. Truth to tell, Schopenhauer, for all his system, was not without the poets' limitation. They wrote to express their own sorrows; his philosophy was in large part a projection of his own diseased nature. As Epicurianism recommended itself to the sybarite, so did Pessimism appeal to him. I am jaundiced, therefore the world is altogether evil, wailed Byron, Lenau, and Leopardi. I have lost taste for life, sang Heine and Baudelaire, and De Musset, so no life can be worth living; and to Schopenhauer also the *argumentum ad hominem* applies. Given me, a suspicious, selfish, and cowardly man, what deductions must be drawn respecting the world as a whole? This was, to all intents and purposes, Schopen-

hauer's problem. Still, even were it conclusively shown that his system was a reproduction of his sentiments, this would be a narrow, not to say unfair, view to adopt. Indeed, the theory is so full of "miracles," inexplicables, and contradictions, that there is no necessity to press the unchivalrous personal argument against it. Even the most ardent pessimists admit that it stands in need of entire reconstruction, although none, so far as we know, point out, as they well might, that it falls to pieces from its own inner absurdity. Suicide by metaphysics is the end which it proposes to man; it is itself a metaphysical *felo de se*, and, as such, may be taken either for dead or unaccountable.

Superior to Schopenhauer in almost every respect, save in literary style, von Hartmann is much more representative of Pessimism. The earlier thinker, it may be admitted, responded to certain needs of his age, as well as to the calls of his own gloomy nature. He gave tolerably systematic form to the reaction from fervid hope to blank despair which so many finer minds experienced after the French Revolution. Inflated expectations had been generated then, and the slow, but ceaseless, contraction was fraught with widespread spiritual misery. But even at this, "The World as Will and Representation" is little more than a loosely constructed outwork of the pessimistic citadel. Hartmann is often called a disciple of Schopenhauer, and many allege that his divergence from his reputed master is slight or superficial. It would be fairer to say that he is Schopenhauer's descendant. So far from being his disciple, he rather stands related to him as does Hegel to Kant. Indeed, the gulf between the two leading pessimists is wider than that between the two great idealists. For Hegel saw Kant through the medium of Fichte and Schelling—all four were of the same school; whereas Hartmann sees Schopenhauer refracted, as it were, through Hegelianism—that is, through a fundamentally different philosophy. Further, the new set of historical influences to which Hartmann was subjected have not been without influence upon his system. The *weltsehmerz*, classically so called, has died down; positive science has made "stupendous achievements;" population has increased, and, along with this, the rapid rise of the

middle class and the incentives to a certain standard of education have crowded the "genteel" and often "half-cultured" professions; even among nations the struggle for existence is keener and military service or warlike credits press hard upon the people. These and other historical facts cannot but have given new direction to Hartmann's thoughts. But it can also be shown that the most important divergencies from Schopenhauer are in greater part due to the rich philosophical material which Hartmann found ready to hand. Indeed, from one point of view, it would be as correct to term him a follower of Hegel as of Schopenhauer. If he denounce the dialectic method of the one, he also scorns the blind Will of the other. If "The Philosophy of the Unconscious" be in some degree a commentary upon Schopenhauer, "The Phenomenology of the Ethical Consciousness" has Hegel for text. Nay, in the former Hartmann strays much further from Schopenhauer than he does from Hegel in the latter. Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to declare that Hartmann's system draws its strength from Hegel. Where it is weak one may mark the influence of Schopenhauer; where it is suggestive, and more particularly where it betrays strong historical sense, there Hegel is at work. Hartmann, then, is to be regarded as the protagonist of Pessimism, because philosophical progress has afforded him opportunities of which he has not been slow to take advantage, and because he has endeavored, with remarkable originality, to unite evolutionary optimism with a theory of metaphysically decreed misery. Active effort to annihilate pain is the burden of his teaching. As a consequence, Schopenhauer's quietism becomes an absurdity. Redemption is to be universal, not individual; therefore, it must be wrought out by ceaseless co-operation in the common cause. Passive contemplation can but retard Hartmann's final theocracy. For the gradual recognition by individuals of their essential unity with one another will reveal the long-veiled truth, that all participate in a pact to free God—and themselves—from pain by the annihilation of consciousness. "Real existence is the incarnation of Deity; the world-process is the passion-history of God made flesh, and at the same time the way to the redemption of Him who was crucified in the flesh.

To be moral is to lend a helping hand in shortening this way of suffering and of redemption."

These indications partially prepare us for the main features of Hartmann's system, and only the barest outline of a scheme so vast can be given here. For "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," as too many opponents of Hartmann have been prone to forget, is itself but an outline. In his own words, taken from the Preface to the French translation, "*La philosophie de l'Inconscient n'est pas un système : elle se borne à tracer les lineaments principaux d'un système. Elle n'est pas la conclusion, mais le programme d'une vie entière de travail.*"*

In a summary sketch of Hartmann's philosophy, it is probably well to set out from the significant words which stand upon the title-page of his best-known work. "Speculative results according to the inductive method of physical science." True to this motto, Hartmann begins by referring to a class of psycho-physical phenomena respecting which comparative ignorance prevails even to-day—and "The Philosophy of the Unconscious" was ready for press twenty-two years ago. Latent modifications, sleep and dreams, trance, "second sight," are still, for all our study of hypnotism and progress in physiological psychology, little better than "occult" phenomena. Hartmann, however, founding upon them, declares that man is unwittingly determined by a sub-consciousness over the manifestations of which he has no initiatory control. This is "the Unconscious," and, as its action is never suspended, it is the ultimate reality. In some respects it is by no means unlike Schelling's principle of Identity. But, whereas Schelling traced subject and object back to a *neutrum* in which both disappeared, Hartmann brings idea and reality out of the Unconscious. He rids himself of Kant's "thing-in-itself" by the *a priori* statement, that from the Unconscious—the Real—proceed two phenomenal modes. These are the objective appearances of nature and the subjective appearances of perception. Knowledge of the Unconscious may there-

* * The principal works supplementary to "The Philosophy of the Unconscious" are "The Phenomenology of the Ethical Consciousness," "The Religious Consciousness of Mankind," and "The Religion of Spirit."

fore be obtained either objectively or subjectively. Mysticism, which with Hartmann stands for deduction, and scientific induction are consequently the twin methods of philosophy. By the former the Unconscious is itself cognized—an allegation, by the way, which reminds one of Jacobi, the most unscientific among thinkers. The results thus obtained are thereafter “treated” by the second process. Application of the idea of development to man and nature, and particularly observation of facts that support it, lead to the discovery that, from eternity, the Unconscious must have consisted of Will and Idea. The former imparts momentum, as it were, the latter supplies the object moved. “No one can in reality *merely* will, without willing *this or that*: a will which does not will *something*, is not; only through the *definite content* does the Will obtain the possibility of existence, and this content . . . is *Idea*.” Hartmann is now in possession of a method, and of a first principle. Moreover, he has a theory of the world’s genesis which has the advantage, that it offers an apparent explanation of the dualism between subject and object. What, then, does he make of them?

Something more than a reminiscence of Schelling may be traced in Hartmann’s account of the origin of consciousness. Intellect was originally a servant of Will, doing its behests without murmur or question. But a time came when rebellion disturbed this harmony, and out of the friction so occasioned consciousness emerged. Thus the product is itself essentially a recognition that there is antagonism between its generative elements. This expository narrative of consciousness is not new. It is common to nearly all mystics. Böhme, for example, explicitly held by it, and the same may be said of Schelling, in his fantastic moods, as, indeed, of his many extravagant disciples. In fact, so far as this question is concerned, Hartmann has a great deal in common with Schelling, always taking Schelling at his worst. The view he adopts is important here, because it conditions his entire theory of the universe, and originates his doctrine of pleasure and pain. According to Hartmann, pleasure and pain are not names given to certain affections of the sensible organism. They are intimately connected with the opposition between

Will and Intellect. When the designs of the former are fulfilled by the latter pleasure accrues, and *vice versa*. The distinction between them thus depends upon genesis, not at all upon constitution. Alike in pleasure and in pain the contingency of conflict is the essential factor. The immanent causality of the Unconscious from the first tended toward the development of this opposition. For, with consciousness, and its attendant antagonism between Will and Intellect, the possibility of emancipating the rational from the heavy yoke of the irrational appeared. The fact that this strife has begun is at once the kernel of Hartmann’s ontology, and the *raison d’être* of his pessimism. While the conception that it exists for a purpose is the content of his idea of development, and the rationale of his ethics. His pessimism originates somewhat as follows: When Will, in its passionate desire for self-satisfaction, threw out the world, Intellect had not yet illuminated it. And, at a much later period, when Intellect—in consciousness—was so far freed from Will as to be able to view the universe, the only opinion which it could form was, “Behold, it is very bad.” The greatest of evils is the world’s existence. The clearer the consciousness, the more impressive unhappiness becomes. For, if opposition be the sole principle of organic life, unhappiness, despite the conventional distinction of pleasure and pain, can be its only result. Hartmann, true to his “speculative results according to the inductive method of physical science,” proceeds to prove this proposition from common experience. It is good for the Unconscious that consciousness should supervene in the world—this, indeed, was the original intention. Consequently, in order to further its own ends, the Unconscious has surrounded man with illusions, which he generically terms happiness. Hitherto, the allegation is, educational and critical progress, and increase of culture, have ended toward the unmasking of these illusions. The early age of Greece was the period of the first grand deceit. Mankind was then like a child. Full of high hopes for the future, peoples dreamt of a time when the present life should brim over with happiness. The answer to this anticipation was the Roman dominion, which in time itself empoisoned terrific despair. Ere the age of Seneca,

every art had been plied to conjure up a beatific freedom, every artifice had been employed to manufacture it, and without avail.

"On that hard pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell."

But as the hope that happiness might be realized on earth faded into thin air, it was succeeded by another. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." The world is very evil, but man has a home beyond the grave, where sin and misery will have no place. Thither he will go, body and soul, on the resurrection morn. The second stage of the illusion thus is, that "happiness is conceived attainable by the individual in a transcendent life after death." Christianity delivered dying paganism from deadly despair, but, save for this, it has no value. "The Christian theory of the world is simply incapable of rising to the complete resignation of happiness; even Christian asceticism is out-and-out selfish . . . The Christian hope of blessedness rests on an illusion, that necessarily disappears in the further course of the development of consciousness." Consequently, in the Renaissance the third illusion, with its revived interest in things earthly, and its relegation of happiness to the future of the world, emerged. In bondage to this illusion we of the nineteenth century for the most part have lived, and are living. The magnificent optimism of the Hegelian philosophy is the highest expression of this stage. But, like its predecessors, it is doomed to extinction. There is happiness neither on earth now, nor in a heaven after death, nor yet for a perfected humanity in future ages. Those who have strength to bear this conviction will therefore, as a last resort, adopt Hartmann's ethics, and consciously embrace the pessimistic career. Now, of all ethical principles Purpose is the chief. The truly moral man is he who, recognizing the purpose in the world, wittingly brings himself into line with it, and strives to advance it. What, then, is this Purpose, End, or Final Cause?

We have already seen that, at the beginning, Will and Intellect were both contained in the Unconscious; but the latter was so under the domination of the former, that it was unable in any measure to hinder such an exhibition of blind im-

pulse, with its resultant misery, as the creation of the world. We have also learned that the Unconscious eternally aimed at the realization of consciousness, for only by this means could Intellect free itself from Will; but consciousness is itself ever a conflict, ever, that is, a source of wretchedness. So it cannot be a final end, it must be relative to something beyond itself. Consciousness, in short, is the most important agency for the consummation of the world-process. As a result, Hartmann contends, those who fully appreciate the considerations just stated have already passed from the midst of the third illusion, and are fitted to see the tremendous verity face to face. The fearful truth, now to be unveiled, has two sides. So far as concerns humanity it is this: "After the three stages of illusion of the hope of a positive happiness it [humanity] has finally seen the *folly* of its endeavors; it finally foregoes all *positive* happiness, and longs only for *absolute painlessness*, for nothingness, Nirvana. But not, as before, this or that man, but mankind longs for nothingness, for annihilation." And, if a careful study of the facts lead inevitably to the conclusion that man was made to be miserable, with still greater force it brings home the second conviction, that in the eternal past God must have been, not blessed, but unblessed. Infinite distress—infinite, because pertaining to the Absolute Being—is the essential nature of Deity. Given, then, the immanent self-torture of God, and the designed misery of man, there can be but one account of the relation between creator and creature. The universe is "an agonizing blister, which the all-pervading Being intentionally applies to himself, in the first place to draw out, and eventually to remove, an inner torture." Recognition of this overwhelming truth is the basis of moral life. Man, when he is thus instructed, will sympathize with God, and will lend aid to assuage the divine misery. The maxim of the truly pious will therefore be; Pity God—who is a miserable devil—and live to lessen his eternal wretchedness. "The principle of practical philosophy consists in this, to MAKE THE ENDS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS ENDS OF OUR OWN CONSCIOUSNESS." Thus Hartmann, while absolute in his pessimism, is also unequivocal in his justification of life. In his eyes the asceticism

and metaphysical suicide of Schopenhauer are the quintessence of folly. Does he seek deliverance, the righteous man must ever be up and doing. But doing what? Trying in his own measure to redeem God, who can only redeem the world when it has redeemed him. Finally, the redemption is to be on this wise: Selfishness, which is the product of Will, is the bane of all life. This it is that bids

"The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance,

The weak new terrors; all, renewed assurance

And confirmation of the old despair."

Only when Intellect has overcome Will can selfishness be cast forth. Consciousness is designated as the instrument of this triumph. The Unconscious erred in creating the world, though, strangely enough, the error was an integrally valuable one. The Conscious, by negating the cause of this arch-mistake, can ensure the ultimate painlessness of the Unconscious. Man alone can, at the last, bring God, and himself, back to a nothingness in which the absence of pain, or aught else, is to be compensation sufficient for eternal self-torture and temporal woe. This thrice-blessed goal will be attained in the good time of a fine-wrought culture. Illumination, though always increasing pain, is the redeeming process here below. Redemption itself will be at hand whenever those conditions have been realized by advancing civilization. First, "that by far the largest part of the Unconscious Spirit manifesting itself in the present world is to be found in humanity; for only when the negative part of volition in humanity outweighs the sum of all the rest of the Will objectifying itself in the organic or inorganic world, only then can the human negation of Will annihilate *the whole actual volition of the world without residuum*, and cause the whole kosmos to disappear at a stroke by withdrawal of the volition, which alone gives it existence." Secondly, it is necessary "that the consciousness of mankind be *penetrated* by the folly of volition and the misery of all existence; that it have conceived *so deep a yearning* for the peace and the painlessness of non-being, and all the motives hitherto making for volition and existence have been so far seen through in their vanity and nothingness that the yearning after the annihilation of volition and existence attains resistless

authority as a practical motive." Thirdly, "a simultaneous common motive" among the peoples of the earth is essential. Then human consciousness, being an overplus of all manifestations of the Unconscious, and so having control of the phenomenal, will one day decree self-destruction, and so bring about the annihilation of everything. The pain and misery, of conscious man and unconscious God alike, will thus be removed, and the blank nothingness of pre-cosmic Nirvana be restored to its pristine inanity.

No one will wonder that a callous and unrelieved atheism of this sort should have elicited many indignant protests and called down contemptuous references innumerable. But, after all, it is unnecessary to lose one's temper with Hartmann. He condemns himself out of his own mouth. For, in his recognition that the "dominant influence of life lies ever in the unrealized," he, *ipso facto*, renders his pessimism an absurdity. Granted the idea of development, the moral question comes to be, not so much one of happiness or unhappiness, as of the kind of life which is best suited to secure the full stature of human perfection. And, if all reaching forth toward a higher ideal—toward "the unrealized"—be good, then opposition, pain, nay, even death itself, may and do become instruments for the revelation of a character which humiliation can only exalt. The application of the idea of evolution in ethics shows that life is moulded into a unity by a moralizing principle which is present at the outset, is the prime motive force all through, and itself constitutes the *terminus ad quem*. It is thus that the conception of a *personal* God is embedded in any evolution theory of ethics. The Unconscious, as sketched by Hartmann, is not only unequal to the task he assigns it, it is also a rational impossibility. Starting from it, he necessarily evades the whole point of ethical inquiry. For the question is, not into what place in the world does morality fit, but what is morality. To refer it to the Unconscious is to refer it to nothing—nay, it is to foreclose the only method whereby Hartmann himself could explain the teleology of which he makes so much. To say that life comes from nothing, and goes through misery back to nothing, is to suppress the fact, tacitly assumed, of its absolute value; and this is precisely what philosophy ought to explain

fully. To show, no matter with what apparatus of proof, that the expected resolution of contradiction or healing of pain lies in the total annihilation of personality, is neither to account for the admitted fact that mind ever sets an ideal before itself, nor to alter the circumstance that the moral world circles round such an ideal.

It seems, then, that any moral theory which recognizes the principle of development must be optimistic. It primarily has relation to an end, to a progress toward that end, and to an immanent cause fulfilling itself in these. Nor does Hartmann fail to see this. The peculiarity of his theory is, that he seeks to gain all the optimistic advantages of evolution, and, at the same time, to fit them into a pessimistic ethical scheme. In order to do this, he has, of course, to rid himself of the optimism implied in evolution. This he does by including "ethical optimism" in a so-called wider plan. Seeing that an immanent cause is traceable in the universe, it follows that the best *pessimistic* life is sought by the moral man. So far so good. But the assumption of pessimism is that deficiency and suffering are identical. He who strives to attain an ideal recognizes his imperfection by comparison with it, and hence the advance in self-improvement. On the contrary, he who experiences suffering simply tries to get away from it. Here lies the rift in Hartmann's argument. Defect and suffering are not necessarily identical. The one implies a positive, the other a negative, future. Consequently, on the pessimist theory, moralization, even taken as a whole, is not an all-inclusive process; it is only a means to something outside of itself. The end for which it is presumed to work is nothingness. But, according to the principle of development adopted by Hartmann, morality can be explained only by reference to itself. It already includes the end for

which it exists. So that, in ridding himself of the indisputable optimism of ethics, Hartmann practically eliminates morality altogether. At all events, the question which he professes to answer does not concern the nature of morality. It has relation rather to a preconceived assumption, and the deductions to be drawn therefrom. If life be more painful than pleasurable, is it better to live or to die? Hartmann abolishes the optimism of ethics by conveniently altering the scope of his inquiry. He replies, it is better to die; and, with this in mind, tries to show how morality may be subordinated to the desired end. Lastly, all this, in its turn, implies the presumption that human life can be appraised in terms of pleasure and pain. If some one will tell how my pleasure in drinking a glass of good wine is to be balanced against the pain of my neighbor who has just been bereft of a dearly loved mother, then there may be some reason for considering the pessimist assumption; till then it may be prudently concluded, both that the assumption is valueless, and that Pessimism can never be answered from the standpoint of sensationalism. The cumulative action of morality, having for chief illustration the influence of Jesus, is a standing fact, which neither Pessimism nor Eudaemonism can compass. The real sacrifice of the whole man to what heart and head recognize as the good character can neither be surmounted by Pessimism nor grounded on Hedonism. Far, rather, personal devotion to the perfecting of a society which includes self transcends alike the painful half truth of Pessimism and the contemptible untruth of Hedonism. For the destruction of sin is to be accomplished neither by the cessation of pain nor by the positive satisfaction of sense.—*Contemporary Review*.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

I.

SHERTON STREET, W.

WHETHER the utilitarian or the intuitive theory of the moral sense be the true one,

it is beyond question that there are a few subtle-souled persons with whom the absolute gratuitousness of an act of reparation is an inducement to perform it; while exhortation as to its necessity would breed

excuses for leaving it undone. A case once came under the writer's notice which particularly illustrates this; and something more.

There were few figures better known to the local crossing-sweeper than Mr. Millborne's, in his daily comings and goings along Sherton Street, where he lived inside the door marked eleven, though not as householder. In age he was fifty at least, and his habits were as regular as those of a person can be who has no occupation but the study of how to keep himself employed. His route was almost always to the left on getting to the end of Sherton Street, then onward across Casterbridge Square and Oxford Street, down Bond Street, and so on, to his club, whence he returned by precisely the same course about six o'clock, on foot; or, if he went to dine, later on in a cab. He was known to be a man of some means, though apparently not wealthy. Being a bachelor he seemed to prefer his present mode of living as a lodger in Mrs. Towney's best rooms, with the use of furniture which he had bought ten times over in rent during his tenancy, to having a house of his own.

None among his acquaintance tried to know him well, for his manner and moods did not excite curiosity or deep friendship. He was not a man who seemed to have anything on his mind, anything to conceal, anything to impart. From his casual remarks it was generally understood that he was country born, a native of some place in Wessex; that he had come to London as a young man in a banking house, and had risen to a post of responsibility; when, by the death of his father, who had been fortunate in his investments, the son succeeded to an income which led him to retire from a business life somewhat early.

One evening, when he had been unwell for several days, Doctor Bindon came in, after dinner, from the adjoining medical quarter, and smoked with him over the fire. The patient's ailment was not such as to require much thought, and they talked together on indifferent subjects.

"I am a lonely man, Bindon—a lonely man," Millborne took occasion to say, shaking his head gloomily. "You don't know such loneliness as mine. . . . And the older I get the more I am dissatisfied with myself. And to day I have

been, through an accident, more than usually haunted by what, above all other events of my life, causes that dissatisfaction—the recollection of an unfulfilled promise made twenty years ago. In ordinary affairs I have always been considered a man of my word; and perhaps it is on that account that a particular vow I once made, and did not keep, comes back to me with a magnitude out of all proportion (I dare say) to its importance, especially at this time of day. You know the discomfort caused at night by the half-sleeping sense that a door or window has been left unfastened, or in the day by the remembrance of unanswered letters. So does that promise haunt me from time to time, and has done to-day particularly."

There was a pause, and they smoked on. Millborne's eyes, though fixed on the fire, were really regarding attentively a town in the West of England.

"Yes," he continued, "I have never really forgotten it, though during the busy years of my life it was shelved and buried under the pressure of my pursuits. And, as I say, to-day in particular, an incident in the law report of a somewhat similar kind has brought it back again vividly. However, what it was I can tell you in a few words, though no doubt you, as a man of the world, will smile at the thinness of my skin when you hear it. I came up to town at one-and-twenty, from Teneborough, in Lower Wessex, where I was born, and where, before I left, I had won the heart of a young woman of my own age. I promised her marriage, took advantage of my promise, and—am a bachelor."

"The old story."

The other nodded. "I left the place, and thought at the time I had done a very clever thing in getting so easily out of an entanglement. But I have lived long enough for that promise to return to bother me—to be honest, not altogether as a pricking of the conscience, but as a dissatisfaction with myself as a specimen of humanity. If I were to ask you to lend me fifty pounds, which I would repay you next midsummer, and I did not repay you, I should consider myself a shabby sort of fellow, especially if you wanted the money badly. Yet I promised that girl just as distinctly; and then coolly broke my word, as if doing so were rather smart conduct than a mean action, for

which the poor victim herself, encumbered with a child, and not I, had really to pay the penalty, in spite of certain pecuniary aid that was given. . . . There, that's the retrospective trouble that I am always unearthing; and you may hardly believe that though so many years have elapsed, and it is all gone by and done with, and she must be getting on for an old woman now, as I am for an old man, it really often destroys my sense of self-respect still."

"Oh, I can understand it. All depends upon the temperament. Thousands of men would have forgotten all about it; so would you, perhaps, if you had married and had a family. Did she ever marry?"

"I don't think so. Oh, no—she never did. She left Toneborough and later on appeared under another name at Exonbury, in the next county, where she was not known. It is very seldom that I go down into that part of the country, but in passing through Exonbury on one occasion I learnt that she was quite a settled resident there, as a teacher of music, or something of the kind. That much I casually heard when I was there two or three years ago. But I have never set eyes on her since our original acquaintance, and should not know her if I met her."

"Did the child live?" asked the doctor. "For several years, certainly," replied his friend. "I cannot say if she is living now. It was a little girl. She might be married by this time as far as years go."

"And the mother—was she a decent, worthy young woman?"

"Oh, yes; a sensible, quiet girl, neither attractive nor unattractive to the ordinary observer; briefly, commonplace. Her position at the time of our acquaintance was not so good as mine. My father was a solicitor, as I think I have told you. She was a young girl in a music-shop; and it was represented to me that it would be beneath my position to marry her. Hence the result."

"Well, all I can say is that after twenty years it is probably too late to think of mending such a matter. It has doubtless by this time mended itself. You had better dismiss it from your mind as an evil past your control. Of course, if mother and daughter are alive, or either, you might settle something upon them, if you were inclined and had it to spare."

"Well, I haven't much to spare; and

I have relations in narrow circumstances—perhaps narrower than theirs. But that is not the point. Were I ever so rich I feel I could not rectify the past by money. I did not promise to enrich her. On the contrary, I told her it would probably be dire poverty for both of us. But I did promise to make her my wife."

"Then find her and do it," said the doctor jocularly as he rose to leave.

"Ah, Bindon. That, of course, is the obvious jest. But I haven't the slightest desire for marriage; I am quite content to live as I have lived. I am a bachelor by nature, and instinct, and habit, and everything. Besides, though I respect her still (for she was not an atom to blame), I haven't any shadow of love for her. In my mind she exists as one of those women you think well of, but find uninteresting. It would be purely with the idea of putting wrong right that I should hunt her up, and propose to do it off-hand."

"You don't think of it seriously?" said his surprised friend.

"I sometimes think that I would, if it were practicable; simply, as I say, to recover my sense of being a man of honor."

"I wish you luck in the enterprise," said Doctor Bindon. "You'll soon be out of that chair, and then you can put your impulse to the test. But—after twenty years of silence—I should say, don't!"

II.

HIGH STREET, EXONBURY.

THE doctor's advice remained counterpoised, in Millborne's mind, by the aforesaid mood of seriousness and sense of principle, approximating often to religious sentiment, which had been evolving itself in his breast for months, and even years.

The feeling, however, had no immediate effect upon Mr. Millborne's actions. He soon got over his trifling illness, and was vexed with himself for having, in a moment of impulse, confided such a case of conscience to anybody.

But the force which had prompted it, though latent, remained with him and ultimately grew stronger. The upshot was that about four months after the date of his illness and disclosure, Millborne found himself on a mild spring morning, at Paddington Station, in a train that was starting for the west. His many intermit-

tent thoughts on his broken promise from time to time, in those hours when loneliness brought him face to face with his own personality, had at last resulted in this course.

The decisive stimulus had been given when, a day or two earlier, on looking into a Post-office Directory, he learnt that the woman he had not met for twenty years was still living on at Exonbury under the name she had assumed after her disappearance from her native town and his, when she had reappeared from abroad a year or two later as a young widow with a child, and taken up her residence at the former town. Her condition was apparently but little changed, and her daughter seemed to be with her, their names standing in the Directory as "Mrs. Leonora Frankland and Miss Frankland, teachers of music and dancing."

Mr. Millborne reached Exonbury in the afternoon, and his first business, before even taking his luggage into the town, was to find the house occupied by the teachers. Standing in a central and open place, it was not difficult to discover, a well-burnished brass door-plate bearing their names prominently. He hesitated to enter without further knowledge, and ultimately took lodgings over a toy shop opposite, securing a sitting-room which faced a similar drawing or sitting-room at the Franklands', where the dancing lessons were given. Installed here he was enabled to make indirectly, and without suspicion, inquiries and observations on the character of the ladies over the way, which he did with much deliberateness.

He learnt that the widow, Mrs. Frankland, with her one daughter, Frances, was of cheerful and excellent repnte, energetic and painstaking with her pupils, of whom she had a good many, and in whose tuition her daughter assisted her. She was quite a recognized townswoman, and though her profession was perhaps a trifle worldly, she was really a serious-minded lady who, being obliged to live by what she knew how to teach, balanced matters by lending a hand at charitable bazaars, assisting at sacred concerts, and giving musical recitations in aid of funds for making happy savages miserable, and other such enthusiasms of this Christian country. Her daughter was one of the foremost of the bevy of young women who decorated the churches at Easter and Christmas, was

organist in one of those edifices, and had subscribed to the testimonial of a silver pitch-pipe that was presented to the Reverend Mr. Walker as a token of gratitude for his faithful and arduous ministry of six months as a vicar-choral in the cathedral. Altogether mother and daughter appeared to be a typical and innocent pair among the genteel citizens of Exonbury.

As a natural and simple way of advertising their profession they allowed the windows of the music-room to be a little open, so that you had the pleasure of hearing all along the street fragmentary gems of classical music as interpreted by the young people of twelve or fourteen who took lessons there. But it was said that Mrs. Frankland made most of her income by letting out pianos on hire, and by selling them as agent for the makers.

The report pleased Millborne; it was highly creditable, and far better than he had hoped. He was curious to get a view of the two women who led such blameless lives.

He had not long to wait to gain a glimpse of Leonora. It was when she was standing on her own doorstep, opening her parasol, on the morning after his arrival. She was thin, though not gaunt; and a good, well-wearing, thoughtful face had taken the place of the one which had temporarily attracted him in the days of his nonage. She wore black, and it became her in her character of widow. The daughter next appeared; she was a smoothed and rounded copy of her mother; the same decision in her walk that Leonora had, and a bounding tread in which he traced a faint resemblance to his own at her age.

For the first time he absolutely made up his mind to call on them. But his antecedent step was to send Leonora a note the next morning, stating his proposal to visit her in the evening—a time he suggested because she seemed to be so greatly occupied in her professional capacity during the day. He purposely worded his note in such a form as not to require an answer from her which would be possibly awkward to write.

No answer came. Naturally he should not have been surprised at this; and yet he felt a little checked, even though she had only refrained from volunteering a reply that was not demanded.

At eight, the hour fixed by himself, he crossed over and was promptly admitted. Mrs. Frankland, as she called herself, received him in the large music and dancing-room on the first-floor front, and not in any private little parlor as he had expected. This cast a distressingly business-like color over their first meeting after so many years of severance. The woman he had wronged stood before him, well dressed, even to his metropolitan eyes, and her manner as she came up to him was dignified even to hardness. She certainly was not glad to see him. But what could he expect after a neglect of twenty years!

"How do you do, Mr. Millborne?" she said cheerfully, as to any chance caller. "I am obliged to receive you here because my daughter has a friend downstairs."

"Your daughter—and mine."

"Ah—yes, yes," she replied hastily, as if the addition had escaped her memory. "But perhaps the less said about that the better, in fairness to me. You will consider me a widow, please."

"Certainly, Leonora. . . ." He could not get on, her manner was so cold and indifferent. The expected scene of reproach, subdued to delicacy by the run of years, was absent altogether. He was obliged to come to the point without preamble.

"You are quite free, Leonora—I mean as to marriage? There is nobody who has your promise, or—"

"Oh, yes; quite free, Mr. Millborne," she said, somewhat surprised.

"Then I will tell you why I have come. Twenty years ago I promised to make you my wife; and I am here to fulfil that promise. Heaven forgive my tardiness!"

Her surprise was increased, but she was not agitated. She seemed to become gloomy, disapproving. "I could not entertain such an idea at this time of life," she said after a moment or two. "It would complicate matters too greatly. I have a very fair income, and require no help of any sort. I have no wish to marry. I remember no such promise of yours. . . . What could have induced you to come on such an errand now? It seems quite extraordinary, if I may say so."

"It must—I daresay it does," Millborne replied vaguely; "and I must tell you that impulse—I mean in the sense of

passion—has little to do with it. I wish to marry you, Leonora; I much desire to marry you. But it is an affair of conscience, a case of fulfilment. I promised you, and it was dishonorable of me to go away. I want to remove that sense of dishonor before I die. No doubt we might get to love each other as warmly as we did in old times."

She dubiously shook her head. "I appreciate your motives, but you must consider my position; and you will see that, short of the personal wish to marry, which I don't feel, there is no reason why I should change my state, even though by so doing I should ease your conscience. My position in this town is a respected one; I have built it up by my own hard labors, and, in short, I don't wish to alter it. My daughter, too, is just on the verge of an engagement to be married, to a young man who will make her an excellent husband. It will be in every way a desirable match for her. He is downstairs now."

"Does she know—anything about me?"

"Oh, no, no; God forbid! Her father is dead and buried to her. So that, you see, things are going on smoothly, and I don't want to disturb their progress."

He nodded. "Very well," he said, and rose to go. At the door, however, he came back again.

"Still, Leonora," he urged, "I have come on purpose; and I don't see what disturbance would be caused. You would simply marry an old friend. Won't you reconsider? It is no more than right that we should be united, remembering the girl."

She shook her head, and patted with her foot nervously.

"Well, I won't detain you," he added. "I shall not be leaving Exonbury yet. You will allow me to see you again?"

"Yes; I don't mind," she said, reluctantly.

The obstacles he had encountered, though they did not reanimate his dead passion for Leonora, did certainly make it appear indispensable to his peace of mind to overcome her coldness. He called frequently. The first meeting with the daughter was a trying ordeal, though he did not feel drawn toward her as he had expected to be; she did not excite his sympathies. Her mother confided to

Frances the errand of "her old friend," which was viewed by the daughter with strong disfavor. His desire being thus uncongenial to both, for a long time Millborne made not the least impression upon Mrs. Frankland. His attentions pestered her rather than pleased her. He was surprised at her firmness, and it was only when he hinted at moral reasons for their union that she was ever shaken. "Strictly speaking," he would say, "we ought, as honest persons, to marry; and that's the truth of it, Leonora."

"I have looked at it in that light," she said, quickly. "It struck me at the very first. But I don't see the force of the argument. I totally deny that after this interval of time I am bound to marry you for honor's sake. I would have married you, as you know well enough, at the proper time. But what is the use of remedies now?"

They were standing at the window. A smoothly shaven young man, in clerical attire, called at the door below. Leonora flushed with interest.

"Who is he?" said Mr. Millborne.

"My Frances's lover. I am so sorry—she is not at home! Ah! they have told him where she is, and he has gone to find her. . . . I hope that suit will prosper, at any rate."

"Why shouldn't it?"

"Well, he cannot marry yet; and Frances sees but little of him now he has left Exonbury. He was formerly living here, but now he is curate of St. John's, Ivell, fifty miles away. There is a tacit agreement between them, but—there have been friends of his who object, because of our vocation. However, he sees the absurdity of such an objection as that, and is not influenced by it."

"Your marriage with me would help the match, instead of hindering it, as you have said."

"Do you think it would?"

"It certainly would, by taking you out of this business altogether."

By chance he had found the way to move her somewhat, and he followed it up. This view was imparted to Mrs. Frankland's daughter, and it led her to soften her opposition. Millborne, who had given up his lodging in Exonbury, journeyed to and fro regularly, till at last he overcame her negations, and she expressed a reluctant assent.

They were married at the nearest church; and the goodwill—whatever that was—of the music and musical connection was sold to a successor only too ready to jump into the place, the Millbornes having decided to live in London.

III.

LONDON AGAIN.

MILLBORNE was a householder in his old district, though not in his old street, and Mrs. Millborne and their daughter had turned themselves into Londoners. Frances was well reconciled to the removal by her lover's satisfaction at the change. It suited him much better to travel a hundred miles to see her in London, where he frequently had other engagements, than fifty in the opposite direction where nothing but herself required his presence. So here they were, furnished up to the attics, in one of the small but popular streets of the West district, in a house whose front, till lately of the complexion of a chimney-back, had been scraped to show to the surprised wayfarer the bright yellow and red brick that had lain lurking beneath the soot of fifty years.

The social lift that the two women had derived from the alliance was considerable; but when the exhilaration which accompanies a first residence in London, the sensation of standing on a pivot of the world, had passed, their lives promised to be somewhat duller than when, at despised Exonbury, they had enjoyed a nodding acquaintance with three-fourths of the town. Mr. Millborne did not criticise his wife; he could not. Whatever defects of hardness and acidity his original treatment and the lapse of years might have developed in her, his sense of a realized idea, of a re-established self-satisfaction, was always thrown into the scale on her side, and outweighed all objections.

It was about a month after their settlement in town that the household decided to spend a week in Cowes, and while there the Reverend Percival Cope (the young curate aforesaid) came to see them, Frances in particular. No formal engagement of the young pair had been announced as yet, but it was clear that their mutual understanding could not end in anything but marriage without grievous disappointment to one of the parties at least. Not that Frances was sentimental;

she was rather of the imperious sort, indeed; and, to say all, the young girl had not fulfilled her father's expectations of her. But he hoped and worked for her welfare as sincerely as any father could do.

Mr. Cope was introduced to the new head of the family, and stayed with them at Cowes two or three days. On the last day of his visit they decided to venture on a two-hours' sail in one of the small yachts which lay there for hire. The trip had not progressed far before all, except the curate, found that sailing in a breeze did not quite agree with them; but as he seemed to enjoy the experience, the other three bore their condition as well as they could without grimace or complaint, till the young man, observing their discomfort, gave immediate directions to tack about. On the way back to port they sat silent, facing each other.

Nausea in such circumstances, like midnight watchings, fatigue, trouble, fright, has this marked effect upon the countenance, that it brings out strongly the divergences of the individual from the norm of his race, accentuating superficial *nuances* to distinctions of tribal intensity. Unexpected physiognomies uncover themselves at these times in well-known faces; the aspect becomes invested with the spectral presence of entombed and forgotten ancestors; and family lineaments of special or exclusive cast, which in ordinary moments are masked by regulation lines and curves, start up with crude insistence to the view.

Frances, sitting beside her mother's husband, with Mr. Cope opposite, was naturally enough much regarded by the curate during the tedious sail home; at first with sympathetic smiles; then, as the middle-aged man and girl grew each gray-faced, as the pretty blush of Frances disintegrated into spotty stains, and the soft rotundities of her features diverged from their familiar and reposeful beauty into elemental lines, Cope was gradually struck with the resemblance between a pair in their discomfort who in their ease presented nothing to the eye in common. Mr. Millborne and Frances were strangely, startlingly alike.

The inexplicable fact absorbed Cope's attention quite: he forgot to smile at Frances, to hold her hand; and when they touched the shore he remained sitting for some moments like a man in a trance.

As they went homeward, and recovered their complexion and curves, the similarities one by one disappeared, and Frances and Mr. Millborne were again masked by the commonplace differences of sex and age. It was as if, during the voyage, a mysterious veil had been lifted, temporarily revealing a strange pantomime of the past.

During the evening he said to her, casually: "Is you step-father a cousin of your mother, dear Frances?"

"Oh, no," said she. "There is no relationship. He was only an old friend of hers. Why did you suppose such a thing?"

He did not explain, and the next morning started to resume his duties at Ivell.

Cope was an honest young fellow, and shrewd withal. At home in his quiet rooms in St. Peter's Street, Ivell, he pondered long and unpleasantly on the revelations of the cruise. The tale it told was distinct enough, and for the first time his position was an uncomfortable one. He had met the Franklands at Exonbury as parishioners, had been attracted by Frances, and had floated thus far into an engagement which was indefinite only because of his inability to marry just yet. The Franklands' past had apparently contained mysteries, and it did not coincide with his judgment to marry into a family whose mystery was of the sort suggested. So he sat and sighed, between his reluctance to lose Frances and his natural dislike of forming a connection with people whose antecedents would not bear the strictest investigation.

A passionate lover of the old-fashioned sort might possibly never have halted to weigh these doubts; but though he was in the church Cope's affections were distinctly tempered with the alloys of the century's decadence. He delayed writing to Frances for some while, simply because he could not tune himself up to enthusiasm when worried by suspicions of such a kind.

Meanwhile the Millbornes had returned to London, and Frances was growing anxious. In talking to her mother of Cope she had innocently alluded to his curious inquiry, if her mother and her *quasi* step father were connected by any tie of cousinship. Mrs. Millborne made her repeat the words. Frances did so, and watched with inquisitive eyes their effect upon her elder.

"What is there so startling in his in-

quity then?" she asked. "Can it have anything to do with his not writing to me?"

Her mother flinched, but did not inform her, and Frances also was now drawn within the atmosphere of suspicion. That night, outside the chamber of her parents, she heard for the first time their voices engaged in a sharp altercation.

The apple of discord had, indeed, been dropped into the house of the Millbornes. The scene within the chamber-door was Mrs. Millborne standing before her dressing-table, looking across to her husband in the dressing-room adjoining, where he was sitting down, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Why did you come and disturb my life a second time?" she harshly asked. "Why did you pester me with your conscience, till I was driven to accept you to get rid of your importunity? Frances and I were doing well: the one desire of my life was that she should marry that good young man. And now the match is broken off by your cruel interference! Why did you show yourself in my world again, and raise this scandal upon my hard-won respectability—won by such weary years of labor as none will ever know!" She bent her face upon the table and wept passionately.

There was no reply from Mr. Millborne. Frances lay awake nearly all that night, and when at breakfast-time the next morning still no letter appeared from Mr. Cope, she entreated her mother to go to Ivell and see if the young man were ill.

Mrs. Millborne went, returning the same day. Frances, anxious and haggard, met her at the station.

Was all well? Her mother could not say it was; though he was not ill.

One thing she had found out, that it was a mistake to hunt up a man when his inclinations were to hold aloof. Returning with her mother in the cab, Frances insisted upon knowing what the mystery was which plainly had alienated her lover. The precise words which had been spoken at the interview with him that day at Ivell, Mrs. Millborne could not be induced to repeat; but thus far she admitted, that the estrangement was fundamentally owing to Mr. Millborne having sought her out and married her.

"And why did he seek you out—and why were you obliged to marry him?"

asked the distressed girl. Then the evidences pieced themselves together in her acute mind, and, her color gradually rising, she asked her mother if what they pointed to were indeed the fact. Her mother admitted that it was.

A flush of mortification succeeded to the flush of shame upon the young woman's face. How could a scrupulously correct clergyman and lover like Mr. Cope ask her to be his wife after this discovery? She covered her eyes with her hands in a silent despair.

In the presence of Mr. Millborne they at first suppressed their anguish. But by-and-by their feelings got the better of them, and when he was asleep in his chair after dinner Mrs. Millborne's desolation broke out. The embittered Frances joined her in reproaching the man who had come as the spectre to their intended feast of Hymen, and turned its promise to ghastly failure.

"Why were you so weak, mother, as to admit such an enemy to your house—one so obviously your evil genius—much less accept him as a husband, after so long? If you had only told me all I could have advised you better! But I suppose I have no right to reproach him, bitter as I feel, and even though he has blighted my life forever!"

"Frances, I did hold out; I saw it was a mistake to have any more to say to a man who had been such an unmitigated curse to me. But he would not listen; he kept on about his honor and mine, till I was bewildered, and said Yes Bringing us away from a quiet town where we were known and respected—what an ill-considered thing it was! Oh the content of those days! We had society there, people in our own position, who did not expect more of us than we expected of them. Here, where there is so much, there is nothing! He said London society was so bright and brilliant that it would be like a new world. It may be to those who are in it; but what is that to us two lonely women; we only see it flashing past! . . . Oh, the fool, the fool that I was!"

Now Millborne was not so soundly asleep as to prevent his hearing these animadversions that were almost execrations, and many more of the same sort. As there was no peace for him at home, he went again to his club, where, since his re-

union with Leonora, he had seldom if ever been seen. But the shadow of the troubles in his household interfered with his comfort here also; he could not, as formerly, settle down into his favorite chair with the evening paper, reposeful in the sense that where he was his world's centre had its fixture. His world was now an ellipse, with a dual centrality, of which his own was not the major.

The young curate of Ivell still held aloof, tantalizing Frances by his elusiveness. Plainly he was waiting upon events. Millborne bore the reproaches of his wife and daughter almost in silence; but by degrees he grew meditative, as if revolving a new idea. The bitter sense of blighting their existence at length became so impassioned that one day Millborne calmly proposed to return again to the country; not necessarily to Exonbury, but, if they were willing, to a little old manor-house which he had found was to be let, standing a mile from Mr. Cope's town of Ivell.

They were surprised, and, despite their view of him as the bringer of ill, were disposed to accede. "Though I suppose," said Mrs. Millborne to him, "it will end in Mr. Cope's asking you flatly about the past, and your being compelled to tell him; which may dash all my hopes for Frances. She gets more and more like you every day, particularly when she is in a bad temper. People will see you together; and I don't know what may come of it."

"I don't think they will see us together," he said; but he entered into no argument when she supposed otherwise. The removal was eventually resolved on; the town-house was disposed of; and again came the invasion by furniture-men and vans, till all the movables and servants were whisked away. He sent his wife and daughter to an hotel while this was going on, taking two or three journeys himself to Ivell to superintend the refixing, and the ordering of the grounds. When all was done he returned to them in town.

The house was ready for their reception, he told them, and there only remained the journey. He accompanied them and their personal luggage to the station only, having, he said, to remain in town a short time on business with his lawyer. They went, dubious and discon-

tented; for the much-loved Cope had made no sign.

"If we were going down to live here alone," said Mrs. Millborne to her daughter in the train; "and there was no intrusive tell-tale presence! . . . But let it be!"

The house was a lovely little place in a grove of elms, and they liked it much. The first person to call upon them as new residents was Mr. Cope. He was delighted to find that they had come so near, and (though he did not say this) meant to live in such excellent style. He had not, however, resumed the manner of a lover.

"Your father spoils all!" murmured Mrs. Millborne.

But three days later she received a letter from him, which caused her no small degree of astonishment. It was written from Boulogne.

It began with a long explanation of settlements of his property, in which he had been engaged since their departure. The chief feature in the business was that Mrs. Millborne found herself the absolute owner of a comfortable sum in personal estate, and Frances of a life interest in a larger sum, the principal to be equally divided among her children if she had any. The remainder of his letter ran as hereunder:—

"I have learnt that there are some derelictions of duty which cannot be cancelled by tardy accomplishment. Our evil actions do not remain isolated in the past, waiting only to be reversed: like locomotive plants they spread and re-root, till to destroy the original stem has no material effect in killing them. I made a mistake in searching you out; I admit it; whatever the remedy may be in such cases, it is not marriage, and the best thing for you and me is that you do not see me more. You had better not seek me, for you will not be likely to find me: you are well provided for, and we may do ourselves more harm than good by meeting again.

"F. M."

Millborne, in short, disappeared from that day forward. But a searching inquiry would have revealed that, soon after the Millbornes went to Ivell, an Englishman, who did not give the name of Millborne, took up his residence in Brussels; a man who might have been recognized by Mrs. Millborne if she had met him. One

afternoon in the ensuing summer, when this gentleman was looking over the English papers, he saw the announcement of Miss Frances Frankland's marriage. She had become Mrs. Cope.

"Thank God!" said the gentleman.

But his momentary satisfaction was far from being happiness. As he formerly had been weighted with a bad conscience, so now was he burdened with the bitter

thought which oppressed Antigone, that by honorable observance of a rite he had obtained for himself the reward of dishonorable laxity. Occasionally he had to be helped to his lodgings by his servant from the *Cercle* he frequented, through having imbibed a little too much liquor to be able to take care of himself. But he was harmless, and even when he had been drinking said little.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE NEW WORLD.

BY J. W. CROSS.

WE know how difficult it is to form any true estimate of popular opinion in our own little island, where the area is exceedingly limited, where all shades of opinion are fairly and faithfully represented by an ubiquitous, an independent, and a self-respecting newspaper press mainly intent on recording the facts as they exist, and where, consequently, we have all the appliances for arriving at a reasonable judgment. Yet every general election teaches us how hopelessly even the most knowing ones—the men whose whole function in life is to know—are led astray on great and well-defined issues. We may judge, therefore, how much more difficult it is to arrive at any accurate knowledge of popular opinion among the English-speaking peoples, amounting to double our own numbers, scattered over the vast area of the New World. We run constant risk of attributing to them imaginary states of feeling begotten of our own sentiment and our own egoistic desires, where our wish is father to our thought. A case in point is the confident notion very generally entertained in this country that there is a strong *popular* feeling in our great colonies in favor of Imperial Federation. Perhaps it is scarcely worth while either to deny or to affirm the existence of this feeling, because the scheme of federation is as yet so formless and so vague—it is still so completely outside the area of practical politics—that no one can possibly have formed an intelligent judgment upon it; but while the project is still in the air it may not be amiss to call attention, in the fewest possible words, to certain general principles which must necessarily underlie it, and which have scarcely yet received

all the consideration that they merit. We want fairly to envisage the situation—to face its realities. We are concerned with the growth of a New World, and we may be sure that it has a natural principle of growth which can only be departed from under pain of retributive penalties. Is this principle of growth the same for Canada and Australia as it is for England? Have we fully considered the question from their point of view? For instance, if we set ourselves to think of the relations between the New World and the Old, what is the first and the most important consideration that arises in our minds? An Englishman, primed by Professor Seeley, will promptly answer, "The expansion of England." But an American will certainly answer, "The predominance of American ideas," and an Australian will probably answer "Advance, Australia!"

Here then, at the outset, we find that the question is not a simple one, as we get these very different answers from the three parties principally interested. The Englishman's answer is obviously too narrow, the American's is perhaps too shallow, and the Australian's is certainly too callow—if the expression may be used in regard to such a rapidly growing young bird. Yet there is some truth in each answer. It may be said that, in a restricted sense, the Englishman's is true of the past, the American's is true of the present, and the Australian's may possibly be true of the future.

But to express the full significance of the New World's development we must find a formula that will combine the three points of view. Perhaps that formula may be "The expansion of the great humani-

tarian movement," which is broader than the expansion of England, deeper than the predominance of American ideas, and higher than "Advance Australia!" For if we go back to the birth of the New World, and the tradition which it has created, we can trace its descent directly from that movement—a movement which was, in its origin, coincident with the Reformation, which was nourished by the eighty years' struggle of the Netherlands against Spain, and which afterward received the most quickening impulse from the French Revolution. The movement was based on revolt against tyranny, privilege, and oppression, in favor of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Its ultimate aim was to abolish monarchy, to abolish aristocracy, to abolish the connection between Church and State, and to establish the sovereignty of the people. It profoundly modified all previously existing ideas of religion and politics, and set in motion the great long wave of emigration which has not only been the overflow of population, but has borne onward, in its course, a continuous protest against many of the ideas, the sentiments, and the methods (particularly the military methods) of the Old World, and landed on the shores of the New World a people determined to try a wholly new system founded on the basis of industrialism.

And here we get to the very kernel of the question. Industrialism, as opposed to militarism, is now the central idea of the New World—the pivot upon which the New World may be said to turn. Here we find a vital principle—not merely a vague aspiration as it still is in the Old World—and we must lay hold of it as an elementary and fundamental consideration if we are to understand rightly the relations between the two worlds. For the full accomplishment of this stage of social development signalizes a new departure of immense historical importance. It changes the whole attitude and the ideals of a people—whether for better or for worse is a point we need not argue here; there is no doubt much to be said on both sides. For it may be admitted that intense industrial competition often produces its own miseries, its own cruelties, its own degradations, its own sacrifices of human life and well-being, without the balance of ennobling elements that military undertakings for a great and worthy common end have sometimes, though rarely, called

forth. The *change*, however, is the important consideration, and it must never be lost sight of when we attempt to gauge the sentiment and the probable future action of the New World—for change of function leads to change of organism.

What do we mean, for instance, when we speak now of the United States as a dominating power? We mean dominating by *ideas*, not by physical force. They are not an aggressive power (though often a blustering power), but they have been, and are, an incalculably powerful factor in revolutionizing the thinking and the feeling of half the world. To the future historian one of the most striking phenomena of the last quarter of this century will be the extraordinary increase that he will discern in the relative weight of America during this period compared with former years. He will be called on to chronicle the fact that her example was relied on as an argument in favor of the scheme for British Imperial Federation, and notwithstanding its curious inapplicability, he will find that the analogy was made use of for years after its absurdity had been demonstrated. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the flattery is none the less sincere even though the successful imitation be impossible.

We all know what the United States of America are. They are equal sovereign states, which have delegated certain powers to a central authority of their own creation, under a rigid written Constitution. They are contiguous to one another, containing some sixty-three million people, with identical language, identical institutions, identical aims, and identical currency; threatened by no strong neighboring powers; no part of the federation bound by obligations or treaties to which any other part objects, or is ever likely to object; with absolute freedom of trade internally and protection externally—a commercial policy, by the way, which seems to be the present ideal of the whole New World—alas! for the irony of fate. Compact within themselves and with continuous lines of railroad (about 170,000 miles in all) running through the whole length and breadth of the federation, they form a colossal power, solid by reason of the diffused ownership of the land, the diversity of employment between agriculture and manufactures, the rapidity of inter-communication; and although prac-

tically only a hundred years old—not yet older than individuals still living among us -- they are already in actual wealth the richest community and the greatest manufacturing community in the world, potentially fabulous in population and power, but with no standing army and a comparatively small navy. Yet they are strong for defence, because having no outlying dependencies, and in the last resort, being absolutely independent of external commerce, owing to their capacity for supplying abundantly within their own borders every need of man, all that they require is a navy strong enough for purely defensive purposes. And we, as free traders, must admit that protection of native industries, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, has given them this incidental advantage of rendering them independent of the outside world in case of war, which is not a negligible quantity even to a New World industrial power “in this so-called nineteenth century.” The advantage, however, has been bought at the price of the eclipse—at any rate the temporary eclipse—of their mercantile marine, and that is not the only price they have had to pay, and will have to pay for protection. . . . “But that is another story.”

These states have had the good fortune, through favoring circumstances, to be able to build up for themselves a tradition of peaceable expansion, so that militarism is no longer a factor in the conduct of their affairs, nor in their thinking. The bayonet has been banished as a standing institution, though ready enough to reappear if occasion requires. The civil war which ended in 1865 was caused indirectly, if not directly, by the abnormal institution of slavery, and instead of increasing the tendency toward militarism, it really advanced the cause of industrialism more than any event in history. The whole armed forces on both sides were at once quietly reabsorbed into the industrial population; the great lesson was taught to the world that industrialism does not necessarily lead to national impotence, and the experience gained by the Northerners, of the difficulty of governing an unwilling South after the war, has made them more averse than before to the responsibility of introducing any possibly recalcitrant elements into their commonwealth.

Perhaps four Americans out of five look on it as “manifest destiny” that the whole

continent must sooner or later come into their system of federation, but they are content to know that if this result is to be arrived at it will be by the peaceful power of railroads and commercial intercourse, and not by force of arms. In any previous period of history sixty-three million people wedged in, as the Americans are, between five million Canadians on their northern border and ten million Mexicans on their southern border, would have been restless in their endeavors to subdue at least one of these weaker neighbors; and the war of 1861–65 conclusively proved that they were not prevented by any lack of the fighting and organizing qualities that make conquering nations, but rather by the reasoned conviction that aggression and a feverish desire for extension is a mistaken policy in the case of an industrial people already possessed of sufficient territory for its reasonable expansion. Whatever feeling there may have been forty or fifty years ago in favor of forcible annexation has gradually died out. There is certainly no such feeling to-day; and this national attitude marks an epoch, for it is the practical acknowledgment that the New World is to be unified, not conquered, by the strongest power, and that the only true, enduring and endurable union is a voluntary one based on community of interests and aims.

But the pact once made has to be kept. Here, then, we have the example of a true federation, the outcome of a natural principle of growth, with nothing forced about it. It is the characteristic product of the century, and carries a world of meaning in its short history, for it has opened a new era to mankind by revolutionizing the means for attaining given ends. And this brings us to the probable point of issue between English and American ideas as to the future development of the North American continent. Canada has the proverbial “three courses” open to her. She may (1) determine to maintain existing relations with the mother country, or (2) to set up for herself, or (3) to be absorbed into the American federation. The difficulty in the first case is the natural instinct, rapidly maturing into a passion, for a real national existence independent of leading-strings, a passion which is palpable to every observer in the Dominion, and which can scarcely be gratified except at the expense of a revolution in our English

institutions—a revolution, or an evolution, in the direction of Imperial Federation, for which under existing social conditions we are not yet prepared, and which presents so many practical difficulties that its successful accomplishment within any measurable distance of time is exceedingly doubtful, and time is of the essence of the contract. The difficulty in the second case is the constant impact of 63,000,000 people upon 5,000,000 along an artificial frontier 4000 miles long, the two peoples being really divided by no irreconcilable differences of race and religion, and having, as a matter of fact, every material interest in common; so that under these circumstances it would scarcely seem to be worth their while to run the risks of perpetual jealousies and collisions for the sake of a sentiment confined probably to a minority of the whole population on the Canadian side. The difficulty in the third case is precisely this anti-American sentiment among “the classes” in the Dominion—a sentiment in which the French Canadians join, and which is merely based on a broad and commendable feeling of individuality and distrust in the political purity of American institutions, in addition to the sentiment of nationality and loyalty to the British connection. Turn it which way we will, however, we shall find that, whichever of the three facets of the problem fronts us, there is always one thing clear—namely, that by the inexorable logic of facts Canada is essentially a New World industrial power. She is approaching very rapidly to the parting of the ways, and one of the most interesting and far-reaching events of the near future will be the course she decides on as to commercial union with the United States; for it can scarcely be supposed that she will *permanently* cut herself off from the great market at her doors, and commercial union will almost inevitably bring her to a closer bond. No man can tell yet what her decision will be. All that can be certainly affirmed is that it will be one of the most momentous decisions in the history of the New World, because, if the Dominion and Newfoundland eventually determine to throw in their lots with the United States, the last material link between the Old World and the continents of the Western Hemisphere will be snapped, and the North American continent, under a single federation, will present to view the most solid power that

the world has ever seen—purely industrial, armed only for defence, and with no bone of contention between itself and any other power either of the Old or the New World. This solution would not be agreeable to us in England with our present ideas, and all that can be said in its favor from our point of view is that it would minimize the danger of future collisions between the United States and ourselves, and it would have a favorable effect on the whole future progress of industrialism. Again, if we could view the question from a wholly impartial standpoint, it might be said that a diversity of institutions would be a sensible gain in the development of so great a country as the North American Continent; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the present tendency in human affairs is toward federation—toward unification of contiguous areas, with peoples of the same race, speaking the same language, and having common interests and aims. As the means of communication increase, nationalism becomes a feebler, and internationalism a stronger, motive power; and this is more particularly the case in the New World. This tendency is much the most important and the most interesting feature in the world's politics to-day; and if the federation of the North American Continent ever takes place, it will probably exercise a decisive influence in moulding the destinies of Australia.

The United States of Australasia are still in the embryonic stage, and the cry of “Advance, Australia!” is perhaps premature as the watchword of the New World; but they are, nevertheless, distinctly leading the way in attempting solutions of many social problems, with more or less success. Any one who has been out there, or who has read the *Problems of Greater Britain*, must be aware that the Australians already show decided aspirations toward separate nationality, combined with a very ardent feeling of true patriotism (in the largest sense of the word), and with a remarkable personal attachment to the Queen and to the Prince and Princess of Wales; but they have long since passed beyond the stage of thinking themselves a part of England, “as Yorkshire is a part of England.” If they are not building their state on a reformed religion, in the same sense as the Puritans founded the New England Colo-

nies in the early years of the seventeenth century, they are none the less founding themselves on the evolution of a social faith in which industrialism is a vital tenet and a part of their effective religion. The lesson we have to learn is that our kin beyond the sea are giving us the lead in this direction. They are setting the step for us, not we for them; and it is this consideration which stultifies the comparison so often made, in post prandial perorations, between the Roman and the British Empires. There is nothing more misleading than a false historical analogy.

We must never forget that, while there is warm affection, immense admiration, and great reverence among the higher elements of the New World for all that is truly admirable in the Old World, there is also exceedingly free criticism of all that is not admirable. And among the lower elements, among that large class who emigrated because they were discontented with, or rebellious against, their former lot, there is quite as much of distrust as love. If the New World has been in a certain sense the expansion of the Old World, it has also been the expansion of an "anti-Old World." The Germans in America retain still a sentiment for the Vaterland—for the land of Schiller and Goethe—but they glory far more in having got beyond "Militarismus;" the English agricultural laborers or artisans in Australia, and more particularly their children, no doubt nourish a sentiment for the old home—the land of Shakespeare and Milton, the land of all the poetry, the romance, the history, the fine traditions of our race; but it is crossed with memories of a land of privilege, of inequalities of condition, low wages, slums, smoke, spirits, and a sweated residuum. It would be miserably unjust of them to fix their minds only on the latter considerations, but it is foolish optimism to believe that the former alone are held in universally loving remembrance. Their feelings are mixed, and the craving for individual expansion is as strong in a young nation as it is in a young person.

A community settled on a new continent, all its own, even when the great majority of its members belongs to the same race, and even though that race be the English race, is sure almost insensibly to form new ideals, and it does not keep its gods thousands of miles away. It lives

more in the hopes of its own future—of subduing the land for itself, of building its railroads, of constructing its great works of irrigation—than in the memories of ancestors in the past, however glorious. This may not be man's best estate, but it is what happens—it is what always has happened—in the history of the world.

And in thinking of the New World we must be careful not to mix up the case of the North American and the Australasian continents with the case of Africa. Happily there is scarce the remotest possibility of the two former ever being made future battle-grounds for the Old World military powers, because England is the sole European power that now has a substantial foothold on either continent, and there is practically no aboriginal population to reckon with. On the other hand, in Africa there are six European powers—most of them conterminous one with another—all actively and jealously at work on the colonization or exploitation of a continent already thickly peopled with an inferior and a very prolific race.

Nothing short of a miracle will prevent some of these powers from coming to loggerheads sooner or later, and then we shall see re-enacted there all the miseries—elevated, no doubt, by the heroism—that wars have erewhile entailed upon Europe. Acquisition of territory can only be a permanent and substantial good in the cases where the acquirers can inhabit the land. Gibbon quotes a very just observation of Seneca, "Wheresoever the Roman conquers, he inhabits," and it is confirmed by history and experience. India has always been an effectual bar to the true union of a Greater Britain, and equatorial Africa will prove a second bar, because English children cannot be brought up in these countries. The only interest of the individual Englishman is to make as much money as he can out of them. He hates them and he quits them.

And it is this forward policy in a dangerous direction, this constant tendency in England to increase her already enormously extended liabilities, which is the little rift within the lute that makes the words British Imperial Federation anything but a fascinating strain to great masses of voters in Canada and Australia. Evidence accumulates that they do not dance when we pipe this tune to them. For the truth is that they are dominated, rightly or

wrongly, by three main ideas—the sovereignty of their own people, the importance of their own industrial development, and the determination not to meddle with the affairs of other people. The example of the United States of America is very potent with them, and in this sense it is true that American ideas hold the field in the New World. These ideas may ultimately prove to be not wise, but unwise—inadequate at any rate for the development of a higher life in a great people. Anyhow, we may be certain that, like all ideas of all times, they are not permanent but transitory, merely steps in the procession of ideas. Meantime, however, they appeal to “the masses,” to the average minds, and therein lies their present force.

America's strong points are easily seen, her weak points are more difficult to discern and keep in view; but her negro question, her silver question, her very size, the unprecedentedly rapid growth of wealth (with all the peculiar temptations and degradations that quickly acquired wealth carries in its train), and the absence of a high national ideal, present their own peculiar difficulties. With her enterprising spirit and boundless resources, however, she may still be the first to arrive at a more systematic reconstruction of the social fabric than has yet been attempted; but, until she does so, her power of repelling one class of minds will be almost as great as her power of attracting another class. The cultured classes of the Old World will find more to enjoy and to admire in any corner of their own countries than in the choicest spots of the New World, but it is otherwise with those who have been the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. To them the New World is the

ideal world, and in these days, when the voice of the majority is so widely recognized as the voice of God, we need not be surprised—although it may be a rude awakening—to find that Canada and the United States of Australasia will presently follow in the way that the United States of America have led, because they imagine it to be the way of peace—the way that seems best to secure to them the undisturbed enjoyment of their industries, the precious possession of their individuality and the natural principle of their growth. And just as there cannot be true patriotism in the United States, in Canada, or in Australia without perpetual loyal recognition of the root from which they have all sprung—from which they have derived their language and their laws, their literature and their religion—so there cannot be true patriotism in England without proper consideration for the best interests of all the offsprings; and in whatever way they see fit to work out their own future (by separation or otherwise) we shall be better occupied in strengthening our alliances and our fellowship with the whole 75,000,000 of them, in unifying the sentiment of all the English-speaking peoples, rather than in attempting a partial British Imperial Federation which, with its heterogeneous elements, can never really be welded into a homogeneous structure, because it does not represent any natural principle of growth. Even if a scheme could be evolved capable of being practically worked (and none has yet been formulated worthy of serious consideration) it would always remain a highly artificial contrivance, and would end probably in satisfying no one.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MR. KIPLING'S STORIES.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

THE best of our fiction is by novelists who allow that it is as good as they can give, and the worst by novelists who maintain that they could do much better if the public would let them. They want to be strong, but the public, they say, prohibits it. In the mean time Mr. Kipling has done what we are to understand they could do if they dared. He has brought no mild

wines from India, only liqueurs, and the public has drunk eagerly. His mission is to tell Mr. Grant Allen and the others that they may venture to bring their “Scarlet Letter” out of their desks and print it. Mr. Kipling has done even more than that. He has given the reading public a right not to feel ashamed of itself on second thoughts, which is a privilege it seldom

enjoys. Now that the Eureka over his discovery are ended we have no reason to blush for them. Literary men of mark are seldom discovered; we begin to be proud of them when they are full-grown, or afterward. True, every other season a new writer is the darling of London, but not by merit, and presently he is pilloried for standing on the pedestal where our whim placed him. Mankind has no mercy for the author about whom it has deceived itself. But here is a literary "sensation" lifted on high because he is worth looking at. Doubtless the circumstances were favorable. Most writers begin with one book, but he came from India with half a dozen ready, and fired them at the town simultaneously. A six-shooter attracts more attention than a single barrel. Alarming stories of his youth went abroad at the same time, and did him no harm among a people who love to say "Oh my!" and "Fancy!" over precocity. Many men have begun to write as early as Mr. Kipling, but seldom so boldly. His audacity alone might have carried him shoulder-high for a brief period. His knowledge of life, "sufficient to turn your hair gray," would have sent ladies from the musical prodigies whom they fed on sweets, and the theatrical prodigies who (according to the interviews) play when at home with dolls, to the literary prodigy whose characters swear most awful. From the first only the risky subjects seem to have attracted Mr. Kipling. He began by dancing on ground that most novelists look long at before they adventure a foot. His game was leapfrog over all the passions. One felt that he must have been born *blasé*, that in his hurry to be a man he had jumped boyhood, which is perhaps why his boy and girl of "The Light that Failed" are a man and woman playing in vain at being children. The task he set himself was to peer into humanity with a very bright lantern, of which he holds the patent, and when he encountered virtue he passed it by respectfully as not what he was looking for. It is a jewel, no doubt, but one that will not gleam sufficiently in the light of that lantern. In short, he was in search of the devil (his only hero so far) that is in all of us, and he found him and brought him forth for inspection, exhibiting him from many points of view in a series of lightning flashes. Lightning, however, dazzles as well as reveals, and

after recovering their breath, people began to wonder whether Mr. Kipling's favorite figure would look like this in daylight. He has been in no hurry to answer them, for it is in these flashes that the magic lies; they are his style.

"It would be a good thing," Mr. Mark Twain says, "to read Mr. Kipling's writings for their style alone, if there were no story back of it." This might be a good thing if it were not impossible, the style being the story. As well might one say, "It would be a good thing to admire a Rubens for the way it is painted alone, though there were no picture back of it;" or, "It would be a good thing to admire correct spelling, though there were no word back of it." Words are what we spell ideas with. Here, then, is the difference between style and matter. The ideas are the matter, and the spelling is the style. But style and matter, we have been saying, are one. So they are, even as the letters that make a word are the word. Unless we have the right letters arranged in the one way we do not have the word, and, similarly, without the right words arranged in the one way, we do not get the idea. Were we as capable at spelling ideas as at spelling words, we could estimate a writer as easily as a schoolmaster corrects a boy's exercise. Unfortunately, when we sit down to criticize we must write at the top of our paper, "But we don't know the way ourselves." The author under our lens is at the same time our teacher, for we only know how the idea he is putting together should be spelled after we have seen him spell it. So difficult is his task that he has done a big thing if the spelling is nearly right; if, that is to say, we can recognize the idea, as we know a word though there may be a letter missing or upside down. An idea correctly spelled is so beautiful that we read the truth in its face. It carries conviction. How does Mr. Kipling spell his ideas? therefore, is the way of asking what is his style, which sums up his worth. Most will admit that of our living novelists Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy spell the greatest ideas best. Doubtless Mr. Stevenson is correct more often than any of his contemporaries, certainly a dozen times for Mr. Kipling's once; but, on the other hand, it should be said that the younger writer tries to spell the bigger ideas. While Mr. Stevenson sets

his horse at ideas of one syllable and goes over like a bird, Mr. Kipling is facing Mesopotamia and reaching the other side, perhaps on his head or muddy. Still he has got through it, if not over it. He rides a plucky little donkey that shies at nothing and sticks in nothing. We have his style in that sentence in which Mulvaney wakes from a drunken bout and "feels as tho' a she-cat had littered in my mouth." This is not an idea perfectly spelled. *She-cat* is unnecessary; cats do not litter. But though it is by coarseness that Mr. Kipling gains his end, which is to make us feel suddenly sick, he does gain it, and so he is an artist. Some admit his humor, his pathos, his character-drawing, his wonderful way of flashing a picture before our eyes till it is as vivid as a landscape seen in lightning—in short, his dramatic power—and yet add with a sigh, "What a pity he has no style!" This surely is saying in one breath that he is and he isn't. These qualities they have allowed him are his style. They are his spelling of ideas. Nevertheless, he is to Mr. Stevenson as phonetic spelling is to pure English. He is not a Christian, but a Kristyān. His words are often wrong, but he groups them so that they convey the idea he is in pursuit of. We see at once that his potatoes is potatoes. It is not legitimate, but it produces the desired effects. There are sentences without verbs. He wants perpetually to take his readers by surprise, and has them, as it were, at the end of a string, which he is constantly jerking. With such a jerk he is usually off from one paragraph to the next. He writes *Finis* with it. His style is the perfection of what is called *journalese*, which is sometimes not on speaking terms with Lindley Murray.

He owes nothing to any other writer. No one helped to form him. He never imitated, preparatory to making a style for himself. He began by being original, and probably when at school learned calligraphy from copy lines of his own invention. If his work suggests that of any other novelists, it is by accident; he would have written thus though they had never existed. By some he has been hailed as a Dickens, which seems mere cruelty to a young man. A Dickens should never be expected. He must always come as a surprise. He is too big to dream about. But

there is a swing, an exuberance of life in some of Mr. Kipling's practical jokes that are worthy the author of "Charles O'Malley." Rather let us say that certain of Lever's roaring boys are worthy of Mr. Kipling. "The Taking of Lungtungpen" and "The Man who would be King" are beyond Lever; indeed, for the second of these two stories, our author's masterpiece, there is no word but magnificent. It is about two scamps, stone-broke, who, as they can get no other employment, decide to be kings. They borrow a map of India, fix upon their territory, and become monarchs after a series of adventures that make the reader's head swim. Finally, their weakness for women and liquor dethrones them, and the one is sent back to civilized parts with the other's head in a bag. Positively it is the most audacious thing in fiction, and yet it reads as true as "Robinson Crusoe." Daniel Dravot the First throws Mulvaney. I like to think that he was Mulvaney all the time. Thus should that warrior's career have closed. It is Mr. Bret Harte that Mr. Kipling most resembles. He, too, uses the lantern flash; Mulvaney would have been at home in Red Gulch and Mr. Oakhurst in Simla. Let us, in fanciful mood, suppose we presented a town to our novelists and asked each to write a book about the persons in it that interested him most. The majority would begin their novel as soon as they found a young man and woman who made forty years between them. Without mentioning names, we know who would wait for a murder as the beginning of all good things, and who would go to the East-end in search of a lady from the West, and who would stroll into the country and who would seek (and find) a Highlander, and who would inquire for a pirate with no female connections. But Mr. Harte and Mr. Kipling would discover their quarry in the ne'er-do-weels and treat them not dissimilarly. Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical as Mr. Harte sometimes is. Both are frequently pathetic, but the one ever draws back from bathos, while the other marches into it, and is fitly rewarded if we smile instead of weep. There is more restraint in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is easily first in his drawing of women. It is in their women that most of our leading novelists excel. No doubt (the sex tells us so) the women are all wrong, for no

man really knows anything about women except that they are a riddle. It is enough, however, to put the riddle delightfully, as so many do, Mr. Harte among them. We are in love with his girls, and so all is well. Here, unfortunately, Mr. Kipling fails. Mr. Stevenson is in the same predicament, but that, one almost dares to conclude, is because he lacks interest in the subject; he cunningly contrives men who can get on without the other sex, and such is his fascination that we let this pass. The "duel between the sexes," however, is Mr. Kipling's theme (which increases his chances of immortality), and there is a woman in most of his stories. Yet who remembers her? The three soldiers' tales are often about women, and these wonderful soldiers you could not forget if you would, but the women are as if they had never been. The author's own favorite is Mrs. Hawksbee, the grass widow, whom the "boys" love, and she is an adept at drawing back from the brink, while they go over or are saved according to her whim. She is clever and good-natured, and has a sense of humor, and that she is a pernicious woman is no subject for complaint. She belongs to the dirty corner, of which we have to speak presently. But she is drawn with little subtlety. We only know her superficially. We should forget her like the rest did she not appear so frequently. The real Mrs. Hawksbee is to be found in the works of other novelists. Yet she is better than the usually vulgar girls of Simla, to whom she occasionally restores a lover. Girlhood is what is wanted, and so far it has proved beyond him. In "The Light that Fails," Maisie, the heroine, is utterly uninteresting, which is the one thing a heroine may not be. We never know her, and this is not because she is an intricate study. She is merely offered as a nice girl, with an ambition to have her person and paint-brush described in the *Star's* fashionable column. But she is colorless, a non-entity. On the other hand, she has a friend called "the red-haired girl," whom we do care for, but probably only because we see her in three brief flashes. If she came into the light of day she might prove as dull as Maisie.

Some have taken Mr. Kipling's aim to be the representation of India as it is, and have refused to believe that Indian life—especially Anglo-Indian life—is as ugly as

he paints it. Their premise granted, few would object to their conclusion except such as judge England by the froth of society or by its dregs. But Mr. Kipling warns us against this assumption. In the preface to one of his books—a preface that might stand in front of all—he "assures the ill-informed that India is not entirely inhabited by men and women playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment. . . . The drawback of collecting dirt in one corner is that it gives a false notion of the filth of the room." The admission of his aim herein contained contracts his ambition into a comparatively little thing, but it should silence much of the hostile criticism. That he is entitled as an artist to dwell chiefly on the dirty corner of the room will surely be admitted. A distinguished American writer maintains that certain subjects taken up by daring novelists should be left to the doctors; but is not this a mistake? The novelist's subject is mankind, and there is no part of it of which he has not the right to treat. By his subject never, by his treatment of it always, should he be judged. If he does not go about the work honestly, so much the worse for him. If his motives are unworthy, nothing is surer in this world than that to-morrow, if not to-day, he will be found out. Many in England seem to have forgotten this, and Mr. Kipling has done noble work in reminding them of it by example. He refuses to be caged, and that is all a novelist need do to be free. The dirty corner is Mr. Kipling's, to write about if he chooses, and he may do it with the highest motives, that is to say, as an artist, and according as he does it well or ill shall we esteem him. From all points of view but one he does it amazingly well. Assuredly we are made to see that dirty corner. We get it from north, south, east, and west. But we are never allowed to estimate its size; there is no perspective; the blaze of light is always on the one spot; we never see the rest of the room. It is not enough for Mr. Kipling to say that he is only concerned with the corner, and so can keep the room in darkness. By all means let the corner be his subject; but we shall never know all about it until we can fit it into that of which it is a part. In other words, we must be shown the room in order to know the corner. Suppose an artist, instead of choosing the human fig-

ure for his subject, were to limit himself to the human hand, his work might be as fine as Mr. Kipling's, and yet it would be incomplete. We should not know whether that hand needed sixes or nines in gloves, unless we saw the person it belonged to, and the artist could not satisfy us by merely intimating that the figure is not all hand, as Mr. Kipling remarks that the room is not all dirty corner. We want to see the whole room lighted up that we may judge the dirty corner by comparison. No doubt it is this want of perspective that has made many uneasy about Mr. Kipling's work. He has startled them, and then left them doubtful whether it was done legitimately. There is something wrong, they feel, and they have a notion that they could put their finger on it if the stories were English instead of Indian, and long instead of short. Hence, apparently, has arisen a noisy demand for English novels from him. They are to be his test. In answer, one may conclude, to this request, he has written several English stories recently, one of them his "first long story." Mr. Kipling, having a respect for his calling, always writes as well as he can, and these stories, we are told, have been rewritten as many times as Mr. Ruskin would have lovers serve years for their ladies. It is, however, by the result alone that he is to be judged, and the result is not great. Those of the stories that deal with "Society" are more ambitious than the *feuilletons* of the Society journals, but merit no longer life. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" is much better; but it is merely a very clever man's treatment of a land he knows little of. We are only shown the conventional East-end, and there is something grim in Mr. Kipling become conventional. The only point the story has in common with the Indian sketches is that it makes straight for the dirty corner. But it has one inspired moment, when Badalia dances on the barrow. As for "The Light that Failed," one hasty critic finds not even cleverness in it; while another says it would make ninety-seven ordinary novels, and proves his argument by pointing out that Mr. Kipling knows that there are three kinds of soap. Mr. Kipling knows even more than this; but despite its vigor and picturesqueness, the story would probably have attracted little notice had it been by an unknown man, and such as it might have got would

have been won by its almost brutal cynicism. High as the author stands as a writer of short stories, "The Light that Failed" proves that the moment he takes to writing novels he has many contemporaries to make up upon, as also that, if he is to do it, he must abandon some of his own methods in favor of some of theirs.

His chief defect is ignorance of life. This seems a startling charge to bring against one whose so-called knowledge of life has frightened the timid. But it is true. One may not often identify an author with any of his characters, but if Dick Heldar had written instead of painted, or Mr. Kipling had painted instead of written, it would have been difficult to distinguish the one artist from the other. Dick gives us his views on art and life in "The Light that Failed," and his creator in that story and others, and they correspond. They are very smart views, and gaudy. Mr. Kipling is most tender in his treatment of Dick become blind. Such a man would not, we think, have fallen in love with Maisie the characterless, and instead of sitting in his blindness turning her letters over in his hand, and purring placidly when she is willing, in pity, to be his, he would probably have blown out his brains. But Dick and the letters make an affecting picture. There is something else in the story, however, far more touching; and the author is not aware of it, which adds greatly to the pathos. It is the revolting cynicism of Dick, who thinks he is at least a man, and is really anything but that. Though Dick had kept his eyesight, he could not have become a great artist without growing out of the ideas he was so proud of. He was always half blind to the best in life, just as Mr. Kipling is. Yet he was so brilliant, so honest, so streaked with good, that one does not sneer at his boyish cynicism, but is sad because he became blind before he ever saw properly. He is under the curse of thinking he knows everything. He believes that because he has knocked about the world in shady company he has no more to learn. It never dawns on him that he is but a beginner in knowledge of life compared to many men who have stayed at home with their mothers. He knows so little where is the fire in which men and women are proved that he has crossed a globe for it, which is like taking a journey to look for one's shadow.

He is so ignorant of art as to think it the greatest thing in the world. Poor Dick comes to London, gloating over the stir he is to make, and thus addresses a row of semi-detached villas: "Oh, you rabbit-hutches! Do you know what you have to do later on? You have to supply me with men servants and maid-servants"—here he smacked his lips—"and the peculiar treasure of kings. Meantime I'll get clothes and boots, and presently I will return and trample on you." And why is Master Dick to trample on these people? Because they have not the artistic instinct. This is what it is to be a heaven-born artist according to Messrs. Helder and Kipling. We know it from scores of the stories. There is no sympathy with humanity, without which there never was and never will be a great novelist. Sympathy is the blood of the novel. True, Mr. Kipling has an affection for the Mulvaney type, but it is only because they, too, are artists in their own way. When full of drink and damns they are picturesque, they have a lordly swagger, they are saved by being devil may cares. But if they drank tea instead of whiskey, if it was their own wives they walked out with, if they were not ashamed to live respectably in semi-detached villas, if they were grocers who thought almanacs art, or double-chinned professional men who only admired the right picture when they had an explanatory catalogue in their hand, if they were costermongers whose dissipation was the People's Palace, then would they be as cattle. Ninety-nine in every hundred of the population are for trampling on. With the mass of his fellow-creatures Mr. Kipling is out of touch, and thus they are an unknown tongue to him. He will not even look for the key. At present he is a rare workman with a contempt for the best material.

Should Mr. Kipling learn that he can be taught much by grocers, whose views of art are bounded by Adelphi dramas and Sunday-school literature, he may rise to be a great novelist, for the like of him at his age has seldom been known in fiction. His work of the past twelve months is a flat contradiction to the statement that he is written out. Some of the recent stories in *Macmillan's Magazine* rank among his best. It has been pointed out that "he cannot go on writing these sketches forever," that they must lose in freshness,

that all his characters will soon be used up. But this only means that we could not write them forever, which is quite true, as we could not have written them at all. We have no right to demand long novels from him, we should be content to revel in the sketches, but if, as we have been led to believe, his intentions run in that direction, we know enough of him to be convinced that he should lay his scene in India. The cry for an English novel has been curiously unreasonable. The example our great novelists have set him is not to write of England, but of what he knows best. If by an accident it has usually been England with them, it is India by accident with him.

"The Light that Failed" is not much, but, like "The Story of the Gadsbys," it reveals the great gift of character-drawing by means of dialogue, and as a first attempt in a new method it is in one respect little short of a triumph. Hitherto he had always worked by means of the lantern flash. He took an hour of a man's life and condensed it into a moment. What we were shown was less a printed page than had to be read than a picture which we could take in at once. He had it thus before himself. He could grip it all in his hand. He never required to wonder how one part should play into another. Not in this way can the novel be written. It does not aim at immediate and incessant effects. The chapter, which could swallow half a dozen sketches, is not considered by itself, but as the small part of the whole, and it is as a whole that the novel is judged. To forget this is to lose thought of symmetry. No doubt Scott wrote too quickly, but his speed was a real advantage in one way, for it kept his mind on the story as a whole. Having mastered the flash, one might have feared that Mr. Kipling had also become its slave. In "The Story of the Gadsbys" he uses it as much as in the short sketches. That tale is in eight chapters, but each is complete in itself. We get eight events in the Gadsbys' life squeezed into eight minutes, and the result is not a novel. It is only a series of fine pictures. But when he began "The Light that Failed," Mr. Kipling had realized that the novel in flashes will no more do than liqueurs in tumblers. He broke away from the old method, and he has produced a real novel, though not a great one. Here is proof that there are latent

capabilities in him which may develop, and show him by and by grown out of knowledge. If he is as conscientious in the future as he has been in the past, and

discovers that nothing lives in literature save what is ennobling, he may surprise us again.—*Contemporary Review*.

SOME INDIAN WEIRD DOINGS.

ONE cannot live long among the natives of India without seeing and hearing things which, as Lord Dundreary would say, "no fellow can understand." I mean, things bordering on the preternatural, not to say the supernatural. I know that it is the fashion to poph-poo such things. But though one may do this at a distance of thousands of miles from the place where the things are seen, or are heard of from hundreds of eye-witnesses, yet, when one is on the spot itself, the facts stand out so incontestably, that one is forced to admit them, even while one cannot understand, much less explain them. People at a distance on hearing them recounted may talk glibly and superciliously of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, deception of the senses, tricks of imagination, coincidences, collusion, and so forth. But I repeat that in India such things have occurred, under circumstances which render it absolutely impossible to attribute them, reasonably, to any such causes. Here are a few instances.

The first shall be the verification of a baby rajah's horoscope, which Colonel Meadows Taylor has told us was cast in his presence, and in the events of which he, as Political Resident, took some part. The horoscope was cast and calculated by a learned "shastri"—the Hindu equivalent of a Doctor in Divinity—at the request of the old rajah, on the birth of his son and heir. The shastri hesitated at first to tell the result, but at length put his prognostications on paper and handed them to the rajah. After reading the paper and communicating its contents to Colonel Taylor, the rajah decided to destroy it. The secret thus remained known to only three—the old rajah, Colonel Taylor, and the shastri. The last had foretold from the horoscope that the child just born would be cut off by a violent death at a particular age, childless. The old rajah died, and the lad mounted the throne, the shastri and the Colonel being left the sole depositaries of the terrible secret. The

Mutiny broke out, and the young rajah now approaching the dangerous age, took part in it. He escaped the dangers of the battlefield; and when the Mutiny was suppressed, the active interposition of Colonel Taylor saved him, on the plea of youth, from the more serious and probable danger of being hanged for treason. He was now just about the fatal age; and when the good Colonel had had his doom commuted to temporary detention under surveillance in a distant fortress, he thought all danger over. He spoke to the old shastri, and joked him about his prediction; but the old man shook his head, and said: "What can resist fate?" Then touching his forehead, he said: "It is written, and cannot be effaced"—alluding to the Oriental notion that each one's fate is written by the finger of God on the frontal bone. He turned out a true prophet; for the young rajah, while on the way to the fortress, was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own gun. It was on the very day foretold by the shastri! Colonel Meadows Taylor was with him on the journey; and his veracity is above all suspicion. How explain this case? A singular coincidence, you will say. Very well. Here is another, where coincidence is out of court altogether.

Years ago I was present at a rare scene, while visiting a native gentleman of rank. He had just received the welcome news that he would at the distance of some months have another olive branch in his house. He sent at once for a fortune-teller; and the future was forecast in my presence. The man came—one of the class called "Rammalls," that is, fortune-tellers by means of dice or "raml." Their dice are peculiar. They consisted of a set of three; each one consisting, in its turn, of a number of cubical dice (I forget, at this distance of time, if they were six or seven) strung together on a slender metal rod. Each cube was made of brass, and had cabalistic figures on each of its four exposed surfaces. Through the other two

surfaces the rod passed, and on it each cube—two of its sides almost touching the next two—revolved freely, and independently of the other cubes. The man having made his salaam, sat down, as desired, on the edge of the carpet, on which we were all seated.

"Do you know why I sent for you?" asked my friend. The Rammáll made no reply; but producing his three long dice, or rather sets of dice, he handed them to my friend to cast. For this purpose, he laid them side by side in the open palm of his right hand, the fingers being slightly curved. With a gentle but quick motion, alternately advancing and retiring his hand, he caused the dice to roll, now wristward, and now fingersward, on his hand. Shaking them thus for a few seconds—both the absolute and the relative positions of the cubes and their surfaces necessarily changing at each roll—he at length cast them on the carpet on which we were sitting. As he did this with some violence and to a little distance, the dice rolled a good deal before they came to a final rest. The fortune-teller gathered them up together, carefully avoiding any disarrangement of the order and position of the cubes or their surfaces. He placed the three sets of dice on the carpet before himself, and seemed, after carefully examining the cast of the dice, to go into deep thought and complicated calculations.

Let us see. There were, say, six cubes on each of the three slender rods, and each cube had four marked surfaces. There were therefore seventy-two surfaces, to combine in sets of six exposed surfaces on each rod; and these, again, with the positions of planets and other fortune-telling matters. The number, therefore, of the possible combinations (not permutations) is practically as limitless as are the eventualities of human life.

After awhile, the Rammáll said: "You wish to consult me regarding your 'House'"—meaning, of course, my friend's wife. Both being Mohammedans, etiquette did not allow a more direct allusion to the lady. My friend, admitting that he had guessed rightly (and thus far it might easily have been a good guess and no more), again took up the proffered dice, and went with them into the private apartments of the house to get the lady's cast. A Mohammedan gentleman's wife is never shown to any of the opposite sex

except the nearest relatives. The fortune-teller meanwhile took his "tasbeeh" or rosary off his wrist, and began telling the names of God in Arabic on his beads. The lady having made a cast as her husband had done, he carefully brought back the dice undisturbed to the fortune-teller. The rosary was replaced round the wrist; and the Rammáll examined the dice carefully. He produced and consulted a self-made almanac, the sun, moon, stars, and planets all coming in for their share of questioning. He took paper, pen, and ink, and made calculations. After about a quarter of an hour's work, he read out the results: (1) The lady would give birth to a child—(2) Who would be a daughter (not so welcome an addition to Oriental families as a son)—(3) On a day which he named, and which was yet over seven months off. (4) The child would die within five months after its birth; and (5) she would be his last child; but why, he could not (or would not) tell, as in the ordinary course of nature my friend might expect several more.

The man was paid a sum of money, and went his way. Months passed. The child was born on the day foretold; proved to be a daughter; died a week after completing its fourth month of life; and my friend himself died within the year. All the five predictions were effectually fulfilled. Such a complicated series of verified coincidences or guesses would be as wonderful at least as the man's having somehow got the knowledge of the future.

Of a different kind is my next instance, which I shall give briefly, as it has been several times described—the strange case of suspended animation, under the Maharajah Runjeet Sing, the late tyrant of the Punjab. My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known General Aitaville, Runjeet Sing's right hand man, who was present at the facts. Those facts are, that a certain "joghee" (Hindu anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Sing, and declining to obey, was brought by force into the tyrant's presence, and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples

through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances, he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put into a carefully made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Sing's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore; and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Avitable's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprung up, grew and withered on the surface over the grave; and the sentries went their rounds; and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Sing's own presence the vault was uncovered, and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would; and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life! He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat; but shortly afterward he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler.

Runjeet Sing cared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving, took place in the tyrant's own presence, and before hundreds of spectators, in open daylight, and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Avitable would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet Sing's wishes.

Will you say it is impossible? Remem-

ber Succi's fast, last spring. Do not some animals hibernate for months? Are not living toads found in solid stone hundreds of years after their entombment? With the suspended animation of these toads in evidence, it will not do to set down the story as simply impossible. And it may be added that in India no one would think of calling in question the accuracy and truth of the narrative.

There are jugglers and jugglers, who perform the celebrated mango trick—the mango being a luscious Indian fruit, in perfection in July and August. The ordinary juggler causes a miserable mango tree, a stunted abortion, like a small branch, to grow out of a handful of earth from a seed deposited there before you, and covered with a sheet. And from this, in half an hour's time, he produces a mango more or less ripe, which you can eat, but which is evidently not fresh. Such performances are generally done so clumsily that ordinary observation will enable you to detect the sleight-of-hand practised. The real mango trick is quite a different affair. It was once performed in the veranda of my own house, in March, myself and three other incredulous and sharp-eyed persons witnessing the whole, seated in a little semicircle, at the centre of which was placed a large flower-pot, filled freshly with earth out of our own garden. The juggler mixed something with the earth, and in it planted a dry mango seed. He watered it, and covered it—placed about six feet from us—with a square sheet of long cloth. He and his only attendant then proceeded to perform, a few yards off, many other astonishing feats of jugglery, for the remainder of the audience, and we four confined our attention to the mango, determined that no deception should take place. We noticed the sheet gradually rising in the middle, as if pushed up from below with a stick. Higher and higher: it is now about eight inches above the flower-pot. The juggler approaches the sheet, and seizing two of its corners, without at all touching the pot, draws off the sheet carefully right under our eyes. There is the young shoot of a mango plant, with its stiff stem, and four little glistening leaves—apparently about a week old. He recasts the sheet over pot and plant, and we see that he touches neither. He returns to his performances, and we continue our watch.

Higher it rises and higher—it is now about two feet high, and the sheet shows a rounded dome-like shape. Again he removes the sheet; and behold a young plant, like a two-year-old mango-tree—a real though dwarf tree. He again covers it, and we continue our watch. Higher it rises and higher. When about four feet high, he again uncovers the mystery, and shows a mango tree with two small green fruitlings on it. When next uncovered, it has two fine ripe mangoes. Now touching it for the first time, he plucks and hands us the mangoes, which we cut and eat, and find good and fresh as the best. The tree is then plucked up, handled and examined by us—a genuine dwarf tree—root, stem, bark, branches, leaves, all complete, as real as the mangoes we eat! Remember, four acute-eyed, incredulous, suspicious Europeans, watching the whole thing during the whole time (nearly an hour), and attending to nothing else; the performer an almost naked native, with only a loin-cloth on; the flower-pot right under our eyes, no one touching it during the whole time; in our own veranda, and in broad daylight. All the stock objections of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, &c., fail in this case, to my own certain knowledge; and others can vouch for its not being a very rare thing in India.

But how explain it? Are there hidden forces in Nature, of which some succeed in learning the secret, and utilize their knowledge to work what seems an impossibility or a wonder? Do not gardeners force early plants? Do not the Chinese grow miniature forest trees, showing every sign of premature but fully-developed old age in a dwarfed body? Who can dogmatize as to what is or is not impossible in nature?

From several quarters I heard of, but did not myself see, what does appear an impossible feat; this, therefore, I give on mere hearsay evidence. A juggler "pitches" at a corner of a bazaar or wide street; and in the presence of a gaping crowd which speedily assembles to witness the "tamasha" or fun, he takes out of his wallet a large ball of twine, and tying one end of it to a corner of the wallet, casts the ball up, skyward, with all his might. Up it goes, unwinding gradually—up and out of sight. It does not come back; it has unfolded itself on, into the blue sky, it

seems. He orders his attendant—a small boy, possibly his own son, and about eight years of age—to "go up." The boy grasps the twine, and goes hand over hand, up, up, and out of sight. Remember, please, that Indian houses are low, and that it needs but little sense to see whether a ball of twine has been thrown in a common way on and over a neighboring house, or has unaccountably gone up into the sky without coming down; whether a small boy has by means of this twine gone on to a house-top, or has disappeared into the heavens as unaccountably as the twine did.

After a number of ordinary tricks, the juggler declares he needs the boy's help, and looking upward, calls him by name. A voice replies from a distance above, saying he will not come down. (Ventriloquism, you suggest. Very well; perhaps so: wait.) The man gets angry, says the boy must be punished; and taking a long knife between his teeth, he goes up the twine hand over hand, as the boy had done before, and apparently disappears in his turn into the sky. A scream is heard above. Then, to the horror of the spectators, drops of blood rain down; and then the child falls, dismembered, with his few clothes cut, and covered with blood. The man then slides down the twine, with the knife all bloody at his waist. He casts a sheet over the mangled remains of the child, and leisurely proceeds to wrap up into a ball the twine which comes down to him by degrees from the sky, as if there were a kite at the end of it. He puts his things into the wallet and then takes up the sheet. From under it, whole and intact, alive and grinning, rises up the identical small boy! There are no mangled remains, and no blood! On this I make only one remark: the thing itself seems really impossible, yet that does not prove that the performance is not actually done. The paradox may possibly find its resolution in the "suggestive experiences" of hypnotism. A hypnotized patient sees and feels what his hypnotizer wishes him to see and feel. Is it possible to hypnotize a whole crowd? If so, and the crowd thereupon proceeds to see what the juggler or hypnotizer desires them to see, a great many of the wonders of Indian magic would be thus explained.—*Chambers's Journal*.

JOHN WESLEY.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

DURING the first week of this month, the well-known Wesleyan Methodist Chapel and burial-ground in City Road, London, will be the scenes of such representative Christian gatherings as have never previously been witnessed in this island since the outward unity of the Western Church was shattered at the Reformation. The Established Episcopal Church will be represented by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, Chaplain of the House of Commons. The Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain will speak through the lips of Principal Rainy and Principal Cairns. Dr. Dale and Dr. Allon on behalf of the Congregationalists, Dr. Clifford on behalf of the Baptists, and Mr. J. B. Braithwaite on behalf of the Society of Friends, will represent the ancient Dissenting communities of the realm. The Rev. W. Taylor, a Bishop of the Moravian Church, the Rev. J. B. Figgis, of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, and the Presidents of all the Methodist Churches in Great Britain and Ireland, will complete the representation of Evangelical Christendom. Every variety of Christian theology, and every form of ecclesiastical polity, except Roman Catholicism and Oriental Catholicism, will for the first time heartily combine in an octave of public services. What is the occasion of this unprecedented exhibition of Evangelical Catholicism? On the 2d of March, 1791, John Wesley, at the great age of eighty-eight, after exclaiming "The best of all is, God is with us," fell asleep in the house adjoining City Road Chapel, and on the following Wednesday was laid in the burial-ground behind the Chapel. A hundred years, the most wonderful hundred in human history, have passed away, and the representatives of all the Evangelical Churches meet around the dust of John Wesley to pay an almost unparalleled tribute to his memory. Similar services will be held in every part of the world. It is very astonishing that so little is yet known, even by educated men, about one of the most influential Englishmen that ever lived. The University of Oxford has not yet realized that no son of hers ever "made history" so swiftly and on so gigantic a scale. I hap-

pened once to express my surprise to the late Mark Patteson, when he was Rector of Lincoln College, that even his College had no adequate memorial of the most illustrious Fellow that ever adorned its common room. What other Fellow of Lincoln, I added, or indeed of any Oxford college, had twenty millions of avowed disciples in all parts of the world, within less than a century of his death? "Twenty millions!" exclaimed Mr. Patteson, with a start; "twenty millions! you mean twenty thousand?" And I had to repeat it three times over, before I could persuade him that I meant it. "I had not the faintest conception," said the illustrious Rector of Lincoln, positively gasping with astonishment, "that there were so many Methodists." As a matter of fact, the figures I gave him were much below the mark. In 1881 the first Ecumenical Methodist Conference met in City Road. It represented every branch of Methodism throughout the world, and included among its appointed delegates a yellow Chinaman from the far East and a Red Indian from the far West. Advantage was taken of this unique opportunity to form an approximate estimate of the total number of Methodist adherents; and those who had most carefully collected statistics from all lands were of opinion that "the people called Methodists" numbered at least 25,000,000. *Whitaker's* invaluable *Almanack* is the statistical *vade mecum* of the British citizen, and I am therefore glad to have this conspicuous opportunity of correcting a gross inaccuracy which Mr. Whitaker unconsciously reprints year after year, and which I have seen quoted again and again. In giving the "estimated numbers of religious denominations among English speaking communities throughout the world," he puts the Episcopalians at the head of the poll with 23,000,000, the Methodists second with 16,960,000, and the Roman Catholics third with 15,200,000. I do not know by what process Mr. Whitaker makes out that there are 23,000,000 Episcopalians. Does he include those who, like a famous Lord Chancellor, are "buttresses" because they "support the Church from the outside?" The Methodist statisticians reckon

those only who accept Methodist teaching and attend Methodist services. If Mr. Whitaker wishes to be correct, he must in any case place the Methodists at the top of the list. The youngest of British religious denominations has already become the largest. Professor Seeley, in his fascinating *Expansion of England*, pointed out the extraordinary way in which our vast colonial empire grew almost in spite of us, while we were preoccupied with royal intrigues and party squabbles and European wars—"battles of kites and crows"—that will have no appreciable effect upon the course of human history. In just the same way, while British theologians have been furiously waging their speculative wars, and examining the dead past with mediæval microscopes, Methodism has been silently spreading throughout the world, and sowing in all lands the seed of an unprecedented religious revolution. Its numerical strength is a small part of its influence. The sudden growth of its latest offshoot, the Salvation Army, is a startling illustration of the extent to which it has silently prepared the masses of the people for evangelical teaching even in its most pronounced and defiant forms. Neither is this vigorous and restless leaven confined to the British Empire. A distinguished professor of theology in a South German University has recently issued a pamphlet which is creating a great impression in thoughtful religious circles in Germany. The keynote of this pamphlet is expressed in the following startling sentence: "Methodism is on the point of becoming, in Evangelical Christianity, practically, if also unknown to many, the ruling power, like Jesuitism in Catholic Christianity." This learned writer is by no means an admirer of Methodism. He regards the fact he has discovered as "in many respects one of the gravest signs of modern Christianity." I believe future ages will prove that this anxious German professor is one of those extraordinary or privileged men who, by some flash of genius or revelation of God, see long before their fellow-men the meaning and the drift of world-history. I am equally confident that his boding fear is quite unnecessary. All modern religious history is summed up in the two momentous facts that Ignatius Loyola has captured the Catholic Churches, and that John Wesley has captured the Evangelical Churches.

Jesuitism and Methodism—these are the two ultimate forms of intense, logical, thorough-going Christianity. Absolute subjection to the Church, or absolute subjection to the Christ—there is no other alternative for the enthusiastic "out-and-out" Christian of the twentieth century. Absolute subjection to a Creed is no longer possible. Men are becoming too much in earnest for any illogical compromise. John Newman found that a *via media* was impracticable and hopeless, and became a Romanist. John Wesley made the same discovery a hundred years earlier, and became a Methodist. In these two facts will be found the ultimate explanation of modern English history. The augurs of antiquity foretold future events by ransacking the bodies of animals. Our historians, who are the real augurs, may anticipate the course of history by carefully searching the *Journals* of John Wesley and the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ* of John Newman. From the combinations and antagonisms of the two movements these works describe they can explain the attitude of the Episcopal bench, construe "the Nonconformist conscience," and forecast the democratic progress of the twentieth century.

The time is past when it would be necessary to repeat Macaulay's withering rebuke of literary charlatans who professed to write the history of the eighteenth century without describing the Methodist movement, and estimating its influence upon the course of events. That race is extinct, as Macaulay prophesied it would be. The latest and best-informed of the historians of the period expresses himself thus: "Although the career of the elder Pitt and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George the Second, they must yield, I think, in real importance to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield."* But even Mr. Lecky has apparently failed to realize the full import of what men call Methodism. We need to be entirely emancipated from the traditions and prejudices of the literary circles of England in order to grasp the true proportions of a movement which is neither

* Lecky, ii. 521.

Anglican nor Roman nor infidel. M. Edmond Scherer declared many years ago in the entirely disinterested pages of the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* that Methodism was "un mouvement religieux qui a changé la face de l'Angleterre," and he added—

Oui, l'Angleterre, telle que nous la connaissons aujourd'hui, avec sa littérature pudique et grave, avec son langage biblique, avec sa piété nationale, avec ses classes moyennes dont la moralité exemplaire fait la force du pays, l'Angleterre est l'œuvre du méthodisme. Le méthodisme a plus fait que d'établir une secte, il a vivifié toutes les autres, il a étendu son influence jusqu'à l'Eglise établie, il y a remis en honneur les doctrines de la Réformation, il en a réveillé le clergé, il lui a communiqué l'esprit missionnaire.*

These are strong utterances: "Methodism a religious movement which has changed the face of England;" "England, as we know her to-day, is the work of Methodism." They will astound all who live in literary or ecclesiastical balloons in the cloud-land of an imaginary world. But those who walk upon the solid earth, mix with the masses of the people, and have eyes to see, will not be surprised that a shrewd Frenchman has observed the most obvious fact of modern English history.

John Wesley, as our most brilliant recent historian has observed, "embodied in himself not this or that side of the vast movement, but the very movement itself."† Intense interest must therefore attach to the life and work of the man whose Centenary is celebrated this month. By a very happy and timely inspiration, Dr. Rigg has been induced to issue a second and greatly enlarged edition of his *Living Wesley*. No great Englishman was ever more misunderstood or more unfortunate in his biographers than John Wesley. His real biography has yet to be written. It is much to be regretted that Dr. Rigg himself has never been able to achieve the hope of his lifetime, and produce an accurate, complete, and sympathetic life of Wesley. But his *Living Wesley* will correct the errors of previous biographers, and clear the road for the standard life which will some day appear.

It is a remarkable fact that the man whom became the greatest and most popular open-air preacher this country has ever

known, not only led an academic life for twenty years, but was in no sense one of the people. On both sides "he belonged," says Dr. Rigg, "to an unbroken ancestral succession of English gentlemen, of whom at least his three immediate predecessors were scholars and divines. . . . No fibre of hereditary connection between himself and the artisan classes, or the peasantry of England, can be traced in all his long pedigree; and yet this was the man whose words were to take hold of colliers and weavers, of tinnern and stonemasons, and hard-handed workers generally, as no man's words had done before for centuries, if ever, or have done since."* This is a conspicuous evidence of the fact that good birth, high breeding, culture and refinement, instead of hindering, greatly enhance a man's or, I might add, a woman's qualifications for effective service among the ignorant, the degraded, and the outcast.

Wesley was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703. His father was the rector of that rural parish, which contained two thousand inhabitants. He was a clergyman of much more than average ability and energy, and made some noise in the world. But Mrs. Wesley was the striking individuality of that immortal home. Rightly does Isaac Taylor declare that "the mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism." "If you wish to train your children aright," she used to say, "the first thing to be done is to conquer their will." And she introduced such method and regularity into the nursery as few even attempt, and scarcely any one else has ever succeeded in carrying out. At the end of the first year of life, all her children were successfully taught to cry "softly," if they cried at all. At five years of age, not before, the children began to learn to read. One day only of six hours was allowed to each child to learn the alphabet, and all her numerous family accomplished the peremptory task except two, who were a day and a half. She carried out an inflexible but loving discipline, and they were all rigid "methodists" almost before they could walk. Her determination was inexhaustible. "I admire your patience," said her husband one day; "you have told this child the same thing at least

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1861.

† Green's *History of the English People*, p. 719.

* *The Living Wesley*, 2d edition, p. 125.

twenty times." "I should have lost my labor," she answered, "if I had only told it him nineteen times, since it was at the twentieth time that I succeeded." When her children grew up and left home she followed them with careful and frequent letters, "such as probably no other mother ever wrote to her children." In after life, when John Wesley was at the height of power and success, the wise counsels of his mother decided his tolerance of lay preaching and other momentous innovations of his career. Before John Wesley was eleven, he was sent to the Charterhouse School, and experienced, apparently without much permanent personal injury, the brutalities which then reigned in our public schools. He became a student of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1720, when he was seventeen years of age. A writer in the *Westminster Magazine*, describing him as he was widely known at the end of his undergraduate days, says that he was a "very sensible and acute collegian, a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments." He was at that time a general favorite, but the prospect of taking holy orders, and the evolution of the purpose of God in the depths of his nature, were already beginning to produce the great change which ultimately led gay and superficial Oxford to turn her back on one of the mightiest of her sons. He read Thomas à Kempis, and, like every other reader of the *Imitation*, was deeply stirred, although even then his healthy nature resented the sombre asceticism which disfigures the greatest Catholic book of devotion. He also studied Jeremy Taylor, but the new leaven was fermenting in his soul, and as early as 1725, in a letter to his mother, he revolts against Jeremy Taylor's gloomy and morbid notion that we must remain in perpetual sorrowful uncertainty with respect to our own personal salvation. Nevertheless Taylor was a great blessing to him, and, referring to the effect of the *Holy Living and Dying*, he says, "Instantly I resolved to dedicate all my life to God—all my thoughts and words and actions—being thoroughly convinced there was no medium, but that every part of my life (not some only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself—that is, the devil." This is rightly described by Tyerman as "the turning-point in Wesley's history."

In the same epoch-making year he and

his gifted mother reached a theological conclusion which has already had as great an effect upon Protestant theology as the discoveries of Darwin have had upon science. They finally rejected "Calvinism," the doctrine of a restricted salvation, which from the days of Augustine had hung like a dark and deadly London fog over half of earnest Christendom. John Wesley killed Calvinism. No really instructed and responsible theologian dares to assert now that Christ died only for a portion of mankind, although the full logical effect of asserting the redemption of the entire race has not yet been universally realized. Little did the young Oxonian dream in 1725 that he and his mother were sowing the seed of the bitterest theological controversy of his life, over which Methodism would be rent in twain by an irreparable schism, that would unhappily leave the evangelical section of the Established Church on the wrong side of the breach, doomed to the comparative helplessness we witness to-day, although it would burst his fetters, and enable him to exclaim with prophetic truth, "The world is my parish." When the decisive hour came, it made his heart bleed to be separated from his greatest colleague, Whitefield, and the majority of the evangelical clergy. But he never faltered, and in his terrific sermon on "Free Grace," he argued with the clearest logic and the most deliberate conviction that the doctrine of a limited salvation "represents the most holy God as worse than the devil, as both more false, more cruel, and more unjust." But when he and his mother were calmly corresponding in 1725, all this was hidden in the dark and silent womb of the distant future. In the autumn of that momentous year, Wesley was ordained deacon, and preached his first sermon in South Leigh, near Witney. In the following spring he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, and, eight months later, Greek lecturer in his college, and moderator of the classes. His long and almost desperate struggle with poverty was now at an end. About this time Wesley fell in love with Miss Betty Kirham, the daughter of a clergyman, and the sister of a college friend. But some insurmountable obstacle—perhaps, as Dr. Rigg suggests, "a stern parental decree," more effective then than now—prohibited marriage; and after a time Wesley began

to find special consolation in the sympathy of a widowed friend of the Kirkham family, Mrs. Pendarves, afterward the famous Mrs. Delany, whose well-known *Life and Correspondence* were published by Lady Llanover. Mrs. Pendarves was highly accomplished and very attractive. She moved in the most select society, was indeed "the idol of the Court circle," and enjoyed for half a century the intimate friendship of George the Third and his queen. It is curious to speculate what would have happened if this fashionable widow had married Wesley. Those who wish to know all about his susceptibility to the attractions of this and other gifted and beautiful women, can satisfy their curiosity in the pages of Dr. Rigg, who investigates every case with judicial solemnity and fullness. There is no doubt that this and other correspondence "reveals to us the extreme natural susceptibility of Wesley to whatever was graceful and amiable in woman, especially if united to mental vigor and moral excellence. He had been brought up in the society of clever and virtuous women, his sisters; and it seems as if he could at no time of his life dispense with the exquisite and stimulating pleasure which he found in female society and correspondence. He was naturally a woman worshipper—at least, a worshipper of such women. An almost reverent courtesy, a warm but pure affection, a delicate but close familiarity, marked through life his relations with the good and gifted women—gifted they were, for the most part—with whom he maintained friendship and correspondence."*

To complete the story of this phase of Wesley's life, I must anticipate the narrative, and say that, after some very painful disappointments, Wesley finally married Mrs. Vazeille, who turned out to be a "vain and vindictive woman,"† who "darkened thirty years of Wesley's life by her intolerable jealousy, her malicious and violent temper."‡ A review of every aspect of Wesley's relation to woman fully justifies Dr. Rigg's thoughtful conclusion that "on the whole, we cannot but love our Wesley the better for these revelations."§

In 1728 or 1729, Wesley read William

Law's *Christian Perfection and Serious Call*, and was greatly affected by that powerful writer, as he had been previously by À Kempis and Jeremy Taylor. It is a curious fact that the "Methodists" first appeared at Oxford when John Wesley was away for two years, serving in one of his father's parishes in Lincolnshire. His brother Charles, then at Christchurch, and a few other undergraduates, began to meet together for prayer and the study of the Bible. They were nicknamed Sacramentarians, Bible Bigots, Bible Moths, the Holy Club, and finally "Methodists." When John Wesley returned in 1729 to become a college tutor, he was immediately placed at the head of the little group of serious men, and styled "the Father of the Holy Club." Thus humbly and in ridicule appeared a name which is now loved or hated in every land. These original High Church "Methodists" began at once to practise the Social Christianity which has always been characteristic of "Methodism." They visited and assisted the prisoners, instructed poor ignorant children, and relieved the poor, as well as fasted twice a week, and observed a weekly Communion. In 1732 Wesley visited William Law, and on his recommendation read the *Theologia Germanica*, Tauler's work, and other mystical writers. Wesley now became deeply tinged with the Mysticism which, after his evangelical conversion a few years later, he rejected with much vehemence. In 1735 he undertook the mission to Georgia, which failed to accomplish the object he contemplated, but which did accomplish a much greater by bringing him into contact with the Moravian Christians, who lived in the full light of the love of God. He failed in Georgia as the result partly of an unfortunate love affair, and partly of his irritating intolerance. In Georgia his High Churchmanship burst forth into full bloom. He was all that the *Church Times* would like him to be, and strangely imagines he continued to be. He had two daily services. He divided Morning Prayer, taking the Litany as a separate office. He inculcated severe fasting, and confession before Communion. He made a point of celebrating the Holy Communion weekly. He even refused the Holy Communion to all who were not episcopally baptized. He insisted upon baptism by immersion. He re-baptized the children of Dissenters. He

* *Living Wesley*, p. 63.

† *Ibid.* p. 206.

‡ *Telford's Life of Wesley*, p. 260.

§ *Living Wesley*, p. 81.

refused to bury all who had not received Episcopalian baptism. He even repelled from the Lord's Table one of the most saintly ministers in the colony, Bolzius, the pastor of the Salzburghers, because he had not been "canonically baptized." Referring in his *Journal* many years afterward to this disgraceful incident, he exclaims, "Can High Church bigotry go further than this? And how well have I since been beaten with mine own staff!" There is only one point on which he probably fell short of the *Church Times* standard. There is no evidence that he believed in the Real Presence in the elements, although he did mix water with the wine. At this moment in his career he seemed to be on the point of anticipating the work of Cardinal Newman by a century. But events were about to happen which would take him ultimately to the opposite pole of the ecclesiastical world. On the voyage to Georgia he had been greatly impressed by the perfect fearlessness of all the Moravians, even the children, when they were in momentary danger of shipwreck. He felt the immeasurable superiority of their serene faith over his "fine-summer religion." His intercourse with many of them in the colony confirmed that impression. When he once more reached his native country, and landed at Deal on the 1st of February, 1738, the man who was to be the instrument of his evangelical conversion was already on his way to England. Wesley always and rightly regarded his intercourse with Peter Böhler, the Moravian missionary, as the turning-point in his spiritual history. It was Peter Böhler who, under God, turned the Oxford Methodist who had failed in Georgia into the London Methodist whose work now fills the world. After much prayerful intercourse with Peter Böhler, Wesley was fully convinced that Christian faith was not the intellectual acceptance of orthodox opinions, but a vital act, and afterward a habit of the soul, by which man, under the supernatural impulse of the Spirit of God, trusts in Christ, enters into living union with Christ, and then abides in Christ, so that he no longer lives but Christ lives in him, as the vine lives in the branch, and as the controlling mind lives in the body. Then came the ever-memorable 24th of May, 1738, when Methodism as history knows it was born. That day in ecclesiastical annals is like the

day on which Saul of Tarsus saw Christ; the day on which Augustine heard a voice exclaim "Tolle et lege! Tolle et lege!" and the day on which Martin Luther realized the forgiving love of God in the convent of Erfurth. The decisive moment must be described in his own words:

In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitely used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.*

The Rubicon was crossed. The sweeping aside of ecclesiastical traditions, the rejection of the Apostolic Succession, the ordination with his own hands of presbyters and bishops, the final organization of a separate and fully equipped Church, were all logically involved in what took place that night. In the strikingly and profoundly accurate language of Miss Wedgwood, "the birthday of a Christian was already shifted from his baptism to his conversion, and in that change the partition line of two great systems is crossed."†

The High Church "Methodism" of Oxford was soon snuffed out, and at last officially expelled by the University. The Wesleyan Methodism of London at once began its world-embracing career. The clergy of that day unwittingly rendered Methodism an invaluable service by closing their pulpits against Wesley and his friends. Wesley was so full of traditional prejudice that he himself confesses he "should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." But the intolerance of the clergy, the example of Whitefield, and the needs of men, drove him into the open air. He made the great innovation first at Bristol, where he preached to 3000 persons from the appropriate words, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor." Wesley was an extraordinary man to become the prince of

* *Wesley's Journal*, vol. i. p. 103.

† Miss Wedgwood's *John Wesley*, p. 157.

open-air preachers. He was of diminutive stature and peculiarly neat and methodical in his appearance and habits. He always preached in gown and cassock. He lacked the pathetic tone and the dramatic delivery of Whitefield. He had an essentially calm and logical mind. His speech, like Cobden's, was conspicuously "unadorned." He preached the Gospel with the least possible admixture of individual coloring. His very language was unusually Biblical, and he constantly used the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture. On the other hand, he had a sweet and penetrating voice, which could be distinctly heard at a measured distance of one hundred and forty yards. He had an ample command of the plainest, purest, and most powerful English. Beneath his calm exterior slept a very volcano of devotion to God and love to man. And his appeal was always directly and unmistakably to the human conscience. As Dr. Rigg has most usefully pointed out, Wesley did not "enforce his applications by reference to material terrors or painted horrors." But he never hesitated to depict the sinfulness and dreadfulness of sin with Scriptural vehemence, while with the same breath and with manly and irresistible tenderness he enlarged upon the all-embracing love of God. The result was wonderful and unexampled. He had such audiences everywhere as public speakers in this realm have never addressed before or since. Such vast gatherings as John Bright or Mr. Gladstone has occasionally witnessed were of constant occurrence. During Wesley's itinerancy of half a century ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand people would come together, and wait patiently for hours until, with unflinching punctuality, the expected horseman appeared. The effect of his sermons was unparalleled. Sometimes the silence of immense crowds was as breathless as if they had been turned into stone; sometimes the sobs and the outcries of the conscience-smitten became so loud, that even the clear voice of the preacher was drowned by them. He made no attempt to excite terror, but the peculiar vividness and force with which he convinced vast heathen crowds of the loving-kindness of God overwhelmed them with a sense of their wicked ingratitude. Many, both men and women, fainted; and not infrequently some "dropped down as dead." When

he began, the masses of the people were absolutely untouched either by Church or Dissent. As to the spiritual condition of the upper classes I need only quote Montesquieu, who after comparing the two countries said: "In France I am thought to have too little religion, but in England to have too much." It is a startling coincidence that Voltaire spent three years in England at the very time that the Oxford "Methodists" were beginning their work. Voltaire summed up his impressions of the prospect of Christianity in this country in the following significant words: "They are so disgusted in England with that kind of thing, that a new religion or an old religion revived would scarcely make its fortune."* Never was a keen observer more completely mistaken. France chose Voltaire, the Reign of Terror, and successive revolutions, not yet, I fear, exhausted. England chose Wesley, and the bloodless advent of a Christian democracy. Wesley and his helpers were the first Christian missionaries since "the coming of the Friars" who reached the masses of the people. The Reformation was essentially a middle-class movement. It never gained either the upper classes or the poor. Evangelical Christianity has not yet reached the upper classes, but the poor are now saturated by it, thanks to the evangel of Wesley. His published "sermons" give a very misleading impression of his preaching. They are mere skeletons prepared mainly as theological outlines for the use of ministers and other students. His real sermons were largely *extempore*, and he rarely spoke for less than forty minutes. He often preached for an hour, and not seldom for two and even three hours, vast crowds remaining unwearied and eager to the very close. The late Mark Pattison spoke to me disparagingly about Wesley's sermons, through ignorance, as I explained to him, of the fact just mentioned. Other literary men have fallen into the same mistake. Another popular error is to suppose that Wesley preached in all parts of England, and established Methodist societies everywhere. There were, as Dr. Rigg has pointed out, "wide stretches of England, and even some almost entire countries" in which, at the close of his life, Methodism was practically non-existent. He bestowed little labor either upon fash-

* Voltaire, *Lettres Anglaises*, t. xxiv. p. 32.]

ionable localities or upon sparsely-populated purely agricultural regions. He wisely gave his time and strength to districts where the population was large and also sufficiently free from territorial and ecclesiastical tyranny to be able "to follow his ministry, if they had a mind to do so." Hence the mass of his converts were colliers, miners, foundrymen, weavers, spinners, fishermen, artisans, yeomen, and day laborers in town. His missionary journeys were arranged weeks in advance, and his courage and energy in keeping his engagements punctually were amazing. He never journeyed less than 4500 miles in any year. He always rose at four and preached at five, as well as two or even three times later. On Sundays he regularly preached four times. Until his seventieth year all his journeys were done on horseback, and he rode sixty or seventy miles day after day, as well as preached several times. This was at a time when there were very few turnpike roads, and when Macadam was unknown. Wesley often rode ninety miles in one day. The winter of 1745 was one of the severest on record, but amid all its "wind, and rain, and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold," he rode 280 miles in six days. In 1747 the winter was as terrible as in 1745. One morning the man-servant told Wesley that such a quantity of snow had fallen that travelling was impossible. "At least we can walk twenty miles a day with our horses in our hands," answered Wesley, and walk they did. On one occasion, when Wesley reached Hayle in Cornwall, he found the sands between that town and St. Ives, where he was expected to preach, covered by the rising tide. As Wesley was then eighty-three years of age, he had exchanged horseback for "the machine," as he called the carriage given him by some friends. A sea-captain earnestly begged the patriarch not to venture across. But Wesley was expected to preach at a certain hour, and, putting his head out of the carriage window, he shouted, "Take the sea, take the sea." Before long the horses were compelled to swim. Wesley put out his head to encourage the driver, who was not unnaturally afraid of being drowned. "What is your name, driver?" "Peter," said the terrified man. "Peter," replied the old veteran, his long white hair dripping with sea water, "fear not; thou shalt not sink." When they had reached

St. Ives in safety Wesley first saw that the driver had warm clothes, food, and fire; then he himself went on calmly to preach in the crowded chapel.

But Wesley was all his life in much more danger from man than from nature. Terrible persecutions broke out, especially in Staffordshire, Cornwall, Yorkshire, and Durham. In Walsall for example, in 1743, Wesley was dragged round the town at night, amid cries of "Knock his brains out! down with him! kill him at once!" He received many savage blows. At last he broke out aloud into prayer, and the ruffian who had headed the mob, a notorious prize-fighter, suddenly melted, turned round, and fiercely threatening any who should further injure Wesley, he enabled the battered evangelist to escape to his lodgings. The next day Wesley met his brother Charles, who said "he looked like a soldier of Christ. His clothes were torn to tatters." At Falmouth the mob burst open the door of the room in which he was staying. At once Wesley stepped forward bareheaded and said, "Here I am; which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? or you? or you?" He continued speaking until he reached the middle of the street. Then he addressed them as his "neighbors and countrymen." The mob was conquered. His absolute fearlessness and imperturbable calmness always delivered him. These brutal mobs were generally primed and directed by so-called "gentlemen"—magistrates and clergymen. He completely outlived persecutions, and the itineraries of his old age were triumphal processions from one end of the land to the other. During the fifty years of his apostolate he travelled 250,000 miles, and preached 40,000 sermons. Originally in feeble health, he ultimately seemed to have an iron frame. This change he himself traced to the habit of rising at four, and preaching three or four times a day, with a journey of sixty or seventy miles in the intervals.

During this busy life he managed to do a prodigious amount of literary work. Here is a summary of it: He wrote short grammars in the English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; a Compendium of Logic; extracts for use in Kingswood School and elsewhere from Phædrus, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Sallust; a complete

English Dictionary ; Commentaries on the whole of the Old and New Testaments ; a short Roman History ; a History of England from the earliest times to the death of George the Second ; a concise Ecclesiastical History from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the last century, in four volumes ; a compendium of Social Philosophy in five volumes ; a Christian Library, consisting of extracts from all the great theological writers of the universal Church. This library of fifty volumes was prepared especially for the benefit of his itinerant preachers, and consisted of representatives of all the leading writers, ancient, mediæval, puritan, and modern. In addition to this he prepared many editions of the *Imitation of Christ* and of the principal works of such writers as Bunyan, Baxter, Principal Edwards, Rutherford, Law, Madame Guyon, and others ; endless abridged Biographies ; and, singularly enough, an edition of a famous novel of that time, *The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland*. He also wrote a curious book which he entitled *Primitive Physic, or an Easy and Natural Method of Curing most Diseases*. This work passed through twenty-three editions in his lifetime, and had one great advantage over many medical works. The compiler conscientiously tested the effect of his remedies upon his own body. He further prepared numerous collections of Psalms, hymns, and sacred songs, with several works on music and collections of tunes. In addition to this he published his own Sermons and Journals, and started a monthly magazine in 1778, one of the very earliest published in this country. This magazine still exists with a wide circulation. He anticipated the modern policy of cheap literature, and was so successful in circulating extracts and abridgments of the best authors, both theological and secular, that to use his own words he "unawares became rich." He made not less than £30,000, every penny of which he distributed in charity of one sort or another during his lifetime. It was his boast that he got rid of his money so quickly that when all his lawful debts were paid at his death it would be found that he did not leave £50 behind him.

It is astonishing that so busy and ceaseless an evangelist could have found time for literary work so extensive, especially when we remember that his incessant preaching was supplemented by extensive

social charities which anticipated nearly every modern form of philanthropy. During the whole of his career he made constant collections for the poor. Even when he was in his eighty-second year, and the streets were filled with melting snow which lay ankle-deep on the ground, he trudged from house to house to collect money for the starving. He founded an Orphans' House at Newcastle, Charity Schools in London, and a Dispensary in Bristol. He was greatly delighted with electricity, and fixed an hour every day "wherein any that desired it might try the virtue of this surprising medicine." He established a Lending Fund, which started several men who ultimately became the owners of great businesses. He even anticipated the latest attempts of social charity by turning a room in connection with one of his preaching places in London into a place for carding and spinning cotton. He also employed women who were out of work in knitting, and otherwise attempted to mitigate distress by opening Workshops. His personal charities were incessant.

There has been as much misconception with respect to John Wesley's creed as with respect to his life and character. The late Dean Stanley always contended that Wesley was the founder of the modern Broad Church. There is undoubtedly very much more to be said for that view than for the strange idea that after his evangelical conversion he continued to be theologically or ecclesiastically a High Churchman. He was a theologian of singularly broad views, which were more advanced than those professed by any orthodox teacher of his time. The London Conference of 1770 adopted certain resolutions which, not unnaturally, produced an outburst of tremendous indignation on the part of his orthodox Calvinistic friends. The resolutions of the Conference, then as now, were expressed in the form of question and answer, and we can imagine the horror with which many of his clerical acquaintances would read the following—

1. Who of us is *now* accepted of God?—He that now believes in Christ, with a loving, obedient heart.
2. But who among those that never heard of Christ?—He that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, according to the light he has.
3. Is this the same with "he that is sincere"?—Nearly, if not quite.

Thus, more than one hundred years ago, the Methodist Conference, under the

direction of John Wesley, asserted in the most explicit terms the exact opposite to the Athanasian Creed, and declared that the heathen could be saved. No wonder that Toplady, the Countess of Huntingdon, and many other godly people, filled the whole land with their loud complaints. But Wesley never swerved from the position he then assumed. On another occasion he wrote in his Journal: "I read to-day part of the meditations of Marcus Antoninus. What a strange emperor! And what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed—in particular for his good inspiration, and for twice revealing to him, in dreams, things whereby he was cured of otherwise incurable distempers. I make no doubt that this is one of those 'many' who shall 'come from the east and the west and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,' while 'the children of the Kingdom'—nominal Christians—are 'shut out.'"*

Here, then, John Wesley anticipated the most liberal Evangelical teaching of our own time, by calmly asserting the undoubted salvation of a heathen Roman emperor; which conviction, I need scarcely add, logically involved the salvation of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and all the honest and humane teachers of every age and land. Again Baxter's *History of the Councils*, which he read in 1754, led him to speak in the very strongest terms of the "execrable wretches" who wrangled at these painful gatherings, and he added, "Surely Mahomedanism was let loose to reform the Christians! I know not but Constantinople has gained by the change." To assert one hundred years ago that Mahomedanism was probably an improvement upon the Oriental Christianity which it superseded was surely more startling than anything with which Canon Taylor has shocked Evangelical circles in our own time. In the same fearless way when he had read the life of Ignatius Loyola he spoke of him as "one of the greatest of men." On the other hand Wesley strongly condemned "the wickedness" of many of the Puritans who "spent so much of their time and strength in disputing about surplices and hoods, or kneeling at the Lord's Supper." The Rev. John Hunt, in his *Religious Thought in England*, says that Wesley spoke confidently of the sal-

vation of sincere Roman Catholics and Socinians, that "he had a word of hope and charity even for Pelagius," and that he "quoted with approbation the words of an author who said, 'What the heathens call reason, Solomon wisdom, St. Paul grace, St. John love, Luther faith, Fénelon virtue, is all one and the same thing, the light of Christ shining in different degrees under different dispensations.'" In Wesley's translation of the New Testament which anticipated more than a century ago some of the best results of the Revised Version published in our own time, he begins his notes on the very first chapter in the Gospel of St. Matthew by asserting that St. Mark and St. Luke in the genealogical tables which they respectively publish,

act only as historians setting down these genealogies as they stood in those published and allowed records. Therefore they were to take them as they found them. Nor was it needful they should correct the mistakes if there were any. For these accounts sufficiently answered the end for which they are recited.

This quotation shows that Wesley contemplated the possibility of error even in the New Testament with the utmost complacency, on the ground that the moral and spiritual object contemplated would not be in the least degree affected by some innocent mistake on the part either of the writers or of those from whom they quoted. I need scarcely say how much such a principle as this implies in the case of a thoughtful and logical writer, and how greatly it is in advance of the usual traditions of orthodox circles a century ago.

No further proof need now be given, although there is an ample supply to show that Wesley's tendencies were Broad rather than High. One of the most singular delusions that has ever been widely accepted is the notion that he continued to be a High Churchman to the end of his life. As early as 1745 he wrote: "I set out for Bristol. On the road I read over Lord King's 'Account of the Primitive Church.' In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draft; but if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent of all others."* From this conviction he never

* *Journal*, October 11, 1745.

* *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 6.

departed. When in 1784 he ordained presbyters and a bishop for America, Charles Wesley, who did retain High Church convictions, wrote the most earnest expostulations. To these John Wesley replied in the following sentences: "I firmly believe I am a Scriptural *ἐπίσκοπος* as much as any man in England or in Europe; for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove." In harmony with these convictions he ordained ministers for Scotland, for the colonies, and ultimately for England. In 1789, within two years of his death, he went even further. He requested his assistant, William Myles, an unordained preacher, to assist him in giving the cup to the communicants at Dublin. That is quite decisive, and would be impossible on the part of any man who could in any sense be regarded as a High Churchman. When Wesley, in a letter to Lord North, in relation to the American colonies, described himself as a High Churchman and the son of a High Churchman, he was describing his political and not his doctrinal position. The oft-quoted "Korah sermon" in which Wesley rebuked those of his preachers who administered the Sacraments without authority means no more than that they were exceedingly presumptuous in taking upon themselves to do so without sanction from himself or the Conference. Precisely the same rebuke would be administered to-day to any among us who took the same liberty, although we are as free from High Church convictions on the question as was Wesley himself when the sermon was preached. No doubt certain influences and prejudices clung to him to the last. But he must be judged, not by these but by the consistent tenor of his teaching, by his actions, which speak more loudly than words, and by his careful provision to transfer to the Conference the whole of the powers which he himself always believed he possessed, and which in the latter part of his ministry he frequently exercised. The natural tendency of his mind, indeed, was not mediæval but sceptical. When he was a boy his father said to Mrs. Wesley: "I profess, sweetheart, I think our Jack would not attend to the most pressing necessities of his nature unless he could give a reason for it." And to the boy himself he said: "Child, you think to carry everything by dint of argument;

but you will find how very little is ever done in the world by close reason." Wesley himself in early manhood was so conscious of his sceptical tendency that he positively shrank from the study of mathematics, lest it should strengthen his demand for mathematical certainty in regions of thought where that is impossible. Newman, conscious of the same peril, sought refuge in the infallibility of the Church. Others have tried to build upon the infallibility of the Bible. But Wesley founded himself upon the infallibility of Christ. He was able therefore to attach much less importance than many Evangelical teachers to mere verbal or intellectual orthodoxy. He recognized living goodness wherever he found it; and could see that it was often associated with what he would regard as either a great excess or a great deficiency in the intellectual apprehension of truth. He attached little importance to mere orthodoxy apart from a good life, and often quoted with intense approval the piece of advice which Dr. Potter, when Archbishop of Canterbury, once gave him: "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real essential holiness."

In a word, Wesley was always willing to adapt his creed to indisputable Facts. He was the first great religious leader in modern times who heartily accepted the Baconian principle of verification in the region of theology. If History did not agree with Dogma, he did not say, like a distinguished ecclesiastic of our own time, "so much the worse for History," but so much the worse for Dogma. He gradually abandoned all the most distinctive dogmatic convictions of his early manhood because, when he left academic cloisters to mix with men, he found that his favorite doctrines were inconsistent with indisputable Facts. He was the earliest of scientific theologians. Hence nothing that Criticism or History may yet reveal can shake the foundations of his faith, which rested, not upon external authority or intellectual speculation, but upon the direct experience of human consciousness, summed up at last in the triumphant exclamation of his dying lips, "The best of all is, God is with us."—*Nineteenth Century*.

THREE STREETS.

BY H. BOYD CARPENTER.

I.

I SOUGHT the new, unknown to meet,
 And found a gay and favored street
 Where fashion walked with flitting feet ;
 And as I watched, a golden gleam
 Pierced swiftly through the summer air
 And darted o'er the human stream ;
 Then nestled 'midst some dusky hair.
 I gazed upon the hair's dark grace,
 The tender frame to woman's face,
 That pictured all its charms so sweet.
 Then as I looked, I met her eyes,
 Deep as the blue of southern skies,
 And from them glanced a baby smile
 My own poor treasure to beguile ;
 Through every vein, throughout my frame,
 There swept a dry, an ardent flame,
 Love's passion !

II.

'Twas in the time of Love's defeat,
 I wandered through a busy street
 And paced to where four crossways meet ;
 And as I gazed, the thronging crowd
 Pressed onward, without reck or heed,
 With hasty feet, too anxious browed
 To cast a glance upon my need.
 The chill neglect, the biting blast
 That o'er my heart as ice-wind passed,
 And turned to bitter all the sweet,
 Brought from its frozen realms a gift,
 The love of self, a careful thrift
 To guard its treasure and to guide
 The current of its burning tide
 Through every vein, through every pore,
 An angry summons at my door !
 Ambition !

III.

I wandered for a dim retreat,
 I found a quiet moss-grown street,
 And trod its length with tired feet ;
 And as I passed, a door ill-kept
 And battered with the strife of years
 Unclosed, and forth a figure stepped
 And met me with a face of tears.
 A figure, that had beauty's mien,
 A face, that in a mood serene,
 Unmarred by grief, had been more sweet

Than aught that painter's art had traced,
 Or chiselled marble coldly graced.
 And as I gazed with anxious will,
 There came a glow, a silent thrill
 Through every vein, through every part,
 The swift-borne message to my heart,
 Life's mission !

—Good Words.

THE SEAL ISLANDS OF BERING'S SEA.

BY DR. F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.

Of the difficulties which have lately presented themselves for solution with regard to two little-visited regions of the North American continent, that connected with what is usually—if unscientifically—termed the Seal-fisheries is certainly not the least important. We are at issue, as all the world knows, upon the question whether Bering's Sea is, or is not, to be a *mare clausum*, and all of us have become more or less interested in the subject. Many, whose geographical knowledge of that region is not of the soundest, have doubtless taken down their atlases and, after due consultation, closed them without finding themselves greatly enlightened, wondering still why America, whose present authority over the Seal islands is unquestioned, should be so persistent in her endeavors to exclude all strangers not only from their immediate, but even from their remote vicinity.

We must turn to the science of Zoology for an explanation. Of the value of seal-skin as a fur none of us need to be informed; but the life-history of the animal which provides us with it is not so generally known. Some of us—dare I say some even of the sex most often decked with it?—are perhaps hardly aware that the common seal of our own shores is in this respect valueless. In lieu of the soft down of the fur-seal, this creature is provided with a coat of coarse stiff hair which would be utterly inapplicable to purposes of clothing. We may therefore roughly divide the seals into two groups—those without and those with fur. The former are known as Hair Seals, the latter as the Eared or Fur Seals, and it is with these latter that we have now to do.

The geographical distribution of the various species of fur seal is at the present time of great interest. Long years ago

these creatures inhabited the South Pacific, and South Atlantic in great numbers. The Falklands, indeed, and other islands off the coast of Patagonia swarmed with them. Anthony Pigafetta, the doughty comrade of Magellan in his celebrated voyage, frequently mentions in his journals the abundance of the *lupi marini*, and various rocks and islands were given the name of "Re-cife de lobos" and "Yslas de lobos marinos" by the great navigator. But all this is now ancient history. Here and there, perhaps, a skin or two is secured by whalers or others cruising in the southern oceans and brought to Cape Town or some port in Chili. For all practical purposes, however, these localities may be regarded as non-existent, and their inhabitants as extinct. Nine tenths, if not more, of the sealskins which come into the European market are from the islands of Bering's Sea. Were they only necessities of life the Americans, it must be confessed, could make a very pretty "corner" in them. The operation would be greatly facilitated by the animals themselves, which, instead of being generally distributed over a large area, are confined not only to certain islands, but to certain circumscribed spots upon them.

Omitting Robben Island—a small reef off Saghalin from which a few skins only are obtained—the Seal Islands consist of two groups, the Komandorskis and the Prybilovs. The former—Bering and Copper Islands—are the westernmost links of the lonely Aleutian chain, and, though rented by the Americans, belong to Russia. The Prybilovs—St. Paul, St. George, and Otter Islands—lie well within Bering's Sea, and are the most valuable, being capable of exporting in good seasons as many as 100,000 pelts. These five islands then are the sole breeding-grounds of the

North Pacific eared seal (*Callorhinus ursinus*). At various other places stray individuals may doubtless be found, but they are nowhere very numerous. Why so restricted a ground should be chosen it is difficult to explain. There are without doubt other localities where the conditions are identical, but habit, we know, has as much influence over the lower animals as ourselves, and hence it happens that the fur-seal year after year visits the island to which it is accustomed, never moving to fresh ground, and only very rarely to the other islands frequented by its kind.

Into the dreary wastes of Bering's Sea few vessels penetrate; few at least which are not concerned in the chase of the walrus, seal, or whale. Spring and autumn bring with them terrific gales, and in summer dense sea-fogs wrap everything in an impenetrable veil. The coast of the mainland is sometimes clear, enabling the mariner to determine his position; but this is rarely the case with the islands, and here the sense of hearing has to be called into play to avoid disaster. It is not for the surf, however, that the sailor listens, but for the sound of the seals on the "rookeries"—a dull, hoarse roar which in still weather is audible for some miles.

Notwithstanding difficulties of navigation, to say nothing of the risks of seizure by an American cruiser, a certain number of schooners, usually of small tonnage, fit out annually for these seas. Some are from the ports on the eastern shores of the Pacific, but others come from Japan. Most of them, it would be safe to say, sail under the British flag. Nominally they are in search of walrus, or perhaps the skins of the sea-otter, but in reality nine-tenths of them are seal poachers, hanging about so as to run close in to the islands during a fog, or even landing a crew on the rookery if the weather is especially favorable. But this latter is a risky proceeding. Each rookery is excellently guarded, and detection of the offenders is followed by a shower of Winchester bullets. No questions are asked. The poachers know well enough what to expect if they are unfortunate enough to be discovered, and they take their chance. While at Petropaulovsky in Kamschatka in the year 1882, I learned that the crew of a schooner had suffered considerably in an encounter of this kind a short time previous to my arrival. Two men had been

killed and eight wounded. One of the latter was landed at Petropaulovsky with no less than thirteen bullet-wounds, from which he nevertheless managed in some miraculous manner to recover. To compensate for these risks, and for the chances of the loss of their vessel—an occurrence by no means infrequent—it is evident that the owners of these craft must calculate upon obtaining a heavy return upon their outlay.

Before considering the poaching question, however, a knowledge of the history and habits of the creature is necessary. Zoology furnishes us with few objects for study so strange and so full of interest. We have in the fur-seal an animal which spends one half of the year entirely in the water, and the other half almost entirely on land; which herds together in closely-packed crowds of innumerable individuals in a manner unknown in the case of any other mammal; and, finally, which exhibits in its mode of life an organization and method almost as wonderful as that of the ant.

Mr. H. W. Elliott, in his "Report on the Prybilov Group, or Seal Islands of Alaska," published in 1873, was the first to place a full and trustworthy account of the habits of this seal before the scientific world. The animal had been known for years. So far back as the end of the last century the Russian-American Fur Company had settlements upon the Aleutian Islands and obtained numbers of its skins from the natives, but it was some time before the Prybilovskis were discovered by the sailor whose name they bear. Even at the time of his landing—in 1786—traces of former visitors were found. Long before, in 1741, the great navigator Bering, his crew decimated by scurvy and he himself dying from the same disease, reached the Komandorskis, the other group appropriated as a breeding-ground. But it was winter, and though the naturalist Steller, who accompanied him, made his notes of the huge *Rhytina*, or sea-cow, now extinct, which formed their food, and shot numerous sea-otters, he must have been brought very little, if at all, in contact with the sea-cat as *Callorhinus* is termed by the natives.

The islands once discovered, it was not likely that their existence would become forgotten. Before very long the Prybilovskis were colonized by a small party of

natives in the service of the Russian Company. The Bering group remained far longer without inhabitants, but in each, almost from the outset, a system of indiscriminate slaughter was instituted. Animals of both sexes and all ages were killed. We learn from Bishop Innocent Veniaminov that more than a hundred thousand skins were thus taken annually upon the islands of St. Paul and St. George. The pelts had accumulated to such an extent in 1803, that no less than eight hundred thousand were lying in the stores, and of these—so badly were they cured and taken care of—seven hundred thousand had to be thrown away. For a long time this waste of life continued without much apparent effect upon the numbers of those that yearly filled the rookeries. Then, steadily and rapidly, the diminution became evident. In 1817 the "take" from the two islands had fallen to sixty thousand, and three years later to fifty thousand. In 1825 we find a return of only 30,100; in 1829 it had sunk to 20,811; and finally, in 1835—the date at which the "take" appears to have reached its lowest ebb—6580 skins only were obtained.

With the exception of these statistics of Veniaminov, none, or none that I am aware of, exist of the period previous to the American occupation of Alaska. For the two or three years preceding this event a reign of anarchy, or something approaching it, prevailed, and the seals ran a nearer risk of extinction than any that had previously threatened them. This danger luckily passed over, and in 1870 a lease was granted to the Alaska Commercial Company, under whose direction the numbers of the animals were quickly raised, until the rookeries were once more restored to the condition in which they were found by the discoverers of the islands. The fur-seal, indeed, under the present system of management, can hardly be looked upon as other than a domestic animal, and the island upon which it breeds as a stock-farm on a large scale.

It has never been my good fortune to see the rookeries of the Prybilov Islands, which have been so admirably described by Mr. Elliott, but in the course of the cruise of the yacht *Marchesa* to Kamschatka, in 1882, I visited those of the Komandorskis, landing in Bering Island in mid September. The little settlement of Nikolsky off which we anchored, though

barren and dreary-looking to a degree, bore evidences of a rather more advanced state of civilization than I had expected. With the Americans have come schools for the children, and neat wooden houses in place of the turf-built cabins formerly constructed by the Aleuts. All the timber needed for this or for any other purpose has to be brought from Kamschatka, for the islands are utterly destitute of trees, and here, as in Greenland and other regions of the far North, the boats, whether large or small, have to be constructed of skins.

The rookeries, of which there are two, are far from the settlement, and are reached by dog sledge both in winter and summer, the level waste of the dreary *tundras* affording nearly as good a road in the latter season as the surface of the snow. Mr. Elliott describes the Prybilovskis as volcanic, but no evidences of a like origin struck me while crossing Bering Island. The land, desolate and barren beyond words, presented itself as a series of marshy terraces, upheaved by discontinuous elevation from the sea-level. Mile after mile of this monotonous and lonely scenery is passed—rendered yet more weird by the gloomy skies characteristic of the region—before the little huts of the Cossacks and Aleuts who form the armed guard of the rookery appear in sight. Then the traveller gets out of his sledge and in another minute finds himself looking at one of the most astonishing sights that the world affords.

Before him, along the seashore, extending, as it seems, for an interminable distance, lies a densely packed and ceaselessly-moving crowd of animals, reminding him of some vast collection of human beings. The constant heaving motion which passes in waves over its surface recalls unpleasantly the appearance of a piece of carrion when swarming with maggots, and a dull hoarse roar, whose evenly-blended volume of sound is from time to time broken by the louder bellow of some old bull or the high-pitched *ba-a* of a pup hard by, greets the ear from tens of thousands of throats. Ceaseless activity is the leading feature of the scene. Closely-packed as are the multitudes of creatures, the mass of life is intersected here and there by paths where numbers of the "bachelors" are passing to and from the sea. In all directions are to be noticed

the bulls, each guarding his harem of wives in a space the size of a small room. The small black pups are sleeping by the side of their mothers, or joyously diving and plunging with their fellows in the surf. The variety and oddity of the attitudes assumed astonishes and amuses the spectator. Here is a pup curled up head to tail, like a dog; there another slowly fanning itself with its hind flipper. Others carry the flippers curled over the back like a tail, and in some again the head is thrown up in the oddest conceivable manner, as if their attention was solely concentrated upon a careful examination of the heavens. Such is a rookery—a swarm of perhaps a couple of hundred thousand restless animals, fighting, playing, scratching, fanning, bathing, and making love, and all to the accompaniment of a continuous concert of nearly as many voices, which can be compared to nothing so fitly as the noise which greets the ear at “the finish” on the Derby day.

The spectator, confused by the strangeness and interest of the sight, may remain for some little time without discovering that there is any definite arrangement in the apparent disorder before him. Such definite arrangement, however, exists, as might be expected, for most large communities in the animal world are ruled by some system. In this case it is based upon the curious fact that the young male seals are not permitted by their elders to enter the breeding-grounds until they are five years old, although they are actually adult before that time. The rookery is thus divided into districts with sharply-defined boundaries. Most important of all is that set apart as the breeding ground, the locality chosen being nearest the sea, and of such a nature as best suits the animals' taste. Flat, low-lying rocks and coarse beach seem to constitute the favorite ground, while sand is eschewed, according to the sealers, from its tendency to irritate the eyes. In close proximity to this ground, either at the sides or at the back, the *holluschicki* or bachelors establish themselves, in company with the young females of one and two years old. The seals of each district confine themselves to its limits. The bulls on the breeding-ground never wander from their posts, and the cows and pups only move to and from the sea. Should any daring *holluschuck* venture into the “married

quarters” he would probably not come out alive, although, as I have already stated, permission to pass through by certain paths is always afforded him in the case where the *holluschicki* ground is in rear. In addition to these two grounds there is usually another—a species of hospital which serves as a temporary refuge for the sick, or for the many who have been injured by fighting and other causes.

The foregoing rough sketch of the aspect and plan of a seal-rookery is necessary for the proper comprehension of the method by which it is peopled. Throughout the long and dreary winter the islands have either been frozen-in completely, or at least surrounded with heavy ice-pack. The shores are deserted. Of the tens—nay, hundreds of thousands of seals that swarmed there in the summer, not one is to be seen. All have gone south, and, threading the dangerous barrier of the Aleutian Islands, where their enemy, man, is forever on the watch for them should they be rash enough to “haul up,” have reached the warmer waters of the Pacific. But with the end of April comes a change. The rise of temperature, slight as it is, has not been without its effect upon the ice. Round the shores of the islands it has loosened. A week more, perhaps, and it has left them free.

We may now look for the first seal. Winter, it is true, has not yet given place to summer, and the snow has not changed to fog, but the animal is not one to be daunted by cold. The bulls are the first to make their appearance, the old and strong generally preceding their younger brethren, and these pioneers often remain for some time without addition to their numbers. But with the advent of the fogs the rest land in thousands, and at the end of May in the Prybilovskis, and perhaps a few days earlier in the Bering group, all—to use the technical term always employed—have “hailed up.”

It must not be supposed that all this has taken place either rapidly or quietly. Far from this being the case, the rookery has from the very first been the scene of ceaseless fighting—of fighting so fierce as frequently to result in the death of the combatants. The bull-seal on first landing is like a gold-miner on a new reef, and instantly busies himself in marking out the best “claim” that offers. He establishes himself upon a small area of ground a few

feet square, as near the sea as he can, and defends it against the attacks of his brethren who are either unprovided with a similar holding, or who prefer his selection to their own. Day after day this fighting continues, until at length, perhaps—worn out with these oft-repeated struggles—the creature has to yield his place to some fresh antagonist.

Upon this "might is right" principle the rookery is soon definitely parcelled out, but as yet no cows have appeared upon the scene. Their advent is delayed three weeks or more beyond that of their lords and masters, and it is probably mid-June before the tide of immigration has in their case reached its height. Their arrival is the signal for a renewal of the fighting. As each cow "hauls up" she is at once seized and appropriated by the nearest bull, who, after depositing her within his holding, turns his attention to the securing of the next arrival. Mere annexation does not necessarily mean possession, however, and a dozen or more pitched battles may be fought over some coveted fair one, until—appropriated time after time by some third party—she eventually finds herself far from her first owner. During these struggles the cows are sometimes seized by each of the combatants, and tugged so violently in opposite directions that the skin is torn in strips from their back and limbs.

In due course of time these difficulties become adjusted, the cows have all landed, and peace once more reigns in the rookery. If the breeding-ground be now examined it is at once evident why the bulls have striven to obtain the posts adjacent to the sea. Here those that have been fortunate enough or strong enough to hold their own are now seen lording it over a harem abundant in wives, while at the back and outskirts of the ground those who are weaker or younger are but ill provided. It is doubtful whether any more preposterous polygamist exists than the fur-seal. Mr. Elliott records an instance where one powerful old bull, scarred and gashed, and with one eye gouged out, watched jealously over no less than forty-five wives. This, of course, is exceptional. From twelve to twenty appears to be a good average for the best places, while on the remote holdings the juniors are lucky enough if they obtain one or two.

Almost immediately after her arrival

the cow gives birth to a single young one—the "pup" as it is termed. It is a singular fact that the period of gestation should be so prolonged in a creature which is of such small size, and attains maturity so quickly, but it is certain, both from the above and other facts, that it is as nearly as possible a year in duration. The pup is born with the eyes open, and is soon active enough—two points much in its favor in the midst of the crowded rookery and the ceaseless fighting around it. The mother is by no means devoted, leaving it to shift very much for itself. As far as can be made out, it is most curiously indifferent to food, those in charge of the rookery assuring me that it often went a day or more without suckling. If it be a male, this abstinence, as will presently be seen, serves him as a useful training for his future life.

Crowded as the rookery has been from the beginning, the birth of the pups has nearly doubled its population, and the scene is busier than ever. From a tolerably early period, when the cows have all ceased "hauling up," and the fighting has stopped, and when there can no longer be any doubt as to ownership, the bulls have permitted the members of their harem to go down to the sea to swim and feed. No such relaxation, unhappily for him, is possible for the head of the family. Should he leave his little holding to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he would find his household hearth cold upon his return. So long as he sticks to his post his neighbors will respect his presence and let his wives alone, but desertion, if only for a short time, leaves his home in the position of an empty claim, which—to pursue the mining simile—may be "jumped" by the first comer. And so, from the middle of May, or at latest from the beginning of June, until mid-August—a period of some twelve or thirteen weeks—the matrimonial responsibilities of the bull seal entail not only imprisonment within the limits of a few square feet of ground, but a fast so absolute and protracted as to put the efforts of the toughest Indian fakir to the blush. As may be imagined, this prolonged period of starvation is not without its effect upon the unhappy animal. Weak and emaciated, its body scarred with wounds, it regains the water in very different condition to that in which it first landed on the island.

In August, then, the "season," if I may so term it, is over. The bulls have gone down to the sea, to return no more, or at least only very occasionally, till the following year. All trace of organization in the rookery is now lost. The busy life still continues, and the numbers scarcely seem diminished, but the *holluschicki* roam where they please without let or hindrance, and the masses have become more discreet and scattered. The pups have nearly all learned to swim—an art which, curious to relate, appears in their case to be not natural, but acquired. Then comes autumn, a season short enough in these latitudes, and the numbers become thinned. With the first snow many take their departure, and by the end of October the majority are gone. After the 20th of November, I was told, scarcely one is to be seen, save here and there some late-born pup who has as yet not perfected himself in the art of swimming. It is a commonly received opinion among the Bering Island Aleuts that an early departure portends a severe winter, while on the other hand, if the animals remain beyond the usual time, a more open season will be experienced.

Both on land and in the water it is with the fore-limb that the seal progresses. When swimming, steering only is managed by the long hind-flippers, which bear a singularly close resemblance, both in texture and appearance, to a lady's long black-kid glove. The animals seem to take particular care of these appendages, either keeping them straight out at the side, or lifting them up in ridiculous manner when walking. The gait is awkward, making the creature appear as if partly paralyzed, a step or two being first taken with the fore-limb and the hind-quarters then approximated by an arching of the spine, the method of progression thus resembling that of a "geometer" caterpillar. Although slow, the seal can cover a good deal of ground, and is often found at some distance from the sea. He is, moreover, a very passable climber, ascending rocks and cliffs which those unaccustomed to his habits would deem quite beyond the range of his powers. All, adults and young, are very sensitive to atmospheric changes. Their ideal weather is certainly not ours. A cold, raw fog is most appreciated, and sun, warmth, and clear skies drive them at once into the sea.

There is probably not another instance

in the animal world in which the male differs so strikingly from the female as in the case of *Callorhinus*. Up to the age of three years they are alike in size, but after that period, while the female ceases to grow, the bull increases from year to year in size and fatness until he becomes gigantic. Thus, according to Mr. Elliott, the weight of a three-year-old male is about 90 pounds, and its length about four feet, but an old bull would weigh 600 pounds and measure seven feet. Enormous masses of fat load his chest and shoulders, and the increase in bulk renders him unwieldy and unable to get about like a *holluschack*. It is these old warriors, nevertheless, who get the best places in the rookery, where weight rather than agility wins the day. Taking the average weight of a female as 90 or 100 pounds, their consorts when arrived at full growth may be said to be just six times their size!

When the seal has reached its sixth year the fur it yields is much deteriorated in quality. Still older, it is practically worthless. The skin of the pup, on the other hand, not having reached its full size, has also not reached its full value. It is evident, then, since the slaughter of the cows would be manifestly an unwise proceeding, that the males between the ages of two and five years should alone be killed, if it be desired to keep the rookeries undiminished in numbers and to obtain the best commercial results. This system, with still further limitations, is that adopted. The *holluschack* has unconsciously lent himself to its furtherance. The playgrounds, being distinct and separate, not only permit of his being driven off comfortably to the slaughter without any difficulties of separation from others of different sex or age, but also obviate the necessity of disturbing the breeding-grounds, which are seldom penetrated even by the officials. When therefore a "drive" is resolved on, two or three natives run in between the *holluschicki* and the sea and herd them landward, an operation which with these slow-moving animals is easily effected. As many as it is desired to kill are then separated, and the march to the place of execution commences. It is fittingly funereal in pace, for, if over-driven, the animals not only die on the road, but the quality of the fur in the survivors is spoiled. Even at the rate of half a mile

an hour many are compelled to fall out of the ranks. No difficulty is experienced, and with a man or two on either flank and in rear, the seals are herded with far less trouble than a flock of sheep. In some instances the killing-grounds are at a considerable distance from the rookery, in others they are quite near. Strange to say, the proximity of thousands of putrefying carcases of their kind does not seem in any way to affect the survivors.

Arrived on the ground, the animals are left awhile to rest and get cool, and are then separated out in small batches to be killed. A staff between five and six feet in length, with a knob at the end, weighted with lead, is used in the operation. The animal is struck on the head, and a knife thrust into the chest penetrates the heart or great vessels, and causes rapid death. Upon the subject of cruelty in the slaughter and skinning of the fur-seals much unnecessary ink has recently been shed. Whatever exists is neither more nor less than is perpetrated by English butchers in the course of their daily avocations. The skin is removed at once, and the carcase left to rot where it lies. In this way enormous quantities of valuable oil are wasted. The animals killed are, without exception, males at the beginning of the third and fourth years.

The after-history of the skins it is not within the province of this paper to relate, for a description of the method of curing would alone fill many pages. It is enough to say that they leave the islands roughly salted and tied together in bundles, the Company's steamer calling twice yearly. The interest at present is centred in the living animal and not in the product—in the goose and not the golden eggs; and the life-history, as we have just studied it, of the animal now so largely attracting the world's attention is of no little importance in the question whether Bering's Sea shall or shall not be open to British and other foreign vessels. That sealing, as carried on by the poaching schooners, is a very paying trade there is no doubt whatever. Year by year the number of vessels thus engaged increases. It is not easy to obtain information, but probably not less than thirty fit out on the American seaboard, and about the same number on the Asiatic side. We know that over forty-thousand sealskins were landed on the American continent in 1890, and we can-

not estimate the "take" of the craft from Japan and China as much less than thirty thousand. This is almost equal to half the combined yield of the Komandorskis and the Prybilova. At this rate the fur-seal will at no very remote period in the future become as extinct as his former comrade the Rhytina. It cannot be denied that international interests, totally apart from any political question, demand that this danger shall be averted.

It has been stated, by those who hold a brief for the "illicit" schooners, that the seals breed at various places on the North American coast and its islands—a statement which, if true, would of course materially alter the aspect of the case. But though doubtless a good number of the animals stop to rest there and "haul-up," or a few even, from rarely-occurring causes, to give birth to a young one, these localities cannot for a moment, I think, be put forward as the real source of the schooners' cargoes. Zoology teaches us that the fur-seal is a gregarious animal, and it is in the immediate neighborhood of the vast breeding-grounds I have just described that the bulk of the skins is obtained. Although perhaps actual landing on a rookery is not so much practised as formerly, the dense sea-fogs render the three-mile limit a dead-letter. As a poacher's rabbit is "one as I just found dead in the hedge, sir," so the greater number of sealskins in a schooner's hold will be found on inquiry—of the captain—to have been killed on the broad bosom of the Pacific.

The question, as I have said, is one involving general interests, and does not merely affect the Company renting the islands, and the Government which obtains its £60,000 or £70,000 therefrom. The system of slaughter at present in vogue must be put a stop to. But a *mare clausum* is to England as a red rag; she will have none of it. Nor, indeed, can it be said that it would set the matter at rest; for it would not entirely do away with illicit sealing. One alternative at least remains—the establishment of a close time, to be recognized internationally, and enforced by cruisers of the various nations concerned in the preservation of this valuable animal. In the spring-migration northward, every adult female seal is heavy with young. From June till August the breeding season is at its height, while from the latter month till the end of October

the fur is in bad condition and of little value. Most of the animals taken by the schooners are shot or harpooned while swimming or lying asleep on the surface of the water, when it is impossible with certainty to ascertain the sex. Given these facts, the inference is obvious. A close season should be established from April until the end of October, during which time it should under no circumstances be permissible to kill seals except upon the rookeries. The animals would still remain *feræ naturæ*, and their capture during the

southern migration would be legal. But under these circumstances it is highly improbable that the illicit sealers would find the trade sufficiently remunerative to be undertaken. Of the slaughter of cows in young, males with useless pelts, and undersized pups we have had enough. By this means the question would be shifted from political to zoological grounds, and the recently-established and totally unjustifiable trade of the seal-poacher would be effectually, but legitimately ended.—*Murray's Magazine*.

A VISIT TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH LECKY.

WHEN St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order, went in search of a retreat, he could not have found a spot more suitable for a life of solitude and contemplation than the desert of the Chartreuse, in the mountains of Dauphiné. Tradition says that the place was marked out for him by a revelation. German by birth, St. Bruno belongs to France by his education and subsequent career. He was born of a noble family, at Cologne, in 1035, and was partly educated there; but he continued his studies at the school of Rheims, which was then celebrated, and distinguished himself so much that he was made Director of all the public schools in that town and Chancellor of the diocese.

He fought hard against the abuses in the Church during the tenure of the corrupt Archbishop Manassès the First, who deprived him, in consequence, of his post and his worldly goods, and drove him into exile. But the cause of justice triumphed in the end: the Archbishop was deposed for simony, and St. Bruno was thought of as his successor. Meanwhile he had determined to leave the world and enter the monastic life, and nothing could turn him from this resolution.

Learned, pious, large-hearted ("homo profundus cordis," says a contemporary), with a mature judgment, a complete mastery over himself, a serene and equable spirit, he was well fitted to become a leader of men; but he only learned by degrees what he was destined for. He began by going to the Benedictine monastery of Molesme, and lived in it for some time as

a monk. Not finding there, however, the solitude he wished for, he went to Grenoble to consult with the young bishop, Hugues de Chateaufort, who had once been his pupil at Rheims. At the moment Bruno and his six followers entered the town, in June 1084, Hugo dreamed that he saw seven stars fall at his feet, rise again to pursue their course through the mountains, till they stopped at a place called Chartreuse, or Chartreuse. Here angels built a house, and on the roof appeared the seven stars. The bishop was puzzled by the dream; but when he saw the seven travellers appear, and ask for his advice, he understood its meaning, and joyfully guided them himself through the mountains to the spot which God had shown him.

A chapel was erected; and in a short time arose the first monastery, built of wood, consisting of a large cloister, with cells opening out into it, a refectory, chapter-room, and a hostelry for strangers. Each cell was divided into a study and kitchen, a bedroom with oratory, and a workroom. This served as a model for all future monasteries of the Order. The bishop insured his friends the undisturbed possession of the Valley of the Chartreuse by giving up all his rights to it, and inducing others to do the same.

St. Bruno himself did not enjoy his retreat long. In 1090 he was called to Italy by Pope Urban the Second, his former pupil at Rheims. He reluctantly obeyed the summons. At the loss of the shepherd the sheep dispersed, but they came

back to their retreat within the year. Bruno himself never saw his beloved Chartreuse again—he died in a monastery which he had founded in Calabria.

Not fifty years after its foundation the first Chartreuse was destroyed by a terrible avalanche. The two chapels erected by St. Bruno were spared, and on their old foundations stand Notre Dame de Casalibus and the chapel of St. Bruno. When this calamity happened the question arose whether it would not be wiser to rebuild the monastery on a spot which was not exposed to such destruction, and Guigues, the head of the Order at that time, resolved to build it in the place where it now stands, and to leave the two chapels on the old site, as places of pilgrimage. But other calamities were reserved for the new monastery. No less than eight fires at different times reduced it to ashes; and, except one part of the cloister and the clock-tower (which date from the fourteenth century), the church (which has been frequently restored), the mortuary-chapel, and the Chapelle St. Louis, little remains of the building that is older than the end of the seventeenth century, when the last fire took place, and when it was finally rebuilt.

Two beautiful carriage-roads lead from Grenoble to the Grand Chartreuse. The one by St. Laurent du Pont is usually taken to go there; the other, by the Sappey, for the return. The road from St. Laurent du Pont to the Chartreuse was made in 1854–56. Before that time there existed only a path for pedestrians and mules, which the monks themselves had made in the fifteenth century. From the village of St. Laurent du Pont, called in the old days St. Laurent du Désert, the road ascends through a magnificent gorge, and the Chartreuse is reached in about two hours. A little beyond St. Laurent is Fourvoirie, where the monks, since the fourteenth century, have had stables and warehouses, and where they now distil their liqueur. Here a fort, La Jarjatte, made in 1715, defended the entrance to the desert, but it was demolished in 1856. The road first follows for some time the left bank of the Guiers-Mort, then crosses the Pont St. Bruno, and passes along the right bank. Gigantic rocks, partly covered with a luxurious vegetation, tower above it, while the torrent rushes and foams in the chasm below, which grows

deeper as the road ascends, till at last the eye plunges with a shudder into the wooded precipice. A huge pointed rock—the *pic de l'Aiguille*—surmounted with a cross, rises between the road and the stream. Here also once existed a fort, *l'Eillette*, constructed by the monks in the fifteenth century to defend the road they had just made; but it was also demolished in 1856.

An occasional traveller, a cart loaded with timber from the mountains, alone disturb this grand solitude. Leaving the stream, the road continues through the forest, and finally reaches an open space, where the buildings of the Chartreuse appear in sight, at the foot of a range of mountains, the highest of which is the Grand Som.

Those who look for the picturesque in architecture, or for treasures of art, need not go to the Grande Chartreuse—let them turn to the Certosa of Pavia. But the historical associations of eight centuries cast their own halo round the spot. From this parent institution the Carthusian convents over the whole world have been governed, for the prior of the Grande Chartreuse is the *père général*—the head of the whole Order.

On arrival, the gentlemen walk to the monastery, where they are received by one of the brothers and shown to their cells. These are in a building across the courtyard, and were formerly destined for the priors who came from the provinces to attend the general chapter; and the strangers have their meals in the refectories which were used by the same priors. The ladies go to a house a few steps to the left, which was once the infirmary, and are welcomed by a nun from the Convent of the *Sœurs de la Providence*, near Grenoble, who, with three lay sisters, spends the summer there to receive the female visitors. The small guests' rooms are much the same in both establishments, and are furnished, in the simplest fashion, with a bed, chair, wash-hand stand, *prie-dieu*, crucifix, and one or two religious prints. The ladies have, however, the advantage of being able to replenish the scanty water-supply at the fountain before the Infirmary, which, in the freshness of the early morning, in the midst of such surroundings, is peculiarly exhilarating.

It was a beautiful October evening when we arrived at the Grande Chartreuse. The

tourist season was drawing to a close, and only five ladies sat down to supper at the long, hospitable table, while the male visitors at the monastery numbered seven. Supper is prepared for all at the monastery; and it was excellent for those who do not mind the absence of meat, which the Carthusians never eat, and never serve to their guests. It consisted of soup, omelette, fish, beans, sweets, and a glass of Chartreuse at dessert. "The English ladies do not like our soup," said the kindly sister, diffidently handing a thick bread soup, and seemed pleased that for once it found favor.

The fathers do not allow their rest to be disturbed by the visitors, and as there was no opportunity of seeing the monastery in the evening, the gentlemen could find no better employment after supper than to visit their wives in the infirmary—for which permission is given, in one of the public rooms. One Frenchman, who had not the excuse of a wife, invented a cousinship for the occasion, and naturally claimed it, on arrival, with the youngest and prettiest. Thus a sociable, if not a monastic, evening was spent round the blazing fire till the hour of closing, nine o'clock, parted the company. The men are admitted to the night service in a gallery. Mass is said by the father-coadjutor, for the nuns and lady visitors, soon after six o'clock A.M., in the small chapel of Notre Dame de la Salette, which adjoins the monastery. It is well known that no women, except royal personages, are shown over the monastery, and they have to content themselves with descriptions and photographs. Before the French Revolution no woman was allowed to enter even the precincts of the desert, and royal benefactresses implored in vain to be buried with the saints.

The Grande Chartreuse consists of a large mass of irregular buildings, which, as they are surrounded by a wall, can only be seen well from a height. The most interesting room in it is the chapter-room, which contains the portraits of all the heads of the Order, beginning with St. Bruno, whose statue by Foyatier is over the chair where sits the *père général*. Many remarkable men from various countries have filled this place, and have steered the Order through times of difficulty. Below the portraits are painted scenes from the life of St. Bruno, copied from

the paintings of Lesueur, which are now in the Louvre. In the hall, called l'Alée des Cartes, there are curious representations of old Carthusian monasteries in various parts of Europe. Before the French Revolution the collection was almost a complete one, but there only remain about thirty of these paintings now. The library contains some twenty thousand volumes, and has been entirely collected in modern times. The fathers may freely borrow from it. From the earliest times, even when very poor, the Carthusians have had a good library, and have valued books as their most precious possessions. The books are called in the early statutes "the perennial food of souls," and they were placed under the care of the father-sacristan, who had also the care of the sacred vessels.*

During the fire of 1371 the general of the Order, mindful of the losses sustained on a former occasion, called out, "*Ad libros, ad libros*; leave everything else, my fathers, but save the books." Though they were saved this time, the library was almost completely destroyed by subsequent fires, and the valuable one collected by Dom Le Masson, after the fire of 1676, was scattered during the French Revolution. At this time also the archives of the monastery were for the most part lost. A few valuable manuscripts, with beautiful illuminations done by the Carthusians, found their way into the library at Grenoble, where they may now be seen in glass cases. In the old days the Carthusians employed themselves in transcribing manuscripts; and from transcribers they became printers as soon as printing was invented. They have had their own authors, but these wrote chiefly on monastic matters, and are little known to the world at large.

The cells of the fathers are built round the cloister. There are thirty-six of them, one of which is not tenanted, and is alone shown. They are divided, like the earliest cells, into various compartments. On each door is the initial letter of the inmate's name, and a text or other inscription in Latin bearing on the monastic life, such as "*Qui non reliquit omnia sua non potest esse discipulus tuus.*" Near the door is a little wicket, through which the father re-

* *La Grande Chartreuse, par un Chartreux*, from which much of my information is taken.

ceives his food or anything else he may want. On the ground floor he has a little *promenoir*, or gallery, for walking in bad weather; a small garden, which he cultivates himself; a room with tools for carpentering; and, next to it, the *bûcher*, or store-room for wood. A staircase leads to a bedroom, an adjoining small study with bookshelves, and a room which was once used as a kitchen when the father cooked part of his own food, a custom which was abolished as early as the thirteenth century on account of the time it wasted. In the room when he sleeps is a small dining-table, with wooden plate, spoon and fork; and the oratory, where he performs the offices with the same ceremonial as in the choir—taking off and putting on the cowl, standing, kneeling, and lying flat on the ground. A bell calls the fathers simultaneously to their private devotions, as well as to those in the church.

In the staircase stands a cross, in remembrance of the following old legend, told by a Carthusian writer of the fourteenth century. A novice of the Order complained much of the rules, and especially of having to wear the black cope of the novitiate. One day he dreamed that he saw Christ, laden with a heavy cross, trying with much difficulty to go up the staircase of his cell; whereupon the novice, moved with pity, helped to lift the cross, saying, "Lord, take it not amiss if I try to assist Thee; I cannot endure to see Thee in such trouble." But the Lord turned indignantly toward him, and made him desist, saying, "Dost thou presume to lift this heavy burden while thou art not willing to wear for My sake so light a thing as a cope?" and disappeared, leaving the novice overwhelmed with shame and repentance. Since then every cell has had a cross near its staircase. In the Middle Ages the cells were foundations endowed by benevolent people, and in return prayers were said for their souls. Three times a day the fathers leave their cells to go to the offices—the night service, high mass, and vespers.

Once a week they take a walk together, called *spaciement*, of about three hours and a half, within the limits of the desert, and during that time they may talk.

They are called together for their walk by the same bell that tolls for the funerals, and they assemble in the Chapelle des Morts, where they hear a few verses from

the *Imitation* read to them before they start. This chapel was built over the remains of the first disciples of St. Bruno, which were brought thither after the avalanche. Over the door there is a marble bust of Death, draping itself in a most pretentious way. This chapel is near the cemetery, where stone crosses with inscriptions mark the graves of the heads of the Order. The other tombs have merely wooden crosses over them, and are nameless. The Carthusians are not buried in coffins, but each monk is laid in the earth on a wooden plank.

On Sundays the fathers dine together in the refectory. They never speak there. Passages from the Scriptures, sermons or homilies, are chanted to them in Latin from a small tribune built in the wall, but they are allowed to have a colloquy between nones and vespers.

The discipline of the Carthusians is very rigorous, and the Order, therefore, never spread much among women. There are very few female Carthusian convents, and in these it was found necessary to relax somewhat the rules of silence and solitude, as they were too great a strain on the female constitution.

St. Bruno, though he lived the Carthusian life, did not formulate the rules himself. It was not till twenty-six years after his death that they were put into writing by Guignes, the fifth prior, under the name of *consuetudines*, or customs. They were, in fact, simply a record of customs that were followed, and that are still followed to this day. These rules all tend consistently to one end. "Contemplation" (says a Carthusian writer), or, in other words, to see, to love, and to praise God, "is the final end of the human soul in a future life. . . . To begin here on earth in an imperfect manner, or in the least imperfect manner possible, the life of contemplation which will be led in heaven is the object which the Carthusians propose to themselves." The solitude is intended to detach them from distracting objects, and to enable them to concentrate themselves: the silence is to make them hear the Voice of God, which is not in the storm: the mortifications and privations are to free their souls from everything that might clog them and interfere with the end in view.

The Carthusians are the only Order who are never allowed meat under any circum-

stances. The punishment for those who infringed the rule was at one time very severe—they were cut off from the order—but it was afterward mitigated. They have a great monastic fast, which lasts from the 14th of September to Easter; and during that time, with few exceptions, they only have one meal a day.

They are frequently interrupted in their sleep. The night service begins at 12 and lasts till 2, and they are waked again at 6 A.M., or sometimes at 5 A.M. The night services are very striking. But for the faint glimmer of a single oil lamp in the choir, and the lanterns which the fathers each bring with them, and which are sometimes put out during the service, the church is wrapped in darkness. Each stall is completely isolated by a partition. The Carthusians attach a special meaning to these services.

All the Carthusians agree (says one of them, quoted before) that this is their best moment. To sing the praises of God at the foot of the altar, in the silence and shadows of the night, when the world forgets God, and many offend Him, fills the soul with a joy and comfort which cannot be bought too dear, and the hours fly rapidly. The stranger from his gallery cannot form a clear idea of the office: not having a book in his hand, the meaning of the words escapes him, and the time must seem long to him. Not so with the Carthusian in his stall: he sings, and understands the mysterious meaning of the Psalms—that prophetic history of the Christian world, those divine hymns which, for thousands of years, the synagogue, and the Catholic Church after her, recite every day. He follows the numerous rites which have to be performed every moment; he seeks, finds, and applies to himself the Divine teaching that flows from the sacred text; and, finally, and above all, he addresses to God his homage, his praise, and his songs.

The singing of the Carthusians is of the utmost simplicity, and somewhat monotonous. They have no part-singing. They are not allowed any musical instruments, and it is considered waste of time to practise singing. The religious emotions excited through the senses by elaborate church music are wholly alien to their sober and simple piety. This is not the only link between the Carthusian and the Calvinist.

The dress of the fathers is entirely of white wool, white being a symbol of the resurrection of Christ. The use of linen is forbidden. Even their sheets are of cloth. The difficulty of cleanliness under these circumstances would be to many of

us the greatest of all mortifications, and it is comforting to hear what an old writer of the seventeenth century says about it:—

C'est une chose générale par tout l'Ordre que Dieu n'a point voulu que les moines de cet Ordre soient affligés et inquiétés de ces puantes bestiales, appelées punaises, et en a exempté toutes leurs cellules, desquelles autrement et difficilement ils se pourraient garantir, pour y avoir grande disposition, à cause qu'ils couchent vestus, n'usent point de linge, changent peu souvent d'habits, ont leurs cellules faites de bois par dedans, leurs lits fermés de bois au lieu de courtines,* et le fonâre (la pailasse) de leur lit qu'ils sont si peu curieux de changer qu'il y en a qui ne le changent pas en vingt ans une fois.

The Carthusians are a living example of the fact that asceticism is not injurious to health, for they reach a great age. Some of the Popes, from benevolent motives, have wished to soften their rules. Thus Urban the Fifth, himself a Benedictine, proposed to mitigate their severity in four points. He proposed, among other things, that they should be allowed to eat meat in case of illness or infirmity. But the Carthusians implored the Pope not to oblige them to depart from their ancient customs, arguing that for *their* Order it might have serious consequences; and the sole mitigation they were obliged to accept was to wear a hat out of doors.

One of the Popes at Avignon also offered to relax the rule of abstinence from meat in case of illness. This time the Carthusians sent as a protest a deputation of twenty-seven of their number, the youngest of whom was eighty, while the others varied between ninety, ninety three, and ninety-five. Such an appeal was more eloquent than words, and the Pope was convinced. The fathers show their earnestness and good sense by not admitting any one into their Order until they have very seriously tested his moral and physical fitness. Frequently after the trial the aspirant is refused, or retires of his own accord. Of all the ascetic Orders, the Carthusian is the most spiritual in the true sense of the word, and to maintain their lofty standard, as they have indisputably done for eight centuries, they have had to sift carefully. To impose asceticism where it would be too great a strain on human nature is to degrade rather than to elevate. "It is better," says Dom le Masson, "to

* They now have curtains.

set fire to a cell than to put in it a Carthusian without a vocation."

Sometimes the fathers have gone so far as to err on the safe side. It is told of one of the greatest generals of the Order, Dom Jean Pégon, that he was refused, when he first presented himself, on the ground that he seemed neither sufficiently robust nor instructed. But the father-general, touched by his disappointment, recommended him to try at another Chartreuse, where there was a want of men. He was accepted there, and thirty-eight years later he entered the Grande Chartreuse as its father-general. At his installation he preached on the text, "The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner."

The Carthusian vocation takes some by storm. There are various examples of it in the past, and we were told by a French lady on the spot of an instance in the present day: a young Prince de B——, who had suddenly, without apparent reason, left his regiment, to the regret of all his comrades, and had made himself a Carthusian.

If the candidate is accepted at all, he goes through a month's probation, at the end of which the fathers vote by ballot whether he is to be admitted as a novice. The novitiate lasts at least a year, and again a ballot is taken. The novice then makes his first profession in the chapter-room. Kneeling, he repeats the sixteenth Psalm, and when he comes to the words, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance," the father-general takes from him the black cope, and puts the large white Carthusian garment, called *cuculle*, over him.

Four years later the final solemn profession is made, during high mass, at the foot of the altar, where the *profès* lays down his written declaration, "signed, not with his name, but with a cross, for he is now dead to the world."

Besides the fathers there are two categories of lay brothers: the *frères convers*, who have taken vows, and the *frères donnés*, who are only bound by a civil contract, though they may in course of time, after a trial of eleven years, become *frères convers*. The former are dressed in white, like the fathers; they wear beards, and have their heads shaved. The *donnés* wear brown on week-days and white on Sundays. These all do the practical work

in and out of the house, and are responsible to the *père procureur*, who has charge of all temporal matters.

St. Hugh of Lincoln, of whom the Carthusians are justly proud, was once *procureur* of the Grande Chartreuse. In those days, and until the end of the seventeenth century, the *père procureur* lived with the *frères convers* in an establishment called La Correrie, on the road from the Grande Chartreuse to Grenoble by the Sappey—a kind of supplementary Chartreuse, where all the practical work was done, and where the servants of the priors who came to the general chapter received hospitality. It was destroyed by a fire in 1674, and partly rebuilt. During the French Revolution it fell into ruins, and the Carthusians have since turned it into a hospital for the sick poor of the neighborhood.

The Carthusians, owing to their own exertions, once had large possessions. They turned part of the desert into arable, and part of it into pasture land, and they kept large flocks and herds. Pope Innocent the Fourth allowed them as many as sixty cows. Their iron-foundries were famous throughout Dauphiné on account of the excellent work they produced. They manufactured their own cloth, they had their own printing-presses.

During the French Revolution they were, like all the other Orders, driven away, their property was confiscated, and though they were allowed to re-enter their monastery at the Restoration, they own the desert no longer, but pay a small rent to the State. It is said they make a large income from their liqueur; and this they put to the best use, for their charity is proverbial throughout the country, though by no means of the mischievous kind—that is, indiscriminate.

They have founded schools, churches, hospitals. Wherever there is a disaster in Dauphiné they assist liberally. At Currière, above the Pont St. Bruno, they have a school for the deaf and dumb, and, inconsistent as it may seem, they are teaching the dumb to speak.

It would be impossible, in a short space, to go through all the remarkable names connected with the Grande Chartreuse. St. Bernard was one of its earliest visitors, in the days of the first monastery. Petrarch, whose brother Gerard was a Carthusian, visited him there in 1352, and afterward wrote that, instead of finding

only one brother, as he expected, he had met one in every member of the community. Dom Gerard Petrarca distinguished himself by his piety and devotion during the Black Death, to which no less than 900 Carthusians fell victims. Riche-lieu's eldest brother, who became cardinal and great almoner of France, once filled the office of assistant sacristan; he remained twenty years in the Order, and always regretted his cell. His portrait, which hangs in one of the passages, strikes the visitors by its likeness to the great Cardinal. Rousseau and Chateaubriand both visited the Grande Chartreuse. Unfortunately, the Visitors' Book, in which Rousseau wrote "J'ai trouvé ici des plantes rares, et des vertus plus rares encore," has been defaced by the modern tourist with profane remarks, and is now no longer presented, and the guests are asked for their cards instead.

It has sometimes been made a reproach to the Carthusians that, unlike other Orders, such as the Benedictine, they have exercised no influence over the intellectual world; but if they have not educated mankind, they have at least educated themselves. They have practised the gospel of silence for 800 years, and, according to all ecclesiastical historians, they have always led irreproachable lives. Their Order has never required reform. "Car-tusia nunquam reformata quia nunquam deformata." In this matter-of-fact century, with its universal craving for material prosperity, its refinement of material comforts and luxury, where the spiritual life too often stagnates, it is refreshing to breathe, if but for a few hours, that rarefied spiritual atmosphere where the ideal alone is real, and where all Christian creeds may meet.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE DEMAS INVITATION TO ABANDON GOLD FOR SILVER IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, F.R.S.

BUNYAN tells us, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that when Christian and Hopeful were nearing the Golden City, the streets of which were paved with gold, they met a person called Demas. The dialogue is as follows:—

"Demas (gentleman-like) called: 'Ho! Turn aside from the Golden City, and I will show you a thing.'

"Christian: 'What thing is so deserving as to turn us out of the way? . . . Is not the place dangerous?'

"Demas: 'Not very dangerous except to those that are careless;' but withal he blushed as he said it."

Now Demas belonged, as he tells us, to a "silver fraternity," which he wished Christian and Hopeful to join, but they, seeing that the silver mine was surrounded with precipices, would not leave the way to the Golden City. They saw "By-ends and his companions" coming along, and looking with greed to the "Hill of Filthy Lucre," so it was clear that Demas would entice them out of the straight path. It came about that, at the first hail, they passed over to Demas, who led them to the silver mine. "But whether they fell into the pit, or whether they went down

to dig, or whether they were smothered at the bottom, I am not certain, but this I observed, they were never seen again in the way to the Golden City."

So Christian trounces Demas for his devilish prank, and tells him "that his father was hanged as a traitor, and that he deserves no better reward."

I leave the allegory to the consideration of my bimetallic friends who would like to reside in the City of Gold, but who also wish to sojourn among "the silver fraternity;" and now proceed to describe the extraordinary proposals which Demas has made to the intelligent inhabitants of the United States.

The proposals, now under consideration, may be divided into those which are fairly debatable and those which are entirely irrational. To the first class I will give fair consideration during the course of this article. The second class requires only to be stated to bring their own refutation.

The debatable proposals are the Bland Act of 1878, and its extension by the Silver Act of last year. The Bland Bill was originally a free coinage measure, but it

was changed by Senator Allison into the obligation to coin 24,000,000 silver dollars yearly, with the permission to extend it to \$48,000,000. The Treasury never went beyond the minimum. The new Silver Act extended the obligation to 4,500,000 ounces of silver monthly, equivalent to above \$60,000,000 annually. I postpone consideration of the working of these Acts, and of the proposal to establish free coinage of silver.

The irrational proposals come chiefly from some of the many "Farmers' Alliances." They feel the pinch of high protective tariffs, without quite recognizing them as the main cause of the state of agricultural depression. Their objects are diverse, though all are united in desiring free coinage for silver, while most of them demand "soft money" in addition. The Southern Farmers' Alliance seem to have joined with the "Knights of Labor" to form a National Union, of which Colonel Polk is president. This is how he describes their prospects: "We have become thinkers. We have scratched away all the rubbish of the negro question, of the bloody shirt, of the tariff, of the Federal control of elections, and have at last got down to hard pan!"

So far as it is intelligible the programme seeks to establish the free coinage of dollars, or the issue of paper dollars, without delay, to the extent of \$50 per head of the population—the present currency of all kinds being about \$24 per head. This modest proposal means the issue of 620,000,000 sterling of ordinary currency. Banks are to be replaced by Government sub-treasuries, which are to build storehouses for produce and lend money at 2 per cent on land and produce. At the Convention constituting the Union, labor-saving machinery was denounced, and especially electricity—"which has cornered God's wrath to do the bidding of capitalists in their greed for wealth." These views, though crude and foolish, cannot be treated with contempt, for the Farmers' Alliances throughout the country have enrolled about 4,000,000 members. As the last Presidential election had only 11,000,000 votes, it is obvious that these alliances will be a powerful political factor in the next election, and that both the Republican and Democratic parties will bid for their votes.

Another irrational proposal comes from

the Alliance at Kansas, and is sent as a Bill to the Senate. Congress is denounced for having monetized gold, and we are told that money is based on force, but that the only true money is "a thought of legal tender power stamped on any material by a nation."

The "thought" must not be stamped on precious metals, but upon "full legal tender silk-threaded greenbacks, which must be engraved in the highest style of art and used until interest falls into *silent disuse*." The Kansas Bill kindly allows the imprinted "thought" on the greenback to be changed into gold or silver for two years, but after that date any Secretary of the Treasury is to be imprisoned for life if he issue any more coin. A Californian Senator desires 100,000,000 of these greenbacks to be issued at 2 per cent., in sums of \$500 and upward, on the security of one half the assessed value of the land, but he forgets that interest is to fall "into *silent disuse*."

The political education of the masses must be at a low ebb when such wild-cat projects are even conceivable, and it is a serious duty of intelligent Americans to undertake an educational campaign upon currency questions. They have lately done this with excellent effect in regard to the tariff.

One idea runs through both the silver currency advocates and the *fiat* money inflators, that industrial prosperity, meaning high prices and high wages, depends on the volume of currency in circulation. There is no evidence in favor of this view in any country, and certainly not in the United States. In the ten years from 1879 to 1889 the population increased about 30 per cent., while the coin and paper in active use among the people augmented 87 per cent. During most of this period there was a large and general decline in prices, though the increased money in circulation was nearly thrice the growth of the people. During that time the price of silver fell like that of other commodities, but it remained at the legal ratio with gold in domestic use, because there was abundance of the nobler metal to back it. If we go further back, to 1860, and examine the thirty years which have since elapsed, we find that in the first year the money in circulation was only \$14 per head, while its maximum of \$33 occurred in 1865, the period of war; since then it

has varied from \$22 to \$27, the amount in 1890 being \$24. No relation of the currency to prices or to wages can be discovered during this long period; that is, no quantitative connection is apparent. The same amount of money per head is found in years of high and of low prices. There is nothing whatever to indicate that the plethora of the circulating medium produces high prices, or that deficiency produces low prices. We might compare England and the United States in this respect. The industry of this country has increased largely between 1879 and 1889. The foreign trade augmented 21 per cent., and that indicated by the Clearing House by 57 per cent. But the money circulation, as shown by the net export of gold and the lessened note issue, had decreased 13,000,000 sterling. In the United States, during the same period, the money circulation, which was only \$800,000,000 in 1879, had become \$1,498,000,000 in 1889, and yet there was less financial stability there than in England. What does affect prices, undoubtedly, is the low or high state of credit in a nation. The credit currency of banks is much influenced by the national and banking reserves of the precious metals. Bullion is both a purchasing and a paying power, while credit is a purchasing power, and a paying one when people have faith that checks and bills are supported by gold in reserve. The more commercial and the more intelligent a nation is the less is there of actual money in circulation proportionally to the business transacted, and the greater is the reliance on banking credit. A good check for £5000 is a much more convenient form of payment than 1 cwt. of gold or 16 cwt. of silver. The wild-cat currency proposed by the Farmers' Alliance and Knights of Labor is based, with a dim perception, on the effect which credit produces on prices, but they fail to see that there would be no credit at all unless there was behind it a backing of gold or of silver with an honest value. The check on a bank issued by an individual or the note issued by a nation rests equally on the ability to pay in standard money. The \$1000 note of the United States can be exchanged at will for \$1000 of gold; but the \$1000 note of the Argentine Republic will now obtain less than half that amount of gold. Coined money is coined credit because long experience shows that, with a small amount

of variability, especially in relation to gold, the same payment will obtain any particular service. The banking system of the United States is not nearly so advanced as it is in England, but Mr. Atkinson estimates that its paper credits are from fifty to a hundred times the amount of money in circulation, including gold, silver, and national notes.

The farmers feel that they are heavily taxed to support a protective tariff, and they sigh for relief, but they look for it in the wrong way. They have a surplus of crops amounting to 12 per cent of their produce to export, and they find that the prices for food are governed by the quotations at Mark Lane, and, in regard to cotton, by the mart in Liverpool. Nations interchange commodities in payment, using gold only to settle the balances of exchange. England is not going to pay American farmers gold for their produce if it is to receive in return for its goods either silver at a fictitious value, or, still worse, "the thought of legal tender power imprinted in the highest style of art on greenbacks with silk threads." England, in such a case, would buy food from nations willing to take her goods in exchange, and containing only a small percentage of currency lunatics.

This leads us to inquire what is likely to be the effect of the changes recently made in the interests of the silver fraternity, and of those which are likely to be made in the same direction by the present Congress or the new one which begins next March. There are two questions: first, the probable effect of the present law which limits the amount of silver to be purchased, and, second, the effects likely to follow a new law for the free coinage of silver to all who take it to the Mint.

Bland's Act and the present Silver Act practically mean the same thing, except as to the quantity of silver bought. Under the Bland Act 2,000,000 oz. were purchased each month; under the new Act 4,500,000 oz must be bought, though after July they need not be coined, the silver being represented in circulation by certificates. At present these, though not lawful tender, as well as the paper dollars, which are so, are at par with gold, in the ratio of one to sixteen, because the Treasury has ample gold to redeem them, and, even when not under obligation, is willing to exchange the silver equivalent for gold.

How long will this par be maintained? The Act has not been successful in keeping up the price of silver to the par value, which is 59*d.* (accurately 58.98*d.*) per ounce. A few months ago the increased demand under the new Act raised the price to 54*d.*, and the silver men rejoiced that it was on the high road to par. But its price fell to 47*d.*, and in dismay they clamored for a new Act to compel the Government to buy all the excess of silver in the market, amounting to 6,000,000 oz. or 7,000,000 oz. In the second place, we have to consider whether the country can continue to absorb the \$60,000,000 of silver or its representative notes which must be issued annually. There is a void to be filled by the withdrawal of bank-notes, which are no longer profitable for issue, and these amount to about \$80,000,000 or \$90,000,000, though a portion of this sum is already provided for. For a year or two this hiatus may keep up the par. The growth of the country, by the experience of the past, seems only to require an increase of from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 silver dollars for retail transactions, so that in time the Treasury would have to hoard annually from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 of silver, because it could not put it into circulation. This occurred in 1886, when the hoarding of silver notes by the Treasury reached 90,000,000. This hoard vanished under the prosperity of recent times. Although no immediate evil is likely to ensue, it is obvious that even the present Act must in a few years lead to a premium on gold, and most probably to the reduction of the United States to the lower commercial rank of a nation with a silver standard. Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, sees this clearly enough, for he said, in April last: "This nation will step down from its present proud position, and take its place on the financial basis of China, India, and South America." Already gold is disappearing, though probably it is not leaving the country but is being hoarded by bankers in anticipation of a crisis not yet imminent under the present Silver Act, but which would inevitably arrive, like a cataclysm, when the Congress passes a law for free coinage of silver.

Free coinage of silver, which, by present appearance, seems likely to become law of the United States during the present year, means that any one can take silver to be

coined at the mints, and that *either* 254 gr. of gold *or* 412½ gr. of silver shall constitute a dollar of legal tender. Of course, such a law could only be enforced for domestic use, because the moment the silver dollar is used for international exchange it becomes a commodity at market price, representing at present prices, 81½ cents to the stranger and 100 cents to the American. According to the Gresham law, which is invariable in its action, the depreciated metal will drive gold out of circulation except at a premium. The practical demonetization of gold, now amounting to \$689,000,000, must produce serious effects. If the United States is forced to adopt a silver standard, all debts contracted in gold would at one fell swoop be converted into silver debts, and the capital and interest would fall by the difference between the nominal and real value of the silver dollar as expressed in terms of gold. At present that is about 18 per cent., but a few years ago it was as much as 30 per cent. This is the reason that the Farmers' Alliances have joined the silver fraternities. They look with hope to the time when their mortgages will be cut down to silver value. British interests will be deeply affected by the change, because there is so much of our gold invested in American securities. It is highly probable, when capitalists realize that the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the President will really agree upon a measure of free coinage, that there will be a rush for foreclosure of debts on the existing gold basis, and that a serious panic will result.

The answer to these fears given by the free coinage party is that the country can absorb all the silver offered for conversion into coin, and that it will still remain on a par with gold. But we have already seen that the accumulation of a small surplus of silver, only amounting to one month and a half of Government purchase, has knocked down the price of silver by 18 per cent. from the maximum. Let us see how the facts stand.

On account of the new improvements in the production of silver in Colorado, Montana, and Idaho, the cost of production has been reduced to about 30*d.* per ounce. Colorado produced between 5,000,000 oz. and 6,000,000 oz. in 1878, and Montana less than half that quantity, but each of them now produces about 20,000,000 oz.

annually. The product of the whole world in twelve years, 1878 to 1889, has increased from 73,476,000 oz. to 126,000,000 oz., or has augmented by 72 per cent. Under this increase of supply beyond the demand the price of silver in the open market has fallen. The gold value of the silver dollar still remains at the legal ratio because the public know that the Treasury is able and willing to exchange it for gold. With a free coinage of silver this confidence would be rudely shaken, because gold would disappear by hoarding and exportation, and in the face of a largely increasing production of silver its gold value must ultimately fall still further. Hitherto the effect of the Act has been rather to produce contraction than inflation, resting as it practically does on a gold basis. The gold foundation will necessarily dwindle away under the friction of a free coinage of silver, and then silver currency will be, like inconvertible paper, a *fiat* money domestically, though a mere commodity internationally. The desire of the United States to be a self-contained nation deludes it into the belief that it can support itself financially without international links with other civilized countries. The fact that it produces both gold and silver within its borders has tempted it to take a double standard with a legal ratio. But even the present Act, which fixes a limited amount of silver issue, cannot be supported by native silver alone, and certainly not by native gold. The native produce of gold in 1889 was valued at \$32,817,000, and of these \$16,697,000 were used in the arts and not in coinage. The import of gold in that year was \$12,061,520, but the export amounted to \$50,948,273. So that, as a net result, the United States *lost* \$22,766,753 in gold. With silver it is different, for the native product in 1889 was 50,000,000 oz., equivalent to \$64,646,464, and if imported silver be added, to \$73,412,464. This would be ample for the silver coinage under the new Act. But the exigencies of trade required the use of \$8,766,000 of silver for the arts, and for exportation \$40,730,014 more were removed, so that the net gain of silver was only \$23,195,332 in value.

Still, there will be no lack of silver for coinage as long as 50*d.* in the silver dollar is exchangeable for 59*d.* in the gold dollar. Mexico alone, on the borders of the United States, has a silver produce valued at \$41,000,000. How soon the gold will disappear from the country, or from circulation, so that the double standard must be reduced to one of silver, will be an interesting subject of experience. The bimetalists in England no doubt see this clearly enough, but they base their hopes of the continuance of a double standard on the belief that all European countries will come to a common agreement of a fixed legal ratio between gold and silver. Until the United States have more fixed ideas as to currency this event is not likely to be realized. Last spring the English Bimetallic League trumpeted loudly their joy when they saw the price of silver rising under the new demand of the United States for a silver currency. True, they did not see the prices of commodities rising as they anticipated, and they were struck dumb when the price of silver again fell. But the League has, within the last few weeks, issued a new manifesto, though the fanfare on this occasion is like the sound of penny trumpets as compared with the brazen clang of last year. The new manifesto says: "This Act is undoubtedly a valuable and substantial step toward the utilization of silver as money. It does not, however, establish an open mintage of silver." The chances are that the latter desire will soon be accomplished, and the experiment will be a valuable one for Europe, even if it lead to a commercial panic. Bagehot was right when he said that the astounding experiments of American legislation were important in their failures because they established the stable truths of political economy. As a believer that the gold standard of England is necessary for its position as the great financial centre of the world, I hope that we may keep in the straight path without being tempted by the invitations of Demas, in the form of the Bimetallic League, to abandon the strong citadel of gold in order to join "the silver fraternity."—*New Review*.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR NOVA SCOTIA.

In Great Britain, and in several of the larger colonies, the subject of Imperial Federation has been somewhat discussed of late. A central league has been formed at London with eminent men filling the chair in succession, and with a very formidable list of dignitaries from the four quarters of the globe as vice-presidents and members of council. Several league meetings have been held. Branch leagues have been formed in Canada, Australia, and other colonies. An official organ has been established, and the movement may be said to have a *locus standi*. In such a matter the ultimate question is the important one. It is not of much consequence whether the leading statesmen of the day recognize the movement or ignore it. The vital point is—does the project rest upon a sound basis? Does it offer a wise solution of the colonial question, which is a larger and more important one than the average Englishman is inclined to believe? If it does, then it will steadily grow in importance until the politicians will have to take it up. If it is impracticable, and surrounded by hopeless difficulties, then, of course, it will collapse, and the very worthy gentlemen who are now giving it their patronage and support will quietly drop it.

The difficulty at the outset is want of understanding on the question. The people of the British Islands are very apt to look upon it as a matter of privilege to admit colonists to a coequal position in the control of the empire; and the people of the larger and more important colonies look upon it as a matter of considerable merit on their part that they should give up any part of their absolute freedom of action in order to throw in their lot with the empire, and that they should voluntarily resign the position of freedom from any expense in connection with the army and navy in order to assume a share of the burden. In this way the imperial federationist of Great Britain has one idea and one set of difficulties in his mind, while the colonial imperial federationist has another idea and a different set of difficulties in his mind. Under such circumstances, it is an act of superior wisdom

on the part of the active promoters of federation to resist strenuously any attempt to define in words or phrases the precise meaning of the movement.

The largest and most important of Great Britain's Colonial possessions is the Dominion of Canada. It has an area of over three and a half millions of square miles. It has a population of at least five millions and is rapidly growing. It has large cities and rising towns. Its trade is expanding and its wealth accumulating. It has two of the greatest railway lines in the world. Canada cannot be charged at home or abroad with lack of national enterprise. She has incurred a debt of hundreds of millions to secure a national highway from ocean to ocean. She has not feared to offer enormous subsidies to fast steamers to extend her trade with the world. She stands ready to contribute to ocean cables when they can be shown to be necessary for the purposes of her progress. She has invested tens of millions in the construction of canals. Indeed, in the willingness of the Government to embark the resources of the country to any extent in overcoming the difficulties which her vast area and geographical location impose, Canada has gone far ahead of her great neighbor, the United States. With a vast North-West already opened up by railway, containing fertile land without limit, the prospects for the future are most promising.

In such a country, where wealth is being rapidly accumulated, not, indeed, by any spasmodic influences, such as the striking of oil or the finding of gold, but by the steady progress of trade and industries, naturally a strong national sentiment must be developed. "Canada for the Canadians" is an expression often heard in the country. Bright young men, fresh from the University or just admitted to the bar, are full of a sense of national life. Everything is to be done and suffered for Canada and for the progress and well-being of the country. Overshadowing all this is a feeling of loyalty to the Empire. It is our empire and its sovereign is our Queen. A desire to see the honor of the Empire maintained, its rights respected

everywhere, and its mission of civilization and enlightenment perpetuated, is almost universal throughout the whole of the wide Dominion. Nevertheless, as time advances, and as Canada assumes larger proportions, and achieves greater wealth and power, it is not unreasonable to believe that the period will be reached when her sons will begin to think of Canada as Canada and not as a mere dependency, and when it will be an ambition among her people in travelling over the world to make the name of Canada recognized and respected by all persons. This is surely what might be expected of such a body of men, mostly of British origin. National pride is even a deeper impulse than political allegiance. There is nothing inconsistent with true loyalty in the inevitable yearnings for a national life which must arise in a country of the proportions and possibilities of Canada.

These suggestions only serve to open up the whole Colonial question as it confronts the more enlightened of British statesmen, and will presently confront the most stolid and practical public men. Great Britain has founded many colonies within the past two or three centuries, and the nation is soon to be confronted with the question, What is to be the outcome of all this? It will be admitted that the most important movement in the way of colonization took place in the direction of North America. The discovery of the New World, the exaggerated conceptions formed concerning its mineral wealth, the beauty of its scenery, the advantages of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the tempting field it presented for adventure and speculation, led to the development of most important colonies in North America. When the crisis occurred in 1775 the North American colonies were the only ones under the protectorate of Great Britain which could be thought of as capable of forming national aspirations. The issue in relation to this first great colonial possession is not reassuring, for the very moment the people were able to stand alone they threw off their allegiance and set up for themselves. Nevertheless it would not be accurate to conclude that this will take place in all cases hereafter. The loss of the American colonies a hundred years ago was due to unwise British policy, and the lesson has not been lost.

Since 1783, however, the other British colonies have been gradually developing and assuming proportions which raise the question of national life. Canada stands first. She has nearly double the population of the thirteen colonies that rebelled in 1776, and vastly more than double the wealth and resources. She has undertaken the responsibility of federation, and all parts of British North America (except Newfoundland) are under one central government. Australia is moving rapidly forward and will soon have the numbers, wealth, and strength, to look about her seriously and ask, What of the future? In time South Africa, as the British population increases, will be reaching the same crucial point. It is not amiss, therefore, for British statesmen to watch the drift of events in these large English communities, and it is equally proper that Colonial statesmen should be earnestly grappling with the same problems. Not, indeed, that there is any occasion for precipitancy of action, but that all incidents should be carefully studied and no accidents happen, no blunders occur, from the fruitful cause of ignorance.

One or two axioms may be stated at the outset, and, though axioms of the simplest character, the mass of men are unaccountably slow in recognizing them. The first is that countries like Canada cannot always remain *Colonies*. The mass of the Canadian people have certainly never absorbed this idea, and the mass of the British people have never stopped to consider the matter at all. But it is surely a pregnant subject for consideration, for there is deduced another question of great import, namely, If Canada and Australia cease to be British Colonies, what will they be? It would be surprising if a British statesman had no interest in such a question. A Colonial statesman most undoubtedly has. It is these plain and obvious considerations which have led to the Imperial Federation movement. It is an attempt to solve the problem by means of a closer union of all the scattered areas which owe allegiance to the British Crown—bringing together all into a common partnership, sharing the responsibilities and dangers of the Empire, and participating in its glories. Such is its aim, and it is the proper time to consider its advantages, if any, and the difficulties which are inevitable. Can it be done? Should

it be done? Is it for the common interest that it should be done?

Since Canada is the first and most important of the British Colonial possessions, it may be well to consider how the matter stands in relation to this particular country. It does not follow that the example of Canada will be adopted by all the other Colonies, but Canada's action, and the reasons which will influence it, are likely to have their weight all along the line. It is too early to form definite opinions or to make dogmatic statements. The most that can be done is to honestly look over the field and throw the utmost light upon the present situation, and thus open the way for intelligent deductions for the future.

There is probably no country in the world occupying a more anomalous position than Canada, and this is beginning to impress itself upon people generally. A country of national proportions, with an assured future, independent in its government—as independent, to all intents and purposes, as Great Britain itself—and yet a colony, a dependency unable to be recognized by, or treat with, any nation, not excepting her only neighbor, the United States. Such a condition of things obviously cannot last forever—indeed, is not likely to last much longer. A portion of the Canadian people, chiefly the more intelligent and advanced thinkers, believe that the present position of the country is humiliating, and do not hesitate to say so, and give their reasons for it. They say that Canada ought not to accept all the advantages of the Empire without paying her share of the cost. But these do not represent the major part of the population. Notwithstanding that some Imperial Federation leagues have been formed in Canada, and some public discussions taken place in regard to our relations to the Empire, and many articles have appeared in the periodical publications, and even the daily papers, on the future of the country, the fact remains that the great majority of the people are still in favor of the *status quo*, and would be inclined to regard as radical and dangerous any suggestions in the way of change.

At first this would appear strange. The most natural thing in the world is to expect that the people of a country which had reached the position achieved by

Canada would be turning their gravest attention to the problem of their future position and destiny. But a second thought will furnish many reasons why there should be no desire to disturb existing conditions. The present position of the Canadian people is essentially satisfactory. They enjoy the full advantages of British institutions and constitutional government. The will of the people is supreme in the legislature and executive. Every man lives in peace under wise laws. The commerce of Canada traverses the sea under the protection of a flag the whole world is accustomed to respect. In every trading town in the two hemispheres the Canadian merchant finds a British consul to protect his interests and take care of the humblest seaman. And he cannot but reflect that he is not called upon to contribute one dollar toward the payment of the salary of this official. His ships ride the ocean in security by virtue of a navy which it does not cost him a penny to maintain. Every cottager feels that no foreign foe will ever dare to set his foot upon one inch of Canadian soil, because it is made sacred by the force of British arms, which, while thus casting the halo of its protection over the whole land, has the unspeakable merit of not costing him one farthing for its maintenance. Altogether, the colonial position is so comfortable that ordinary colonists may be pardoned if they do not agitate their souls over the future so long as the present is made secure. At the same time it must be kept in mind that while Canadians derive great and palpable benefits from British connection, these in reality cost Great Britain very little. The military and naval power which throws its protecting shield over the colonies would be essential to maintain the prestige and secure the autonomy of the Empire if no colonies existed. A regiment of soldiers and a few artillerymen and engineers are stationed at Halifax, but it costs no more to support them there than at home. A few warships ride in the harbor of Halifax every summer, but they would cost no less if kept at Portsmouth. The staff of ambassadors and consuls would have to be maintained in any case. Therefore, the fact that the colonies derive certain advantages from British connection, for which they pay nothing, does not offer any sound reason for abandoning the

colonial system. It is not very costly, especially in the case of the larger and more important of them.

It would be doing great injustice, however, to the public spirit of the Canadian people to suppose that they will always be content to enjoy the benefits of British connection without sharing its burdens and responsibilities. It would be doing equal injustice to suppose that they will always be content with an exclusion from the full privileges of British citizenship. The two ideas must always be blended. The very moment the Canadian people assume a share of the responsibility of Britain's foreign policy they will claim a voice in shaping it. If they are to be affected by commercial treaties they will have a hand in framing them. If they are to be subject to the consequences of a foreign war they will demand to be heard in deciding the question of peace or war. If they are to pay the expenses of diplomacy they must have a share in directing it, and a portion of the honors and emoluments. In a word, if they give up the comfortable position they now enjoy, they will do it for the superior powers they will exercise—for the larger field that will be opened for the display of their talents, and the superior citizenship which is involved in equality rather than in dependence.

This is the standpoint from which the Canadian Imperial Federationist looks at the question, and the most loyal and enthusiastic would spurn the idea of accepting any other position than that of absolute equality in any scheme for Federation which may be devised. Here is a difficulty at the very threshold of the discussion. There are not a few people in the British Islands with innate prejudices against admitting a large body of men from the various colonies to the Imperial House of Commons, and at the same time entrusting some of the executive departments of the State to Ministers coming from across the sea, and representing interests not exclusively insular. The temporary expedient of creating a powerless advisory council at London may be attempted, but it will not be Imperial Federation. It will not permanently settle the problem of the future of the colonies; it will not satisfy the aspirations of great and growing communities; it will not fulfil the yearnings for national life.

It must be kept in mind that each large

colony will consider this question of its future from its own standpoint, and this may lead to vast differences in both motive and object. Note the wide difference between the geographical position of Australia and that of Canada. The former is surrounded, in the main, by foreign and unenlightened peoples. Its neighbors, if it may be properly said to have any, are not those with whom it would be possible to affiliate. Its chief connection with the great English-speaking world is through London. Its chief defence against attack from without is the British navy and the prestige it carries. And yet in Australia we hear the note of independence not unfrequently. The case of Canada would point still more strongly in the direction of independence. She is not surrounded by savage nations. She has upon her borders the greatest English-speaking community the world has ever seen—a nation which has to-day a population of over sixty millions, but which will have in a few decades a population close upon two hundred millions—a nation with inexhaustible resources and enormous wealth—a nation which could create a navy greater than any yet afloat in a few years, without noticing the expense or borrowing a dollar. It can be easily seen that while London is at present the centre of the English-speaking world, yet Canada could keep up her connection with the world and the race very fully by means of alliances on her own continent. For her defence from foreign invasion she looks now to British arms; but, if she chose to dispense with her British connections, she could easily ensure security by simply allying her fortunes with her great neighbor, which is an alternative not available to either the people of Australia or of South Africa. Enough has been said to show that a line of policy which might suit the conditions of one colony would be entirely inapplicable in the case of another, and this leads to the conclusion that it would be difficult to formulate any scheme of Imperial union which would suit all interests. Such a proposal, if indeed it ever takes practical shape, must address itself to each colony in turn, and this obviously adds enormously to the difficulties of the whole scheme.

It is but just to say that though Canada has the alternative of accepting an alliance with the United States, this has

never had any appreciable effect upon the loyalty of the Canadian people. It is likely that there is as much genuine regard for the interests of the Empire in Canada to-day as in Australia, and as warm a desire to promote the common glory. No Canadian public man has had occasion within the memory of the present generation to suggest the alternative as a result of any friction with the Colonial Office. But, in thinking of the future, the Canadian cannot ignore the fact that a political alliance with the rest of the continent is one of the solutions open to him. It has been thought of. It has been written of. It has been openly advocated. It has its avowed advocates in Canada to-day, and a still larger number of secret advocates. It has a great deal that is rational in support of it. During the past two centuries, and particularly during the last one, North America has developed its great progress, enlightenment, and national life. It has grown up free from the feudalism and class interests which mark European civilization. The sense of liberty and equality is everywhere felt on the continent. Canada has imbibed this spirit, and it is a part of her institutions. North America has a civilization of her own—a political mission and destiny quite apart from that of Europe. Canada has more direct interest in the development of North America than she can possibly have in the British Islands or the whole of Europe. It would be natural for her to seek alliances with her own great neighbor.

Commercially their interests are interlaced from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would mean no disregard for England if Canada allied herself to the United States, and chose to mould her destinies according to North American ideas rather than upon European lines. In a word, the only real objections to the federation of North America under one central government, instead of two as at present, are purely sentimental.

But these are enough. In nation-building, sentiment is a more potent factor than self-interest. Go to France and Germany, and demonstrate to the people of those two great countries that the true policy would be to federate—to have one capital, one set of officials, one united army. The logic might be irresistible, but the result would be insignificant. In

a somewhat lesser degree it would be preposterous, at present, to endeavor to persuade the Canadian people that political union with the United States made for their material interests. This consideration, usually so potent in guiding human action, would be absolutely powerless in this connection. There is still a deep-seated objection in the minds of a large majority of the people of Canada to union with the United States. It may be unphilosophical, it may be irrational but it exists. It is probably the offspring, for the most part, of the spirit of loyalty to Great Britain which has long permeated the minds of the great majority of the Canadian people. It is not easy to blot out a century of history in a day, and the record of the past hundred years has had a constant tendency to confirm British Americans in their devotion to British as against American interests. The conflict of the Revolution was succeeded by the war of 1812-15, with its invasion of Canada, and since then there have been Fenian raids, fishery controversies, and other unfortunate incidents to keep up the ill-feeling engendered in 1776-83, and it is simply not a practical solution of the future of Canada to suggest political union with the United States, because the preponderating majority of the people will not hear of it. Time is the great miracle-worker and may change all this; but we must speak of things as they are. No material considerations will induce the Canadian people at present to accept political union with the United States.

A second alternative is Imperial Federation. Some of the difficulties which stand in the way of this have been already hinted at, but there are others which must be dealt with. In the first place, if the Canadian people desired any such federation, is it certain that it is possible? In other words, is it clear that the British people stand ready to give up a part of their present absolute control over the affairs of the Empire, and share it with statesmen representing the interests of the several great Colonies? At the beginning the British Islands would have the preponderating power in the federation; but it would be foreseen that this could not be permanent. The principle of representation by population could not be ignored, and in a few decades the representatives from the Colonies would outnumber those

from the parent State. Great Britain would be merged into Greater Britain. It is not easy to see any reasonable objection to this from a Colonial standpoint, nor, indeed, from any impartial point of view. But such a scheme is quite sure to arouse misgivings and opposition in England. Add to this the varying conditions subsisting in the different Colonies—all of which would have to be consulted and would act freely—and the difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation are seen to be very great. The Canadian people would find this solution of the future a rather tardy one, even if they were favorable to it. But are they favorable?

This opens up a wide question. Not very many have stopped to consider the matter. The few who have openly allied themselves with the Imperial Federation movement are not men occupying very prominent positions in the world of practical politics. The political leaders have studiously avoided saying anything beyond the merest generalities. Sir John A. Macdonald has said some pleasant and excessively loyal things in London before the league, but he has declared with emphasis before the Canadian people that he was a "home-ruler up to the hilt." Sir Hector Langevin, a prominent French Canadian in Sir John's government, has, within a year, denounced and repudiated any suggestion of any scheme of Imperial Federation. It seems to be understood that the French population of Quebec will resist any proposal in the direction of federation *en masse*, and if this be so then an almost insuperable barrier blocks the scheme. At present the French population undoubtedly holds the balance of power, and it would be impossible, at this time, for any government to live in Canada which had the whole phalanx of the French representatives against it. If Imperial Federation were submitted to the people at the polls it would have no more chance of being carried than annexation, though it might, perhaps, get more votes. It has not yet been seriously considered. It is altogether likely it will be, and probably the question will have to be fought out. It is by no means certain that Imperial Federation would ever become a practical question from any innate sense of its necessity or desirability on the part of the Canadian people. It is probable they would drift into some other idea if left to

themselves. But it is almost impossible to believe that British statesmen will not some day wake very seriously to the problem, "What is to become of the Colonial Empire?" Lord Rosebery thinks it is worth while to consider the question now, and he seems to be not very far away from an influential place in the government of the Empire. Any day may bring forth an event which will fix attention on the whole subject. The Australian provinces may very soon accomplish a union of the whole island-continent. Then may be heard the muttering of the independence idea. It is already heard in Canada, and is likely to be heard more distinctly each year; Lord Salisbury is inclined to give but little heed to the Colonial question. But a Government may appear in England at any time which will be more disposed to recognize the vital importance of settling the problem of the numerous growing English communities the world over, and determining what relations they are ultimately to hold to the parent State. If this should come to pass, then the question might be forced upon the attention of the Canadian people, as part of a general imperial policy—forced, of course, only in the sense of a friendly proposal to consider the question in relation to the general strength and consolidation of the empire. In such a case the matter would be sure to be considered and fought out. That it would meet with enormous and determined opposition is beyond debate. What the result would be is matter of conjecture, upon which there must needs be differences of opinion. But the balance of reasons seems to be decidedly adverse to the adoption of any scheme of Imperial union by the Dominion of Canada. Some of the reasons have been already referred to. But there is yet another, and this leads to a new branch of the subject.

Two possible alternatives for the people of Canada have been already discussed, and there remains yet a third—Independence, or an independent nationality. Like the others, this last has not been as yet very seriously considered by the Canadian people; but it is a fact that this idea is beginning to take possession of the minds of many of the most intelligent men in Canada. It is among the young generation that it finds most support. The moment it is realized that the colonial rela-

tion is not perpetual, the necessity for some solution of the problem of the future arises, and the idea of an independent existence is most calculated to fire the imagination of young men. As a sentiment of national pride develops, the thought of independence grows. To have a country of one's own, of large resources and ever widening possibilities, is an aspiration natural as it is commendable among a people who have already achieved so much as the Canadians. A similar feeling seems to be taking possession of the people of Australia. It need not create surprise in England, as it simply demonstrates that the English are a dominant and self-governing race; and as soon as British colonies develop proportions sufficiently great to enable them to stand alone, they are ready to accept the responsibilities of national life, and are unwilling forever to be tied to the apron-strings of the Mother-land. This implies no lack of regard for the parent State; on the contrary, the interest in and affection for the home country shows no sign of diminution. A man does not indicate want of parental regard when he creates a home for himself and assumes the duty of providing for himself and his family. It is natural and proper that this step should come in the case of the individual; it is not less so in the case of such large communities as Canada and Australia. If those who are concerned in the scheme of concentrating the powers of the English race, and making the forces of the English-speaking people at home and abroad a unit for the common glory and the common strength, addressed themselves to the work of securing enduring alliances with those great colonies which shall hereafter establish an independent existence, it would be likely to prove a more practicable undertaking than anything involved in any shadowy project of federation, which presents enormous difficulties, and may prove short-lived, even if accomplished.

Let it be understood, Independence has not yet approached the realm of practical politics in Canada. It has not been much considered by the masses of people. As has been already said, the present position is satisfactory, and the period has not yet been reached when Canada shall feel strong enough to stand alone. This involves difficulties and responsibilities. Besides, the present generation contains

many who are extremely, perhaps bigotedly, attached to Britain and British rule, and who would be unwilling to listen to any proposal involving separation. A great many prejudices must be overcome before a peaceable solution can be effected on these lines. But old generations are passing away and new generations are arising; and in proportion as the country develops in population, wealth, and power these ancient prejudices will disappear, and each day will see the spirit of national pride grow stronger. In debating societies, where young men of intelligence meet to discuss public questions, the development of a glowing sentiment of national life is plainly discoverable, and when, upon the platform, any public man of advanced views hints at an independent nationality, he is sure to be greeted with applause. The germ has been planted, and the idea is manifestly growing in the heart of young Canada.

It is too soon to say to what extent this feeling will spread, and how soon it may reach the stage of practical action. Nothing has occurred of late to give it any direct impetus. Any friction between the Canadian Government and the Colonial Office might call the full strength of the independence sentiment into formidable existence, but this does not seem likely to occur. Therefore one can but form general opinions as to the trend of events. Granted that the colonial relation is to terminate some day, it is not too much to say that independence seems, at present, the most probable solution.

There is no necessity for haste. Things are moving on wonderfully well at present. Canada has been building great railways, and expending large sums in developing the country. The period has now been reached when she can adopt a rest-and-be-thankful policy for a time. Many there are who form an exaggerated idea of the cost of national life. Representatives will have to be maintained at foreign courts, consuls located and paid in all quarters of the globe where our commerce extends. The naval strength of the country would have to be considerably augmented. All these involve heavy annual expenditures. At present, having regard to the interest on the public debt, the revenue and expenditure of the country under the existing tariff nearly balance, but the population is increasing and will con-

tinue to increase rapidly. The wealth and resources increase even more rapidly, and, therefore, in a short time, the revenue will far exceed the amount now obtained, and additional annual expenditure can be easily provided for. The cost of a diplomatic and consular service is not a very great item to a country whose annual revenue is now close upon forty millions of dollars; so that these initial difficulties stand a fair chance, in a short time, of being overcome.

The question of defence, which in Europe is such a formidable one, does not present the same difficulties in America. North America is practically divided between the United States and Canada—both English-speaking countries, and happily free from the entanglements of European diplomacy. While each great power in Europe is compelled to expend the best part of its treasure upon the maintenance of huge military and naval armaments, the United States, which is larger and wealthier than any of them, has a national police of about 25,000 men. She has no need of more. She stands in no danger of invasion, and the civil authorities are able to maintain order throughout the country. Canada, if she became an independent state, would have but one neighbor, and that one without a standing army, and without any thought of military aggression. Therefore an army and expensive fortifications would be needless. Up to a recent period the people of the United States have seen no great utility in a navy, and allowed the warships which were called into service during the civil war to fall into decay. But of late it has come to be recognized that in a great nation like the States, possessing a commerce which extends over the world, it is a matter of just pride as well as national wisdom to have a well-equipped and efficient navy, which will be ready at all times to maintain the honor of its flag in foreign waters. Such a navy is now being built, and in the course of a few years it will be discovered that the United States navy ranks among the best in the world. Canada, if she assumes the burdens of national life, would have to adopt a similar course, and this involves considerable outlay, but she would be free from the necessity of wasting her resources on expensive military armaments. It is the advantage which North American civilization has over European.

The people of Great Britain, however much they may be disposed to rely upon their own pluck and resources for maintaining the national interests and honor at home and abroad, can view with complacency the creation of an effective navy by the United States as well as Canada. Blood is thicker than water, and whatever little family jars may now and then occur between those great English-speaking peoples, if the day should ever come when British interests and honor were in real peril, owing to European combinations, depend upon it the star-spangled banner, floating proudly from the masts of American warships, would be found floating beside the glorious old Union Jack. This, perhaps, sounds too pretty, but it is not Utopian. In all parts of the United States we hear unpleasant things said about Great Britain. Party politicians are not above seeking votes by appealing to anti-British sentiment. But this is, after all, only skin deep. We can afford to quarrel with our dear relations, and make them the butts of our most polished sarcasm when they and we are prosperous; but in the hour of their adversity and peril we must always come to their rescue. But so far as Canada is concerned, whatever future is in store for her, or however soon she may choose to float her own flag, generations and centuries would be too short to efface from the hearts of her sons the indelible traces of universal affection. *Her ships and her men* would always be at the service of Britain in the hour of need.

One serious difficulty will confront the Canadian people in the event of their adopting independence—the form of Government. Other things being equal, the limited monarchy is the cheapest and least troublesome. After the one hundred years' experience of the United States, not a single Canadian is convinced that an elective executive with supreme power during his term of office is comparable, as a system of government, with a Constitutional Sovereign governing according to the advice of Ministers, responsible every hour to Parliament and the people. Besides, there are tremendous objections to the turmoil, excitement and unrest inseparable from frequent Presidential elections. But, on the other hand, the atmosphere of America is not favorable to crowned heads. A violent prejudice

against Monarchies in America prevails among the masses in the United States. The same idea permeates the leading public men in that country. While Canada has a right to do as she pleases, it is not to be forgotten that the relations existing at all times between Canada and her great neighbor, are a matter of vital importance. It is necessary for us to be on friendly—on cordial terms with her. Our interests are now closely identified in a thousand ways, and, if independent, they would become still more so. In trade, in tariff arrangements, and in many other ways, Canada cannot afford to be indifferent to American views and policy. It is certain that if Canada resolved any time within the next twenty or forty years to establish an independent existence, formed a government upon the British system, and invited a prince of the Royal blood to occupy the throne, such a step would create an unfavorable impression in the United States. The people of the United States would be very glad to see Canada independent, but they would not be pleased to see a monarchy established on this Continent. Dom Pedro was always well treated by the United States, but his presence as a monarch was never welcome. When he was bundled off to Europe minus his crown, the American people were delighted. There is a prejudice on this continent against the idea of sovereign and subject. Equal citizenship is the regnant sentiment, and the man who is Chief Magistrate of sixty millions of people for four years, possessing greater power than any constitutional monarch in the world, when his term expires, steps down among his fellow-men, and takes his place among citizens exactly as if he had never filled any great office whatever. With the ideas held by most of the great English-speaking race of North America, it is really doubtful if a monarchy could be long maintained. And yet the majority of the Canadian people are not in love with Republicanism. To a practical statesman, this question of the form of government will be one of the most trying problems, if independence ever becomes a living political issue.

Some there are who are oppressed with the fear that if Canada were cut off from the protecting power of Great Britain she would become at once the victim of American aggression. The unfriendly course pursued by the United States Government

in relation to the fisheries and seal-taking in the Behring Straits, is instanced in support of this apprehension. But the wisest and most far-seeing will not be alarmed by these imaginary fears. It would be necessary, at an early stage, to have all questions relating to trade, fisheries, navigable waters, and other matters of common interest settled upon some fair basis, and then public opinion in the two countries would enforce the spirit of the Convention. The people of the United States have never been inclined to be aggressive toward Canada, nor would they be unfriendly to an independent Canada. What is distasteful to many of them is to see growing up beside them a great country owning allegiance to a foreign sovereign, and thus in danger of becoming imbued with European rather than American ideas. There is no motive on the part of the American people for hostility toward Canada. They have abundance of territory and ample scope for development, and so long as they saw growing up beside them, and sharing with them the control of the continent, an enlightened nation with ideas similar to their own and with aspirations in the direction of civilization, liberty, and peace, what more could they wish? Besides, if it came to that, in a few decades the Canadian people would be in a position to resist any aggression, and to maintain their rights. God spare us forever the horrors and wickedness of war; but if it must come, it is the northern climes which have given to the world its invincible soldiers.

To sum up, Canada is prosperous, contented, and happy. She may have errors and evils in her administration, but the remedy for these is in the hands of her people. She is growing, and will continue to grow. She is loyal to the Empire, but cannot afford to be always a colony. She may become part of the Empire under a general confederation of the English-speaking communities scattered throughout the world. And she may be absorbed in her great neighbor. But the stronger probabilities are that she will eventually take her place among the nations of the world with splendid prospects of greatness and power. In which case, and in any case, her people will never forget the great nation from whence they derived their origin, and whose qualities implanted in them constitute their strongest hope of success and glory.—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

I.

THE earth had been inhabited for about twenty-two million years, and its vital history had been divided into six progressive periods. The primordial age, or formation of the first organisms (infusoria, zoöphytes, echinodermata, crustaceans, molluscs—a world of the deaf and dumb and almost blind), had taken not less than ten million years to go through its different phases. The primary age (fish, insects, more perfect senses, separate senses, rudimentary plants, forests of horse-tails and of tree ferns) had then occupied more than six million years. The secondary age (saurians, reptiles, birds, forests of conifers and of cycadacææ) in order to accomplish its work, required two million three hundred thousand years. The tertiary age (mammifers, monkeys, superior plants, flowers, fruits and seasons) had lasted half a million years. The primitive human age, the time of national divisions, of barbarism and of militarism, had filled about three hundred thousand years; and the sixth age, that of intellectual humanity, had reigned for nearly two million years.

During that long succession of centuries the earth had grown older and the sun had become colder. In the beginning of the ages the terrestrial globe was entirely covered by the waters of the ocean. Upheavals caused first islands, then vast continents, to emerge; the surface of evaporation diminished in extent; the atmosphere was saturated with less vapor, and could not so well preserve the heat received from the sun; so that a gradual decrease of temperature was brought about. During the first human age three-quarters of the globe were still covered by water and the temperature remained high. But from century to century a portion of the rain water penetrated through the soil to the deep rocks and returned no more to the ocean, the quantity of water diminished, the level of the sea was lowered, and the screen of atmospheric vapor afforded only an insufficient protection to the nocturnal radiation. There resulted a slow, century-long decrease in temperature; and then a spreading of the ice, which at first covered

only the high mountains and the polar regions, but little by little invaded the temperate regions and insensibly lowered the line of perpetual snow.

On the other hand, the sun, the source of all light and all heat, radiating perpetually without an instant of cessation, in the centre of cold, obscure and empty space, slowly lost the calorific power which caused the earth to live. Of an electric and almost bluish white, saturated with incandescent hydrogen, during the geological periods which witnessed the appearance of terrestrial life, it gradually lost that dazzling whiteness, to acquire the color, perhaps apparently warmer, of glittering gold, and such was its real color during the first three hundred thousand years of human history. It then became yellower and even reddish, consuming its hydrogen, oxidizing itself, metallizing itself. This slow transportation of its photosphere, the increase of its spots, the diminution of its protuberant eruptions, brought about a correlative decrease in the emission of its heat.

In consequence of these various causes the terrestrial temperature had, from century to century, become lower. The geographical aspect of the globe had metamorphosed itself, the sea having several times taken the place of the land, and *vice versa*, and the extent of the sea having considerably diminished, and been reduced to less than a quarter of what it was at the advent of humanity. The seasons which had begun in the tertiary age had perpetuated themselves through the centuries, but with a decreasing intensity for the summer heat. Climates insensibly approached each other near the equator; the glacial zones (boreal and austral) inexorably forced back the temperate zones to the place of the ancient torrid zone. Warm valleys and equatorial regions alone were habitable. All the rest was frozen.

From century to century humanity had attained forms of exquisite beauty, and no longer worked materially. A network of electricity covered the globe, producing at will all that was needed. It was then a unified race, entirely different from the rude and heterogeneous races that had

characterized the first period. Doubtless the absolute equality dreamed of by the poets had not been attained, and there were still superior and inferior beings, seekers and indifferent men, active and inactive men, but there were no more scandalous unfortunates nor irremediable miseries.

About the year 2,200,000 after Jesus Christ, the last great focus of human civilization shone in the centre of equatorial Africa, in the brilliant city of Suntown, which had already been several times raised again from its ashes. It was more than a hundred thousand years since the spots where Paris, London, Rome, Vienna, and New York had stood were buried beneath the ice.

The capital of this aristocratic republic had attained the last limits of a luxurious and voluptuous civilization. Leaving far behind it the childish amusements of Babylon, of Rome, and of Paris, it had thrown itself heart and soul into the most exquisite refinements of pleasure and enjoyment; and the results of progress, the achievements of science, art, and industry had, during several centuries, been applied to raising all the joys of life to their maximum of intensity. Electricity, perfumes, music, kept the senses in a state of over-excitement, so that under the brilliant light of enchanting nights, as beneath the veiled shadows of the day, the nervous system could no longer find a moment's rest, and about their twenty-fifth year men and women dropped dead of total exhaustion. Perceiving the increasing coldness of the planet and the approach of eternal winter they had early maintained about themselves a warm and oxygenized atmosphere, milder and more exciting than the old breezes from the woods and prairies, had lived more rapidly and rushed more rashly to the inevitable end. The elegance of costumes, the beauty of forms, had gradually risen to an unexpected perfection in consequence of a passional selection, which seemed to have no other object than immediate happiness. Wives no longer became mothers unless by accident. Besides, some of the women of the lower classes alone remained in condition to undertake the duties of motherhood, fashion having for some time been able to suppress the necessity in the upper social spheres.

Then it was seen that the women of the

lower classes were the first to feel the deadly effects of invading cold, and the day came when it was recognized that amid the blind enjoyment of pleasure no woman was a mother or could become one. They no longer desired the inconveniences of maternity, which had so long been left to the inferior women, and they reigned in all the splendor of their unblemished beauty. It was only when a law was passed that the entire fortune of the republic would be given to the first woman who would give birth to a child, that they understood the irreparable extent of the misfortune that had befallen the last inhabitants of the earth.

Doubtless the end would not have long delayed its coming, the sterilized soil being henceforward incapable of feeding its children. But they were deluding themselves with the thought that perhaps by some ingenious proceeding it would become possible to put off the fatal period, to gain time; and who knows, they said, if the climate may not become better, and the sun again smile on the unfortunate planet.

But recriminations, regrets, sorrows, reproaches, accusations, despair—all were now superfluous. Life had been, if not dried up at its source, at least rendered irremediably unfruitful. A special congress of the last surviving members of the Medical Academy produced no satisfactory result. They disputed violently, each member being accused by his neighbor of having lent himself to the spreading of that insane fashion; they nearly came to blows; as the issue of the meeting the President of the Academy and the chief of the protectors were even compelled to quench their mutual anger by a duel with swords; and more than a year was spent in physiological and political discussions without obtaining any result.

But a youth, the last of that race, young Omegar, born in the lower ranks of society, came with his mother, already advanced in age and a rare survivor of the mothers, and before the assembled representatives recalled the improvidence of the governors, stigmatized the public immorality, pointed out to them the general folly of which the human race was the victim, and demanded that the last constructed electric aerostat made in the government workshops should be put at his disposal. He engaged to conduct an expedition over the whole of the equatorial zone which still re-

mained habitable, and to see whether any human groups still existed on any spot.

The proposition was received with enthusiasm; a real aerial flotilla was constructed; and all the strong men flew away to discover the land of increase.

II.

ALAS! the entire earth had disappeared beneath snow and ice. Everywhere the desert, everywhere solitude, everywhere silence. Snow followed snow, hoar frost followed hoar frost. An immense shroud covered the continent and the seas. Sometimes a solitary peak rose above the frozen ocean; sometimes a dismantled ruin, a spire, a tower, marked the site of a vanished city. Even tombs and graveyards were no longer to be perceived: ruins themselves were destroyed. Everywhere nothingness, ice, silence. Days followed days, and every night the red disk of the sunset behind the white plain which slowly, at each twilight, took the violet tints of death.

Already half the members of the expedition had died of hunger and cold, when the flotilla thought they saw from their airy heights an immense ruined city near an unfrozen river. They steered toward the unknown city, and thought themselves dreaming, when they discovered on the banks of the river a group of men walking. A cry of happiness and wonder sounded from every breast, and in an instant all the aerial skiffs were tied up by the river banks.

They were received as unexpected saviours by men who had long believed themselves to be the only survivors of terrestrial humanity, looking on with despair at the last days of the world. At the head of the group stood an old man enveloped in reindeer skins. Of commanding stature, his hollow black eyes shaded by bushy white eyebrows, with a long beard as white as snow, and his skull as yellow as antique ivory—it was felt that his was one of those energetic characters who have endured all the trials of life without yielding, but whose heart has bidden farewell to every hope. However, his countenance lit up with joy at the arrival of the newcomers. His sons and their companions threw themselves into the arms of the aerial travellers.

They made large fires and seated them-

selves at a modest meal composed principally of fish which had just been caught. The new-comers informed their hosts that they were about the last survivors of equatorial Africa, that they came from the celebrated metropolis now deserted, and they asked if their aerial route had not deceived them, if they had not left the equator, and if they had landed at the mouth of the Amazon River, as their calculations indicated.

"My friends," replied the old man, "the ancient Amazon River, whose waters still flow over the circle of the equator, no longer rolls between its shores, the impetuous floods which, if we believe tradition, caused it formerly to be compared to a sea. At the period, long since vanished, when the empire of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Colombia flourished in South America, when North America was divided into confederated States; when France, England, Germany, and Russia struggled for supremacy in European politics, the Atlantic Ocean extended, as we see on the maps, from the ruins of New York to those of Havre, and from Pernambuco to Dakar—ruins which are now forever buried beneath the ice. The great continent of the West Indies was, it appears, cut up into innumerable small islands, scattered over an immense sea. The oceans were far vaster and deeper than to-day, the rains frequent, the rivers inexhaustible, ice and snow never showed themselves in our country, and the rays of a beneficent sun fertilized the earth in its youth, giving birth everywhere to flowers and fruits, nests and love.

"But now all is over with this planet and all the works which have illustrated its history. The earth revolves more slowly on its axis, the days have become longer, the moon is more distant, and the sun has become colder. The prediction of the astronomers is fulfilled. The waters of the oceans which the solar heat caused to evaporate in the atmosphere, and which gave birth to the clouds, the rains, the springs, the brooks, and the rivers, have from century to century been partially absorbed by the deep rocks; the air has become drier and drier, and ceased to be a protecting cover for the preservation of the heat received; the nocturnal and even diurnal evaporation has caused all the heat borrowed from the sun to radiate into space, and the cold of the poles comes

gradually nearer and nearer the tropical and equatorial zones.

"The summits of the mountains had already been long frozen because above them the atmosphere was too dry and too rarefied to preserve the heat; but life established itself in the plains and valleys, along the streams which traversed the surface of the globe. The limits of vegetation and, at the same time, the conditions favorable to life, insensibly descended. The last zone of terrestrial life has been the zone of the equatorial plains along the thermic equator, which traverses on one side South America, where we are, and on the other, Central Africa, whence you came.

"When Europe had disappeared beneath the invading glaciers coming from the North Pole, from Siberia, from Lapland, from the Alps, from the Caucasus, from the Pyrenees, being finally reduced to the shores of the Mediterranean, many centuries had already elapsed since civilization had abandoned it to shine in America, along which continent it gradually descended. In consequence of a strange social organization all the States of Europe had perished in their own blood; had mutually opened each other's veins. Some governments had convinced millions of citizens that the greatest happiness, the supreme honor, and the highest glory consisted in wearing uniforms of all colors, and killing each other to the sound of music. They believed that until the day when the Chinese invasion came and confiscated them like a band of schoolboys.

"The annals of modern times report that anciently expeditions had been sent through the ice to find the ruins of Paris, of London, of Berlin, of Vienna, of St. Petersburg, and that they had principally found forts, barracks, arsenals, arms, and ammunition on nearly all the territories. It was doubtless a primitive race hardly differing from the animal races.

"This opinion is, moreover, confirmed by the books of ancient history preserved in the libraries, showing a state of rude barbarism in the customs of these populations. We find, among other things, a long list of curious tortures. Criminals were murdered with the sword, with poison, or with a remarkable choice of varied weapons. Then they cut up the bodies into small pieces. Society in turn

killed the criminals in various ways. Here their heads were cut off by means of axes, swords and guillotines; there they were strangled or hanged; further on they were impaled or drowned. On certain days of revolution, in the midst of the capitals of this pretended civilization, the victors were seen to place the vanquished quietly along the walls and shoot them down by the hundred. Historians state that at a period not far removed the most civilized nations kept executioners who were exercised in crushing the limbs, quartering, taking off the skin, burning with red-hot irons, pulling out the eyes and the tongue, breaking the limbs, and torturing in every manner the victims, whom they generally ended by burning in the public squares on holidays. The commentators are right in saying that these ancestors of our species did not yet deserve the title of men.

"If the end of the world had taken place at this period, the destruction of the race would not have been a great loss. But this ancient race made way for ours, and we too must perish. We perish of cold. Sterile nature no longer produces anything. For many centuries past there has been no more wheat or vines. For many centuries there have been no more pastures or flocks. We are now reduced to the last fish. But," added the old man, "the table will still outlive the guests, for there are no new-born babes among us; there are actually only men here, those that you see, the last child of the other sex, my poor little Speranza, not having survived her birth."

This declaration produced on all the members of the expedition the effect of an electric shock. The fall of a thunderbolt in the midst of the assembly would not have brought about a greater confusion.

"What!" cried the chief of the flotilla. "There is no longer a single woman among you?"

"Not a single one," answered one of the guests.

"We had just come," added the young chief, "in search of female companions with whom we could associate. Our country is still wealthy, and had we found but one single wife all the riches of our country would have been hers."

"You have also no women?"

The travellers exchanged a glance and remained silent.

III.

SOME time before these events happened in Africa and in America, the island of Ceylon, now attached to the southern point of Asia through the diminution of the seas, found itself to be the last refuge of the human race in Asia, and there, in this former earthly paradise not far from the equator, at the foot of Adam's Peak, twelve women remained the sole heiresses of the last unextinguished families.

The male sex had completely disappeared. For a long time the number of girls had been far above that of boys—a condition of things which corresponded, besides, with the successes obtained by women, and their increasing authority in politics and in the universal direction of business. They had gradually substituted themselves for the effeminate and enervated men as deputies, lawyers, physicians, and, in general, in the greater number of social professions, in commerce and industry, arts and literature, pure and applied sciences. The education of the boys had been more and more neglected, and finally there were no longer even competent gardeners or agriculturists to be found among the men. What the women did not do directly with their own hands in the way of industries was accomplished by ingeniously constructed and indefatigable machines. The slow decrease of the organic forces of the globe had also manifested itself here by a slow diminution of the births, by a weakening of the average life, and it was only in rare circumstances, and by a sort of heredity, that families counted, as in former times, a large number of children. As in our day, in some countries, more girls than boys were born on the average. This tendency increased from generation to generation, and toward the end of the days that remained, for Asia as for the other parts of the globe, there were at the period of which we speak only three living families, and by an unfortunate chance, the two boys having died in infancy, twelve beings of the feminine sex were left alone to represent the present and the future.

The youngest, little Eva, was a child of three years of age; her mother had reached forty. The last survivor of the fathers had died of aneurism of the heart on the day of his wedding.

The interest which attaches itself to things, and which seems to be the cause of life, had diminished with the decrease of population and of business, and with the more and more imminent threat of a definite end. Formerly immense and populous, the city had disappeared beneath a poor but invading vegetation; all those ancient dwellings were emptied, deserted, ruined, partly hidden beneath the moss and weeds, and the traces of the ancient boulevards and principal streets were hardly visible to the eye. As humanity had retired so Nature had resumed her rights; polar plants, larches, pines, some snow-birds, and more recently penguins and bears, had arrived near the ancient city. The last building which remained standing was the public library, in which the purely literary works had nearly all been abandoned to the insects, and in which were to be found only the scientific treatises written on the supreme question of the end of the world, and the historical annals of the departed centuries; humanity not having consented to its own extinction, and having clung to all that personified it. But the fatal day had come. The world must end.

The decline of human forces had brought about the decline of the inventions and usages which seemed but lately the most indispensable. They had wearied of all, even of hope. The electric motor had fallen into disuse. There was no more travelling after the invasion of the ice. No attempt had even been made to repair the interrupted telegraphic communications. Only a few centuries before, all the inhabitants of the globe, in whatever portion they may have dwelt, had constant intercourse with each other as though they had inhabited the same country, conversing and hearing each other, whatever may have been the distance that separated them, and there was but one nation and one single language for all the globe. But now isolation and separation had returned as in the primitive ages; the three groups remaining in the world no longer knew each other; and the population of Ceylon, although composed only of women, had lost all spirit of domination, all sentiment of curiosity, all energy, and all vitality. Henceforth, deprived of all desire of pleasing, of all idea of rivalry, and of all coquetry, they formed among themselves but

one family of sisters, associated in a common misfortune, and they had all adopted a sombre mourning costume, a sort of black and misshapen religious garment.

But this little population itself had rapidly diminished. Fifteen years had sufficed to reduce it by more than half. At the moment when the events narrated above took place, there remained but the youngest of the Ceylonese, then eighteen years of age, with four of her companions.

IV.

WE have left our aerial expedition in the midst of the stupefaction caused by the avowal of the Americans. No more women in America. The same situation, or almost the same, in Africa. Europe buried beneath the snows. Asia forgotten for more than a century, and doubtless sharing the same fate as Europe. There was nothing left for the travellers but to return to their own country, and that was decided on the very next day.

They visited the ruins of the American metropolis, the glories of which had been celebrated by the historians, and which now lay forgotten. For one instant they thought of uniting in one group the two wrecks of male humanity, and of all leaving together for Suntown ; but, on the one hand, these men wished only to sleep forever in the tombs of their ancestors, and, on the other hand, the travellers, who had carefully concealed the existence of women in their own country, did not insist on this brotherly project. They resumed their way through the air, deciding, however, as they had come by the east, to follow the same direction along the equator on their return, in order to see whether, by some unforeseen circumstance, they might not discover some other last living tribe.

Thus it was that after having crossed the immense Pacific Ocean, and having stopped over all the points that emerged above its surface, even at the moment when they had noticed that the eternal winter announced by scientists extended over the lands of Siam, of Java, of Sumatra, and of Malacca, entirely deserted, they noticed in Ceylon a region less invaded than the others by the ice and snow, and stationing themselves for some time above a ruined city, they discovered a small group of women in mourning.

In one instant, and before they had had time to recover from their surprise, the

celestial travellers were at their feet. At other periods, when the right of might governed humanity, these last five daughters of Eve would have been rudely seized and carried away at full speed through the air toward the African city, perhaps not without a struggle, for the number of the men was superior to that of the women. But for a long time they had ceased to exert their strength : sentiment, reason, intelligence, freedom of choice, always decided.

They told the object of their explorations, and had no difficulty in convincing the fair Asiatics. Their despair, which had seemed eternal, disappeared like a mist ; their brows were cleared, their lips smiled, and a few hours after the arrival of the aeronauts, the five nuns in mourning had given way to the most elegant of women.

They even discussed the advantages of a return to Suntown, and it seemed that from the point of view of peace, happiness, and tranquillity, it would be preferable to remain in Ceylon. But the old provision stores were well-nigh exhausted, the fields and gardens were wanting, the ice was near ; while in Africa the fatal moment seemed perhaps many years off. From the first interview, Omegar and Eva had experienced the effects of a mutual attraction, and had understood each other as though they had met again after a long separation. Omegar had a deep affection for his mother, and would be proud to present his companion to her. A fortnight after their arrival, the explorers, rich in their discovery, embarked on their aerial flotilla and set sail for Suntown. The resurrection of humanity was assured. What a triumph and what rejoicing on their return !

But what was their disappointment, on arriving above the antique city, to see none of their fellow citizens come forward to receive them ; to find the public square, where they were in the habit of meeting, silent and deserted ; to have before their eyes naught save a sort of desolate cemetery ! Descending from their aerial boats, they first rushed with their companions to the government palace. A frightful spectacle offered itself to their gaze. Their relatives, their friends, lay around, dead or dying. The population of the city, reduced after the departure of the travellers to about thirty persons, had undergone

during their absence of a few months a snow cyclone, which had destroyed the last vegetable growth and part of the habitable dwellings. The small remnant had chosen as a refuge the spacious and stronger rooms of the palace ; but an epidemic, a sort of typhus, had attacked first the weaker constitutions and had afterward stricken the others. The strength of the bravest had finally given way, and the first care of the travellers was to assist their unhappy fellow-citizens.

Unfortunately the cold increased daily, a bitter wind blew unceasingly, and the pale rays of the sun could not even penetrate the thick mists. The only means of preserving a little heat was by keeping up fires and cutting off almost every communication with the out-door air ; but the bravest, the most courageous, lost all hope. At every new death, they counted each other. From fifteen they descended in a few weeks to ten, then to five ; and at last Omegar and Eva remained alone, seeing without delusion the fate which awaited them, and well knowing that no other spring would ever bloom on earth.

However, after a long succession of disastrous days, the sun showed itself in a clear spot between the clouds, the wind ceased, the blue sky reappeared.

The young couple then rose in an aerial boat to judge of the last invasions and the snow, and perceived that the whole city was buried, and that it was only toward the north that the country had been a little spared.

Carrying away with them all the provisions they could find, they decided to follow the direction of the spared districts and see if some oasis could not be found in the midst of the immense fields of ice.

v.

In consequence of the nature of the soil, and because of the scarcity of rains, of snow, and of clouds in that region, the great African desert that extends south of the Sahara had remained one of the least cold zones of the globe, and a warm current blowing from that desert on Nubia and Arabia, to return to the equator by Ceylon, had for a long time left a part of Egypt free from the invasion of ice and snow. Following the indicated direction, the last human couple hovered above the regions formerly watered by the Nile, henceforth frozen. They perceived from

afar the Great Pyramid, ruined, but still standing.

This first monument of humanity, this testimony to the antiquity of civilization, was still standing. Its geometric stability had saved it. It was perhaps the only human idea that had attained its end. Created by Cheops to eternally protect his royal mummy, this tomb had survived the revolutions which had destroyed everything else. The last man came to join the first king and shelter himself beneath his shroud.

But the wind of the tempest was blowing again. A fine powdery snow was spreading over the immense desert.

"Let us stop here and rest," said Eva, "since we are condemned to death ; and, besides, who has not been ? I wish to die in peace in thine own arms."

They looked for a cavity among the ruins and seated themselves beside each other, contemplating the endless space, covered with powdery snow.

The young woman crouched feverishly, holding her husband in her arms, trying to struggle with her energy against the invasion of the cold that penetrated her. He had drawn her to his heart and warmed her with his kisses. But the wind and the tempest had resumed their sway, and the fine snow beat in clouds around the pyramid.

"My beloved," he resumed, "we are the last inhabitants of the earth, the last survivors of so many generations. What remains of all the glories, of all the countries, of all the works of the human mind, of all the sciences, of all the arts, of all the inventions ? The entire globe is at this moment only a tomb covered with snow."

"Yes," she said, "I have heard of the beauties who reigned over the hearts of kings and shone like admirable stars in the history of humanity. Love, beauty, all must end. I love you, and I die. Oh ! how I would have loved that dear treasure, the one who will never live. But no, we must not die, must we ? No ! . . . Come, I am no longer cold. Let us walk."

Her feet, already frozen and benumbed, had become inert. She tried to rise and fell back.

"I seem to be sleepy," she said. "Oh, let us sleep !"

And throwing her arms around Omegar, she pressed her lips to his. The young man lifted her beautiful form and laid her on his knees. She was already asleep.

"I love you," he said again. "Sleep, I shall watch over you."

Then his fixed gaze, shining with a last light, lost itself in a search for the unknown in the desolate gray sky and in the silent and endless plain. No sound came to trouble the death of Nature; the snow wind alone moaned around the Pyramid, and seemed to wish to awaken the old Pharaoh sleeping in its depths for so many million years.

Suddenly the noise of footsteps and moans was heard, lost in the distance. Was it some lethargic awakening in the interior of the monument? Was it a heavy bird, thrown by the tempest against the dismantled steps? Was it some polar bear come with the snow? The noise ceased. A joyful cry sounded, and with one bound a dog, broken by fatigue, jumped on the sleeping couple.

It was Omegar's dog that had looked for him, followed him (how?), and found him in spite of the distance, the solitude, and the snow.

He called his master and mistress, licked their face and hands and covered them with his body to warm them. But they did not awake.

And the snow continued to fall in a fine powder on to the entire surface of the earth.

And the earth continued to turn on its axis night and day, and to float through the immensity of space.

And the sun continued to shine, but with a reddish and barren light. But long afterward it became entirely extinguished, and the dark terrestrial cemetery continued to revolve in the night around the enormous invisible black ball.

And the stars continued to scintillate in the immensity of the heavens.

And the infinite universe continued to exist with its billions of suns and its billions of living or extinct planets.

And in all the worlds peopled with the joys of life, love continued to bloom beneath the smiling glance of the Eternal.—*Contemporary Review.*

IN RHODOPE WITH PRINCE FERDINAND.

BY JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

It was a splendid night toward the close of the past summer; the air was soft and fragrant, the winds were still, and the stars were glittering with a weird watchful brilliancy which atoned for the absence of the moon. A long line of open carriages, each drawn by four sturdy little Bulgarian horses, was traversing the upland plain which surrounds Sophia, and shaping its course to the south, where the fierce black mass of Mount Vitosh stood looming against the bespangled sky. We were on our way to Rilo, the great fortress-monastery of Bulgaria, which lies in the wildest, remotest region of the Balkan Peninsula—a region hitherto preserved by the brigands, heaven bless them! against the inroads of the British tourist. The bells on our horses' harness tinkled drowsily, but we did not yield ourselves to slumber, for we were soon among the mountain-passes, and the gloomy grandeur of the scenery kept us awake. But with the dawn there fell a chill, so we wrapped ourselves in rugs and greatcoats, and slept as best we could.

In the morning we found ourselves at Dubnitsa, a long straggling town, still entirely Turkish in appearance. I gazed at its inhabitants with peculiar interest, for until recent years the whole male population has been wont to follow the romantic profession of brigandage during the summer months, returning from the mountains in the autumn to pursue the less interesting avocations of ordinary life. We had coffee in the garden of the sub-prefect, an intelligent official, who evidently keeps the turbulent townsmen in order. As we left Dubnitsa the fine summits of the Rilo range rose before us in all their grandeur, their jagged points presenting a curious contrast to the rounded outlines of the Balkans. These magnificent Alps, an offshoot of the great chain of Rhodope, form the central mountain group of the Peninsula; they are connected with the vast Alpine system extending through Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Servia into Macedonia. They are distinct from the Balkan range, which belongs to the Carpathians.

Before long we entered a beautiful and

fertile district, in which vineyards, now laden with purple clusters, were interspersed with rich fields of maize and well-cultivated tobacco plantations; and in another hour we arrived at Rilo Selo, a charming wood built village, with houses nestling among fruit-trees, and rivulets of clear water flowing through the streets. Here the projecting verandas and the house-walls were so thickly festooned with green leaves of the tobacco-plant, hung up to dry, that no other decoration was needed in honor of the Prince's visit. We were now on the vast estate of the monastery, which rivals in extent more than one German principality, and embraces a circuit of some ninety miles; the monks have a *metoch*, or dependency, in the village, where a few of their number reside. There is also a sisterhood of nuns who dwell, not in a convent, but in separate houses throughout the village; they occupy themselves with the manufacture of textile fabrics, and live in spiritual union with the holy fathers. Many of them are young, and, according to Bulgarian ideas, sufficiently comely.

Leaving Rilo Selo, we began to ascend the superb mountain gorge in the heart of which the monastery lies. The slopes around us were clothed with thickets of dense brushwood; but after some hours' progress we entered upon the grand primeval forest which forms the distinctive feature of the Rilo scenery. At our feet a foaming torrent dashed swiftly along, half hidden by luxuriant foliage; from its margin to the confines of the rocky tracts above—a distance of some five thousand feet—the steep acclivity on either hand was covered with noble trees, the delicate green of the beech contrasting with the darker shades of the oak and ilex and the still more sombre coloring of the firs and pines. For hours we made our way through these leafy glades, till at length an open vista in the woods revealed to us a prospect through the valley; and we saw before us the monastery of Rilo, with its domes and cupolas and battlemented tower, standing like some enchanted castle in the royal solitude of its vast domains. Close beneath it ran the sparkling stream; around were undulating lawns interspersed with tufted groves; beyond was the boundless forest, climbing upward to where, in the heaven above, stupendous rocky summits stood ranged like a regi-

ment of giants, surrounding and protecting the national sanctuary.

The monastery of Rilo has ever been the central-point and focus not only of the national religion but of the national sentiment. Its history is interwoven with that of Christianity in the Balkans; it is to Bulgaria, as Jireczek says, what Mont Saint-Michel is to Normandy or the Grand Chartreuse to Dauphiné; for ages it has kept alive the light of the faith in the heart of the Peninsula, though so many of the mountaineers close by—the Pomaks of Rhodope—have embraced the creed of Islam; and to-day it forms a link, both political and religious, between the free Bulgarians and their not forgotten brethren in Macedonia. Its founder, St. Ivan Rilski, the St. Bruno of Bulgaria, was born in 876; he was the contemporary of the great Czar Simeon, and, as may be supposed, innumerable legends have gathered round his memory. For years the holy man wandered over the mountains of Bulgaria, seeking a spot where he might found a pious retreat; at one time he lived in a hollow tree, at another in a cave among the rocks. At length he fixed his dwelling in the mountain, above the present site of the monastery: his fame for exorcising demons and healing incurable maladies brought disciples to his side, and the little band constructed a chapel and some rude dwellings: the chapel still exists, and there is a grotto hard by, into which pilgrims descend through a chimney-like passage cut in the rock. Sinners, it is said, cannot pass this way; and the fat, who, it may be presumed, have had too much of the good things of this life, are fain to enter by a door from below. The saint was buried here, but his bones were afterward removed to Sophia, where they remained for five hundred years. The Bulgarian Czars loaded the sanctuary with gifts and privileges; and their memory served to keep alive, through centuries of Turkish domination, the national idea and the record of a glorious past. Since the Ottoman invasion the monastery has had a checkered history. At first it fell into decay; then it was restored by three brothers from Küstendil, who brought back the bones of the founder; in later times it won the favor of successive sultans, who bestowed upon it by firman most of the privileges it now enjoys. Twice it has been almost destroyed by fire; it has

stood innumerable sieges, and more than once it has been stormed and captured by brigands, who exacted a heavy ransom from the monks. It has had enemies spiritual as well as temporal; but notwithstanding all the efforts of the Greek hierarchy, it has clung to the Slavonic language and ritual. In times of political and religious persecution it was a refuge to the oppressed, and at the beginning of the present century it counted some six or seven hundred inmates, clerical and lay. The Berlin Treaty gave the monastery to the new principality, but its trials did not end here. The revival of brigandage which followed the revolt of Eastern Roumelia again exposed the brethren to danger; the shepherds on the estate were compelled to supply the robber-gangs with provisions; the monks found themselves obliged to carry arms, and many of them were wont to sleep with a loaded rifle by their pillow. But the energy of the Bulgarian Government has successfully dealt with the evil; some fifty of the brigands have been shot, hanged, or otherwise disposed of, and the remainder have adopted less picturesque methods of earning their bread. The trackless forest has now been cleared of its human, or rather inhuman denizens; the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar roam unchallenged in its weird solitudes, while the chamois and the eagle divide the empire of the rocky heights above.

While we were still at some distance from the monastery I was shown the spot where M. Karastoyanoff, Prince Ferdinand's photographer, had been captured by brigands some two years ago. M. Karastoyanoff had been summoned to Rilo by the Prince, in order to make a series of photographs of the scenery which surrounds the monastery. He had not quite finished his labors when the Prince took his departure; M. Stambouloff, and other Cabinet Ministers who had been in attendance on his Royal Highness, left the following day; and on the third day M. Karastoyanoff, accompanied only by a boy who acted as his assistant, set out in an ordinary fiacre on his return to Sophia. They had proceeded some eight or ten miles down the valley when they were stopped by a party of wild looking fellows, armed with rifles, who bade them surrender at discretion. There was nothing for it but to submit. The brigands some-

what overrated the importance of their capture; they imagined they had secured M. Stambouloff. "Are you the man the Russians don't want in Bulgaria?" they inquired. M. Karastoyanoff replied that he had not the honor to be the Prime Minister, or even a member of his Cabinet. "Then why do you wear a European hat," they asked—for their victim was arrayed in the hateful cylinder of Western civilization—"and ride in a carriage?" They politely informed him that he might take anything he desired for his personal use from his luggage, and proceeded to appropriate his watch, chain, and seal. The latter, which M. Karastoyanoff preserved as a memento of his mother, he was somewhat unwilling to abandon; but one of the brigands, by name Nikolas, who appeared more sympathetic than the rest, consoled him by promising that when the ransom arrived he would redeem not only the seal but the watch and chain with his own share of the money. Nikolas little knew that his kindness was destined eventually to rescue him from the gallows. The brigands then strapped the arms of their victims tightly to their sides—M. Karastoyanoff assures me that he sometimes still feels the pangs of those bonds—and attached their necks together with a rope in such a way, that if either of them attempted to escape he would strangle the other. They at once withdrew with their captives into the wildest solitudes of the Rilo forest.

It was then September, and the snow had already begun to fall in these elevated regions. For six weeks M. Karastoyanoff and the lad spent night and day beneath the open sky, bound together in this cruel manner, and often compelled to make long wearying journeys, when their captors, either from want of food or because of the hotness of the pursuit, determined on changing their quarters. M. Karastoyanoff had hitherto suffered much from rheumatism, but strange to say the exposure and privation seemed to cure the disease, of which he has never since had a relapse. The Oriental ideas of etiquette between master and servant were maintained throughout this period of close companionship; when the brigands offered the boy some cigarettes, the latter refused to smoke in presence of his master, and the brigands were obliged to intercede with M. Karastoyanoff for the required

permission. The brigands were extremely pious men ; they said their prayers morning and evening, and diligently observed the fasts of the Orthodox Church, taking care that their captives followed their good example. For food they sometimes had a sheep or a kid, obtained by force or fraud from the shepherds of the monastery ; sometimes they had to content themselves with trout taken from the mountain torrents ; often they were a day, or even two days, without anything to eat. Once, while fishing in a stream near Rilo, they came in sight of a party of gendarmes, reposing on the greensward a little below them and smoking cigarettes : the brigands forbade their captives to speak, or even to cough, on pain of immediate death ; they quietly went on with their fishing, and presently the gendarmes went away. They then proceeded to light a fire, and splitting a long stick, they inserted the fishes into the aperture, and so turned them before the fire till they were cooked ; in accordance with their custom they offered the largest and best fish to M. Karastoyanoff. Sometimes they would converse on public affairs with their prisoners : their political horizon appeared somewhat limited, and the sum of their hopes seemed to be that the Russians were coming to make war in Bulgaria. Good times, they said, would then come round, and there would be an excellent opening for persons of their profession.

After awhile, however, the pursuit became hot ; the band had some narrow escapes from the soldiers and the gendarmes ; long forced marches became necessary ; and once the party crossed the frontier into Macedonia. It was decided to send the boy to Sophia to procure a ransom. One of the brigands, who knew the town well, recognized M. Karastoyanoff's house from his description. "It is a good house," he said, "and your relatives can sell it for a ransom." He then drew a staff across M. Karastoyanoff's throat in order to show what his fate would be if the money were not forthcoming. The boy departed ; but when, after two or three weeks, no tidings came from Sophia, M. Karastoyanoff's position became exceedingly critical. A council was held, and the majority decided to put their prisoner to death. Some of them, however, seemed touched when M. Karastoyanoff, recalling, as he told me, the mem-

ory of his wife and children, shed some tears ; and Nikolas interposed, declaring that if they persisted in their intention he would desert from the band. His remonstrances were successful, and eventually M. Karastoyanoff was released. At parting they all shook hands with him. "God is good," they said ; "He will send us some one richer than you." In fact, they all felt well disposed toward him ; but, according to the rules of the profession, he ought to have been put to death.

A little later, finding it impossible to remain in Bulgaria, the brigands sought refuge on Servian soil near Pirot. Being accosted by some gendarmes, they declared that they were political refugees ; and, kneeling down, they kissed the earth and thanked God that they were now free men. But some watches and other articles of value in their possession aroused suspicion ; M. Karastoyanoff, who was summoned from Sophia, identified his former companions ; and the brigands were soon handed over by the Servian authorities to the Bulgarian Government. I witnessed the closing scene of their trial at Sophia. It was a dark, tempestuous night, and a dense crowd had collected before the door of an unpretentious little building in which the court-martial was holding its deliberations. The officers composing it—five in number—had withdrawn to consider their finding, but the sitting was resumed about eleven o'clock ; and a little before that hour the brigands, surrounded by a strong escort, were marched from the prison to the court in order to hear their fate. I shall never forget the spectacle ; the strange, ghost-like figures in long, gray robes—the Bulgarian prison dress ; the torches ; the glittering bayonets of the escort ; the mysterious cart which followed behind, laden with clanking chains. The reading of the verdict occupied nearly an hour, the officers standing all the while. One by one the prisoners learned whether they were to live or die. There was a terrible contrast between the dull apathy of the condemned and the eager expectancy of those who still waited for the fatal words. Six of the brigands, four of them brothers of one family, were condemned to death ; one, a youth of nineteen, had his sentence commuted to ten years' imprisonment ; Nikolas, to whose kindness M. Karastoyanoff testified at the trial, was consigned to penal servitude for life. The

condemned men were then led from the building, and sat down submissively in an open space outside the door while the irons, which had been brought in anticipation of the sentence, were being riveted on their feet. The execution, of which I heard a description from a bystander, took place in the court-yard of the half-ruined mosque which serves the purposes of a prison at Sophia. A strange geometrical structure, consisting of three upright triangles of wood placed parallel to each other, and connected from apex to apex by a long horizontal pole, stood, and is still standing, in a corner of the enclosure. From the pole hung five nooses, at equal distances from each other. A vast crowd had collected, and every window and roof which commanded a view of the scene was fully occupied, the best places here, as at the trial, being conceded to ladies dressed with faultless elegance and taste. The prisoners were led out one by one, and remained standing while the sentence of the court-martial was read to them a second time. They were then conducted to the gallows, the nooses were adjusted, and a long sack-like covering was drawn over their heads, descending almost to their feet. In a few moments justice, as the phrase is, was satisfied.

Not long ago I went with M. Karastoyanoff to visit Nikolas in prison. The convicts were exercising in the court-yard when we arrived, and Nikolas was allowed to come and chat with us, without a guard, in the porch of the mosque. He was arrayed in the flowing prison dress; round his ankles were heavy irons, with a chain attached to them which he held up with his hand. He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, about thirty years of age, with an intelligent, sympathetic face, which brightened with a smile when he recognized M. Karastoyanoff. It was interesting to witness the warm interchange of salutation between captor and captive in their altered positions. We conversed on many subjects, and Nikolas spoke freely of the experiences of his past life. He had formerly, he told us, cultivated a small paternal property, as most Bulgarian peasants do. I asked him how he came to be a brigand, and he replied that he had been driven to adopt his perilous calling by the gendarmes, who wrongfully accused him of giving shelter and provisions to some outlaws in his neighborhood. Threatened

with arrest and punishment, he absconded, and entered into partnership with the gentlemen of the forest. I have elsewhere heard complaints of this over-zeal on the part of the gendarmes, which, however reprehensible, testifies to the energy wherewith the Bulgarian authorities have set themselves to extirpate brigandage. The prisoners at Sophia are allowed to carry on small industries of their own, from the proceeds of which they may buy tobacco and certain other luxuries. Nikolas showed us many specimens of his skill and taste in sewing colored beads, and was highly pleased when I made some purchases. He inquired for M. Karastoyanoff's children; and it appeared that every Monday morning, as he and the other prisoners were marched past M. Karastoyanoff's house on their way to the baths, he was accustomed to watch for the children and to exchange greetings with them. Poor Nikolas! He has been, I think, more sinned against than sinning, and I hope he is not destined to end his days in chains. Shall I confess that I shook hands with him at parting? Forgive me, sons and daughters of Mrs. Grundy!

We advanced to the great gate of the monastery, which is sheltered by a portico adorned, like those at Mount Athos, with frescoes of saints and angels, and flanked by loop-holed projections in the wall on either side. Here the Abbot or Hegúmen, a portly, genial ecclesiastic, received us, arrayed in robes of purple and silver brocade, and accompanied by some sixty or seventy monks—all that remained of the once numerous brotherhood. A procession was formed; and, with incense and lighted tapers going before, we passed into the great quadrangle and directed our steps to the church which stands in its midst. The quadrangle is, properly speaking, an irregular pentagon; a number of galleries run round it, which lead to the cells of the monks; these long corridors are supported on stone arches, rising in tiers, and forming a series of picturesque arcades. Everywhere the coloring is rich and effective; the masonry is picked out in white and red, and the walls are bright with medallions and quaintly traced devices. The topmost gallery forms a kind of veranda beneath a projecting roof, which rests on dark oaken beams. The court is overgrown with grass, and shaded by a few fruit-trees; around are numerous

fountains, and the air is alive with the murmur of running water. The church is even more brilliant than the surrounding buildings with its variegated stonework, gay mosaics, and alcoves filled with frescoes. In contrast is the stern sombre aspect of the venerable keep, the oldest part of the monastery, looking down in the dignity of its eight centuries on the silvered domes and red tiled roofs and cloistered shades below.

The interior of the church is wonderfully gorgeous, equalling, if it does not surpass, anything of the kind to be seen at Mount Athos. Every inch of the walls and vaulted ceilings is covered with frescoes; there is a magnificent gilded *ikonostasis*, or screen, and in front of it repose the remains of St. Ivan Rilski. Only one arm and hand of the saint are visible, the rest of the body being encased in gold-leaf made from the offerings of pilgrims. The frescoes of Rilo would form a singularly interesting study for the specialist; so far as I am aware, no description of them has ever been written. They reminded me of the similar works of art in the Bulgarian monasteries at Mount Athos, more especially those at Zogrâphou, which, perhaps, are by the same hand. I have only space to allude briefly to those in the alcove of the church, which are peculiarly spirited and vigorous.

The northern wall is covered with an immense picture of the Day of Judgment. At the top sits God the Father with Christ and the Virgin Mary; a stream of fire issues from their feet and falls into hell, which is represented here, as elsewhere, by a fish with a great yawning mouth and terrible teeth. To the right, groups of saints standing on small clouds sail through the air. Close by, Heaven is represented as a court-yard with a lofty wall; the twelve apostles stand at the gate, while St. Peter puts a key into the keyhole. Within sit Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Abraham with a saved soul, perhaps Lazarus, in his arms; Jacob holding a napkin by the four ends, which contains diminutive figures of his twelve sons. In the centre is the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove perched on a copy of the Holy Scriptures; below is a cloud, from which projects a hand holding a balance; a soul on trial is represented by a young girl arrayed in white; a cloud-like substance, apparently denoting her spiritual endowments, rests in the right

scale, *which goes down*; but she looks apprehensively toward the left scale, on which a group of devils are piling scrolls inscribed with lists of sins; other devils are hastening onward with barrels containing fresh scrolls; and these they procure from Satan himself. The Evil One sits at the mouth of hell, mounted on Antichrist, a green lion with a golden crown and a tail terminating in a serpent's head; with his right hand he gives a barrel of scrolls to the devils, with his left he embraces a Jew, perhaps Judas Iscariot, who sits before him on Antichrist. In the sky on the left the archangel sounds the trumpet; below is a green hill, on which Christ, who seems to occur twice in the picture, stands pointing toward heaven and gazing at a band of Jewish high-priests, who are being encircled with a rope and drawn toward the fiery current by a remarkably active little black devil, furnished with long horns and two tails. Another little demon amuses himself by pulling the foot of the leading high-priest, who seems unwilling to advance. On the hillside the dead are rising from their graves, while lions, bears, and other quadrupeds, as well as fishes, are disgorging the limbs of those they have devoured. A beautiful woman sits on one of these animals, spinning with a distaff which projects from its tail; another sits on a fish, holding a model of a ship in her hands. The monks could not, or would not, give a satisfactory explanation of these figures, which perhaps indicate the dangers of female society to all who dwell on land or sea.

The frescoes on the western and southern walls are still more interesting, owing to the glimpses which they give us of peasant life, and the light which they throw on existing ideas of moral culture in Bulgaria. The upper portion of the western wall represents Bulgarian princes and saints surrounded by angels and all the company of heaven; on the lower part is a series of scenes revealing the torments of the damned. The culprits stand amid flames, while demons, whose figures are drawn with extraordinary spirit and imaginative power, inflict upon them punishments appropriate to their transgressions. First, as might be expected at Rilo, come the brigands, who are belabored with maces by red devils. Next come the inhospitable and the unchaste: the former are being chained by green devils, the lat-

ter are pierced with tridents, while serpents feed upon their breasts. In the two last-named pictures the sufferers are exclusively women; and it is interesting to mark the importance attached to the domestic virtue of hospitality, as well as to note the wholly different value set upon male and female chastity. The *bouquet fin* of the Nonconformist conscience would never recommend itself to the unsophisticated sense of the Bulgarian peasant. The Bulgarians, as a rule, confine their hospitality to their own kith and kin; their morality—how ridiculously we cramp this word to denote the cultivation of a minor virtue!—compares favorably with that of any Western nation. And yet they have no Vigilance societies nor purity people nor amateur detectives to see that they behave themselves. It is wonderful. Then follow law-breakers, thieves, and traitors, who are all rewarded according to their works; the tailor who steals cloth from his customers is suspended by the waist with his scissors and his keys; an avenging sprite sits on the back of the fraudulent grocer; while a devil with a wooden leg—*pede Poena claudo*—dangles before him a pair of scales; the dishonest miller lies prone with a millstone tied to his neck, his beard is being pulled, and his back belabored with a stout staff; the tavern-keeper who gives short measure is derided by a dark green demon who sips mockingly from a tankard. On the southern wall is a large picture which shows that the sorcerer is still regarded as a serious rival to the priest. A party of peasants are proceeding with their oxen and wagon to consult a necromancer; a band of devils hovers exultingly in the air above, and some of them perch on the wagon, while others help it along by grasping the spokes of the wheels; the wizard stands at the door of his hut, and the demons above subject him to outrageous indignities. No doubt the pictures make a deep impression on the simple peasants who come hither in thousands every year; the frescoes belong to the early part of the present century, and the coloring is as bright as when it was first laid on. Nothing can be more interesting than these quaint and highly finished specimens of purely native art, which interpret with the grotesqueness of mediæval fancy the living faith of to-day.

There was a brief service in the church,

and, at its conclusion, I was shown the chamber which was to be my abode for the next fortnight. It was a monk's cell, a wonderfully comfortable little apartment, which, with its wooden ceiling and numerous cupboards, somewhat resembled a cabin in a good-sized yacht. The window looked out to a magnificent forest-clad mountain, rising almost perpendicularly from the valley beneath; there was a large stove, and a door opened into a little kitchen on the left. I pictured to myself the holy father sitting here by the fire, saying his prayers and gossiping with his friends, and cooking his frugal dinner; and, on the whole, having a cheery time of it during the long winter months, when the monastery is cut off by the deep snow from the outer world. Here I was alone, yet not alone; for, though the previous occupant of my chamber had departed, certain of his satellites had remained behind. Ah, long shall I remember those tiny, dusky members of the Rilo confraternity! Lively little gentry, keen in their appetites and late in their hours, eclectic in their tastes, yet no respecters of persons, and ready to appear unbidden in the most illustrious presence. At sunset I strolled out among the picturesque sheds and farm-buildings which adjoin the eastern end of the monastery. The soldiers of the escort—there were some two hundred of them here—were busy attending to their horses, and their bustle and activity seemed somewhat out of keeping with the still tranquillity of this old-world spot. The evening closes in rapidly at Rilo, and it was dark when I returned to my cell. At half-past eight we were summoned to dinner by a trumpet call, and I made my way to the guest-chamber, a handsome room on the north side of the monastery, where the repast was served to the Prince and his suite. Our food was excellent, but it was cooked entirely by the Prince's servants. It seemed almost a crime to partake of modern luxuries in this abode of primitive asceticism, and I recalled my experiences of Mount Athos, where for a week I contrived to exist on vegetables and a few small fishes. As I crossed the silent courtyard, now lighted only by the stars and a few dim lanterns in the galleries around, I was startled by the sound of strong, manly voices, singing in harmony and filling all the recesses of the vast quadrangle; the

tone was rich and full, unlike the nasal droning of the monks. It was the soldiers' prayer, a brief petition for the country and the Prince, which, according to custom, is repeated at bedtime throughout the Bulgarian army. The men were ranged along one of the galleries in almost total darkness; it was strange to see these great sturdy youths brought together like children to say, or rather sing, their prayers before going to bed. Evening after evening I listened with fresh pleasure to their delightful chant.

I must not give a detailed account of the pleasant days that followed. There was shooting in the forest, and angling in the stream, the Abbot proving by demonstration that he was a fisher of trout as well as of men; there was climbing of mountains and lassoing of wild horses. Herds of these animals, the property of the monastery, roam among the rocks and woods; in winter they are driven by the snow to descend to Rilo Selo, where they find food and shelter. The Abbot had determined to make a gift to the Prince of three pretty little four-year-olds; but they had first to be caught. A number of peasants and soldiers drove one of the herds into a wood, from which there was but one egress. As the horses rushed out at the other end a peasant, concealed behind a thicket, threw a lasso with great skill, and captured one of them, a handsome isabelle-colored little animal, strong and fat, which had never known bit or bridle. It plunged desperately when taken, but next day when I saw it at the monastery, tied up with the horses of the escort, it seemed tame already, and willingly took bread from my hand.

Sometimes when there was no programme for the day—for the Prince, with untiring energy, often gave whole days to work—I was wont to betake myself in the noontide heat to a shaded ravine above the monastery, where a stream of the clearest water dashed headlong in a series of glittering cascades. Here I have sat for a delightful hour, watching the silvery current as it danced and flashed and trembled in the intercepted sunlight, now crowning the moss-robed stones with a wreath of crystal, now toying with the reluctant grasses, or leaping to caress the drooping fronds of some magnificent fern; then placid for a moment, and catching the blue of the sky above, or laughing in

wavelets reflected on the foliage around—till the murmur of the water and the whisper of the breeze among the tree-tops wafted me far into the region of dream-land; and I awoke—to find myself late for *déjeuner*. Once we had dinner on a grassy slope at the opposite side of the valley; the soldiers had dug a channel for a rivulet to flow by our table, and had placed therein a number of toy water-wheels. It was a magnificent evening, but a slight blue haze filled the valley, seeming to add to its loveliness, and marking the contrast in coloring between the nearer and more distant mountains. During dinner-time the mist became denser, softening and at the same time enriching the splendor of the sunset glow, reminding us of the wonderful atmospheric display which delighted and alarmed the world after the eruption of Krakatoa. A slight odor of burning wood became perceptible, and the Prince said that undoubtedly one of those great forest fires was in progress which often devastate the frontier district, usually arising on the Turkish side, where no precautions are taken to prevent them. Next day we learned that a vast conflagration was raging in the forest of Bellova, some thirty miles away. The pageant of sunset vanished rapidly, leaving behind it a darkness so intense that we could scarcely distinguish the giant mountain forms looming down through the mist in unspeakable grandeur. Lamps were brought, and overcoats too—for in these heights there is a sudden chill at sunset—and we sat round the table chatting pleasantly and enjoying the delicious night air. It was near midnight when we rose to depart; the moon had climbed the rocky barrier above us, and kept silent watch over the sleeping forest, while beneath us the lights of the monastery twinkled hospitably and welcomed us on our homeward way. "It is an ideal scene," said the Prince; "and though I have travelled much in the Old World and the New, I cannot remember anything more strikingly beautiful." It reminded him, he said, of some fairy scene in an opera; naturally enough, for scene-painters but strive, according to their lights, to represent the ideally perfect in nature. But here we had the reality, and not the imitation.

A few days after our arrival I accompanied the Prince on an excursion to the

Macedonian frontier. Our route lay through the valley of the Ilinska, which leads upward through scenery of savage magnificence to the lofty ridge on which the frontier lies; a bridle path descends on the other side to the town of Nevrokop, in Macedonia. There was a tradition at the monastery that an Englishman had once attempted this route, but that he had fallen among brigands. We started on horseback at daybreak, accompanied by a small escort. The forest through which we passed contained trees of enormous girth and size; but as we continued to ascend the beeches disappeared, and soon we left behind us the *abies excelsa* and *pectinata* which prevail in the Rilo woods, but now gave way to the *pinus cembra*, a conifer resembling the *araucaria* when viewed at a distance, and reminding the Prince of the forests of that tree he had seen in Brazil. In another hour the trees vanished altogether, and we found ourselves among the mosses, lichens, and saxifrages which mark the confines of eternal snow. Scarcely a sign of life was visible in these wild regions, but above our heads a splendid lammmergeier, or bearded vulture (*gypætus barbatus*), kept soaring in perpetual circles, as though indignant at our intrusion into his solitary realm. It was noon when we reached a moss covered tableland still gently sloping upward; the Prince put spurs to his horse, and we galloped forward to a point where the mountain breaks off into a steep declivity. All at once a vast panorama unfolded itself before us, as the whole of Macedonia seemed to swim into our vision; we had gained the Nebo of Bulgaria, and saw beneath us the Promised Land.

It was a magnificent prospect—those long wavy lines of blue mountain-ridges, those gleaming rivers and dark luxuriant forests, and tracts of verdant pasture where we could see flocks of sheep and goats feeding while the eagles were sailing in the air above their heads. We dismounted, and, leaving the escort, I accompanied the Prince alone for some distance along the frontier ridge, while his Royal Highness, who is thoroughly acquainted with the geography of Macedonia, pointed out its various natural features and the sites of the principal towns; among others that of Koprüllü, which still awaits its promised Bulgarian bishop. The conversation, however, inevitably turned to the political

question: What will be the next step in the advancement of Macedonia? And what will be the fate of this beautiful country, and of its Bulgarian inhabitants, whose hearts are with their brethren across the snows of Rhodope?

The Bulgars of Macedonia have a brighter prospect before them to-day than they have ever had since the Turk came into Europe. Their history in the past has been a peculiarly melancholy one, for, unlike the other Christian races of the peninsula, they have had to contend against a double foe, and the Orthodox Church, or rather the Greek Patriarchate, has made common cause with their enemies in endeavoring to stifle their national sentiment. It was not till after the Crimean War, when the doctrine of nationalities began to prevail throughout Europe, that the Bulgars, to the south as well as the north of Rhodope, began to assert themselves with vigor against the Hellenic propaganda: and, after a struggle of a quarter of a century, they succeeded in obtaining a recognition of their national Church by the establishment of the Exarchate in 1870. The newly constituted branch of the Orthodox Church had a troubled existence from the first; it was soon excommunicated by the Patriarchate, without even a pretence that it had embraced heretical doctrine; and when in 1878 the Big Bulgaria of General Ignatieff was shattered by the Berlin Treaty, the Bulgars of Macedonia, now politically separated from their brethren, found themselves, in matters spiritual as well as temporal, worse off than before. The sixty-second article of the Treaty, which guaranteed them not only liberty of worship, but the maintenance of their religious organization, was not respected by the Porte; the "berat" or *ezequatur* was withheld from their bishops, and they were handed over to the tender mercies of Greek ecclesiastics, who since then have carried on a vigorous crusade in the interests of Hellenism. I must not pause to describe the result: schools, churches, and cemeteries were closed, and even marriages could not be celebrated, for the Bulgarians resisted all encroachments with the characteristic tenacity of their race, and refused the ministrations of the Greek clergy. In the Note addressed to the Porte on the 16th of last June the Bulgarian Government only demanded the

restitution of a right which had been suspended, but never formally withdrawn. Its success in obtaining its request is an event of great importance, with regard not only to the future of Macedonia, but to the relations between the Suzerain and vassal Powers.

The significance of the Bulgarian triumph has been increased by the short-sighted action of Russian diplomacy at Constantinople. It would have been wiser and more dignified for Russia to have stood aloof on this question; but she had to consider her Servian *protégés*, and though she cannot count on the friendship of the Greeks, their hatred of the Bulgarians may yet serve her ends. She has suffered a diplomatic defeat, though the remonstrances of M. Nelidoff were enforced by a peremptory demand for the arrears of the war indemnity; and even a diplomatic defeat means a good deal in the East. But this is not all. She has shown herself an enemy to the faith of which she once posed as the champion; and notwithstanding all attempts to explain away her attitude, the fact will long be remembered by the clergy in Bulgaria, among whom she has hitherto found so many instruments for her designs, while in Macedonia both priests and people will henceforth turn their eyes to Sophia and not to St. Petersburg. It is instructive to note the change in the attitude of Mgr. Joseph, the Bulgarian Exarch, an astute ecclesiastic who prefers to be on the winning side, and who now shows a disposition to work loyally with the Government of Prince Ferdinand. Mgr. Joseph is a good Bulgarian; nevertheless, like some other patriots of his nation, he finds it hard to part with his belief in the omnipotence of Russia.

The young principality has now won a victory over its gigantic foe, and the *prestige* of the present Government has been increased at home as well as abroad. The Bulgarians are gratified by the fact that they have successfully intervened on behalf of their suffering kinsmen, and proud of the active sympathy shown by England and the other friendly Powers. Most encouraging of all was the support given by Germany, which has departed from the cold reserve so long maintained under Prince Bismarck. German influence is now supreme at the Porte, where big battalions are always rated at their proper value; and no doubt the representations

of M. von Radowitz received the deepest consideration. But there is reason also to believe that the Sultan, disregarding certain old-fashioned advisers who would have him treat Bulgaria as a rebel state, is fully alive to the importance of conciliating his well-armed vassal. The nation which sits astride on the Balkans holds the key of Constantinople, and if events should place the Bulgarian army under orders of the Czar, the doom of the Ottoman Empire would be sealed. The Bulgarians are equally anxious to maintain the best relations with their Suzerain; they know they have nothing to fear on the side of Turkey, while they have much to gain from her good will on behalf of their brethren in Macedonia. Whatever conduces to the prosperity of the latter must tend to the eventual consolidation of the race. It is a fact not generally known that after the departure of Prince Alexander they offered to elect the Sultan as their prince, so great was their dread of a Russian occupation. The *entente* with Turkey has not yet assumed the form of a military convention, but events may possibly force it to take that shape. Meanwhile, the Bulgarians will do nothing to throw difficulties in the way of Turkey in Macedonia. They are confident in the future of their race, and they are content to wait. Perhaps, indeed, the understanding between Turkey and Bulgaria may form the first step toward a solution of the Macedonian Question. It is conceivable that the Suzerain, if pressed by its enemies, and threatened on the Greek and Servian frontiers, may entrust the vassal Power with the occupation and defence of Macedonia. It would be the duty of the latter to accept the task, and Turkey might thus be protected from her foes and rescued from a situation which is daily increasing in difficulty. But we need not discuss these possibilities: *fata viam invenient*.

Before turning to descend we hastily examined the flora of this Alpine region, where we stood some eight thousand feet above the sea. Among the saxifrages we found the *aizoon*, *arachnoïdes*, and *varians*; among the gentians the *lutea*, *purpurea*, and other kinds; we also noticed the *ortemisïa Villarsii*, the *cystopteris alpina*, the *geum reptans montanum*, and *coccineum*, and the lichen *Islandicus*. Prince Ferdinand, who is not only a botanist but an ornithologist, also ob-

served some interesting birds, such as the *accentor alpinus* and *pyrrhocorax alpinus*, and succeeded in shooting a specimen of the beautiful *tichodroma muraria*, which clings to the rocks with its powerful claws, and, we are told, lays its eggs by preference in human skulls. Among the pine-tops below we saw the *nucifraga caryocatactes*, half jay, half pie, which gives a warning cry to the animal kingdom on the approach of man. The only human inhabitant of these desolate wilds was a Vlach shepherd clad in sheepskins, who climbed the mountain from the Turkish side, and prostrated himself thrice to the earth before the Prince. It was evening before we regained the monastery, having been in the saddle some twelve hours.

Next morning when I left my cell and looked down from the gallery upon the grass-grown court, I was struck by a novel and interesting spectacle. The quadrangle was thronged with hundreds of peasants in their charming holiday attire, their brightly-colored costumes contrasting with the sombre robes of the monks and the white summer uniforms of the soldiers. Some were sitting grouped on the green-sward, enjoying their morning meal; others were asleep beneath the fruit trees, fatigued by their long pilgrimage; others were standing in the alcoves of the church, gazing with wonder and admiration and awe at the pictured revelations of the wrath to come. A little crowd was assembled at a stall beneath the belfry, eagerly purchasing crosses and beads and pictures of saints. It was interesting to observe the tendency of the sexes to keep apart: the unmarried girls sat in rows on the steps beneath the arches, with gay ribbons and strings of coins in their hair, while the young men cast shy glances at them from a respectful distance. Fresh bands of pilgrims continued to arrive throughout the day, and before evening there were at least three thousand peasants at the monastery. After sunset a terrific thunder-storm broke over the valley; the lightning seemed to leap from crag to crag above our heads, and the thunder echoed grandly among the mountains on either hand. The peasants had crowded into the galleries, where they lay packed like sardines, most of them asleep and unconscious of the storm. It was after midnight when I was aroused by the sound of beating upon a *semantron*, or wooden

board, followed by the loud tolling of bells, and I went down into the court. The rain had ceased; the peasants were all astir, and many of them were already on their way to the church, at the door of which a monk sat at a table lighted by a dim candle. As the worshippers approached he inscribed in a book the names of such of them as gave offerings, it being understood that the names should be mentioned in the church services for a time proportionate to the magnitude of the gift. A little group was gathered around, as the peasants fumbled for their purses in the folds of their garments, or stood debating within themselves how much they should give—it was a conflict of interests spiritual and temporal—or bent their swarthy sunburned faces over the table as they eagerly watched for the inscription of their names. They had given of their penury, and they meant to have their reward.

The services continued through the small hours of the morning, and at nine o'clock Prince Ferdinand attended one of them, the peasants crowding densely to see their sovereign. Already many of the pilgrims had departed, making their way down the valley in a long picturesque train with their wagons and their oxen. The women were seated in the wagons, the men for the most part going on foot. I chanced to speak to one of the former, a sturdy countrywoman and a mother in Bulgaria, who had come hither with her two stout sons, aged twenty-one and eighteen respectively. It was her second visit to the monastery, she said; the first was before the birth of her firstborn, when she came to make her vows; and now that he was grown to man's estate she had come again. She had brought an offering of twenty-five francs, and received in return a paper with some pictures of saints and a promise that her name should be mentioned in the prayers. Not much for her money, some may say; nevertheless the investment was a good one because it made her happy. So too with the others who left their hard-won savings here; they returned to their homes happier, and perhaps better, than before. "Vain superstitions," says the Spirit of the nineteenth century. Yes, but what would life be without its superstitions? What would passion be without its romance, or faith without its mysteries, or hope without its illusions? And

why quarrel with a superstition which calls these children of toil from the furrow and the pasture to spend a holiday in this delightful spot, and gives them at least a landmark in the monotony of their lives? The time may come when men will believe only that which has been proved, the darkness of credulity may yield to the daybreak of reason; but the moonlight and the stars and the enchantment of the night will vanish as well in the cold dreary mist of the dawning.

I had intended to describe some other incidents of our stay at Rilo—among them a chamois hunt in the heights of Rhodope; but I have already exceeded

my limits. The general election was approaching, and it was time for the Prince to return to his capital. Our sojourn was brought to a close by a service in the church, and as we departed the Abbot and the monks attended the Prince to the gates of the monastery. It was with regret that we bade farewell to this charming retreat, where, amid scenes of exquisite beauty and associations suggestive of the past alone, we had lingered awhile in the still seclusion of mediæval life, remote from the turmoil of politics, the struggles and vulgar ambitions of to-day.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.

BEFORE considering what effects are likely to follow from the United States Copyright Act now passed, we shall do well to have a clear notion of the legal rights of British and American authors as they will stand from July 1. The reader is begged, once for all, to remember that we have time to consider until that date. For the sake of shortness and convenience I shall henceforth speak of the provisions of the American Act as if they were already in operation. We have to ask ourselves these questions: To what extent does the Act of Congress create international copyright? What rights can British authors acquire in the United States, and what rights can authors who are citizens of the United States acquire in these kingdoms? And, in either case, on what conditions? In answer to the first question we must say that, if the word *international* is to be used in its accurate meaning, the American Act has not created any kind of international copyright. For international rights are reciprocal rights, depending either on express treaty or on what is generally understood to be the duty of civilized States toward each other. Thus, in the matter of copyright, the Convention of Bern is an international instrument in the strict sense, and the rights derived from it through the legislation or ordinances by which it has been put in force in the several contracting States are as much international (in a sense acceptable enough for common use, though not

strictly correct) as rights of individual citizens can ever be. But the American Copyright Act does not give effect to nor involve any treaty or agreement between the United States and any other Power. The rights conferred by it on aliens do, no doubt, depend on certain conditions, as we shall immediately see. The existence of a treaty with the United States, or to which the United States may become a party at pleasure, is one way, but only one, in which those conditions may be satisfied. Whatever the true motives or policy of the measure may be, it is a one-sided and voluntary act on the part of the legislature of the United States.

There is no need to remind any one that, apart from this Act of Congress, the rights of a British author to protect his work from unauthorized multiplication in the United States were simply none. In some cases he could obtain some protection by incorporating the work of a friendly American colleague with his own; and a well-known author could, by means of advance sheets, give an American publisher a start in the American market, which was worth paying something for. But these makeshifts were often precarious at best, and the breaking down of what was called the courtesy of the trade among American publishers had deprived advance sheets of much of their value. The new estate of the British author must now be sought within the four corners of the "Act to amend title sixty, chapter three,

of the Revised Statutes of the United States, relating to copyrights." Formerly, the Statutes enabled copyright to be acquired only by "any citizen of the United States or resident therein" who, being the author or proprietor of the work, should take the steps pointed out. These words have now disappeared, and the person acquiring a copyright need not be either a citizen or a resident. But a new condition is imposed. Two copies of the work, as heretofore, must be delivered or deposited in the mail (to deposit in the mail is Congress-English for to post or despatch by post) for the Librarian of Congress:

"Provided that in the case of a book the two copies of the same required to be delivered or deposited as above shall be printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or from plates made therefrom."

And this must be not later than the day of publication in the United States, or in any foreign country. This proviso was framed solely and avowedly to protect American printers from the competition of European labor, and it is followed by a prohibition (with minute exceptions which need not be now considered) against importing foreign-printed copies, or foreign-made stereotype plates, of any copyrighted book. Compliance with this proviso may be troublesome and expensive, but it can be complied with by the foreign author or publisher who thinks an American copyright worth the price of having the book composed and printed in the United States, either alone or concurrently with the production of another edition in his own country. The final section of the Act contains another condition which cannot be satisfied by any act of the individual foreign author, but only by the laws of his nation.

"This Act shall only apply to a citizen of a foreign State or nation, when such foreign State or nation permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens; or when such foreign State or nation is a party to an international agreement, which provides for reciprocity in the granting of copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States of America may at its [sic] pleasure become a party to such an agreement."

The President of the United States is to determine whether either of these conditions is fulfilled. I believe that our copy-

right law does fulfil the first of them; whatever doubt exists can, at any rate, be easily removed; and this brings us to the next point, What are the rights of the American author in Great Britain?

A citizen of any friendly State can secure copyright for his book throughout the British dominions by a first, or (it seems and is commonly understood) simultaneous, publication of it in England—certainly if at the time he is resident within the British dominions, and probably whether he is so resident or not. This last point, as to residence, has never been decided. It was judicially discussed in the House of Lords in the case of *Routledge v. Low* in 1868. Lord Westbury and Lord Cairns thought residence in British territory at the date of publication was not necessary; Lord Cranworth and Lord Chelmsford thought it was; Lord Colonsay declined to express an opinion. It would be an unexpected event if any English-speaking tribunal were now to hold that Lord Westbury and Lord Cairns were wrong together on such a point. But, so long as the point is at all capable of doubt, it may be alleged to be doubtful whether this country (in the strange jargon which it has pleased the draftsman of the American Act to use) "permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens." Lord Monkswell's Bill for consolidating and amending our own Copyright Acts, now before the House of Lords, proposes to remove the doubt by expressly conferring copyright on authors, whether British subjects or aliens, provided their works "shall have been first published in some part of the British dominions."

Under the earlier Copyright Act of Queen Anne, a book would, perhaps, not have been held to be published in this country unless actually printed here. But it must be observed that only in quite modern times has it been a practicable commercial operation to print in one country and publish in another; and, down to the early part of this century, one might indeed say down to the present reign, the possibility of thus dividing the production of a book was so little thought of that "print" was constantly used as a mere synonym for "publish." However that may be, I am not aware of any authority on the strength of which it could have

been argued with much prospect of success, at any time within the last twenty years, that printing in this country was required by the Copyright Act of 1842 as a necessary part of publication. The International Copyright Act of 1886 has now extended the range of publication in space to the whole of the British possessions; it makes the Copyright Acts (enumerated in a schedule) "apply to a literary or artistic work first produced in a British possession in like manner as they apply to a work first produced in the United Kingdom."* And this appears to conclude the matter. Parliament cannot have intended that a British author should not have the benefit of this enactment if he caused his work to be printed in one part of the British Empire, and issued to the public in another. But, if publication included printing as a necessary element, such would be the result. On the whole, then, it appears that any one who publishes a book in the United Kingdom or any British possession can make sure of British copyright under our general law by a temporary residence on British territory, and that it does not matter where the book is printed. Subject to possible modification in particular colonies,† his rights extend over the British Empire.

In point of fact it is by no means an unknown practice to have books printed abroad for publication in England. Some American books are issued at the same time here and in their own country, by sending the American sheets to England, and having them bound up with an English publisher's title-page; or, in the case of a house having branches in both England and America under the same firm, identically similar copies may be issued on both sides. A few scientific and philosophical English works are, I believe, printed on the Continent; and much of the finer kind of scientific and artistic illustrated work is habitually done for English publishers in France or Germany; not because it is cheaper (in Paris it is probably not cheaper at all), but because, in the present state of English technical educa-

tion, it cannot be so well done in England. I have never heard of any question being raised, either before or since the Act of 1886, as to the validity of British copyright in publications of this kind. Any restrictive condition about printing must be imposed by fresh and deliberate legislation, if at all. As against the United States it would be clearly within our rights, and would not prejudice the acquisition of American copyright by British subjects, as we are not bound by any treaty in the matter, and we should still be conceding to citizens of the United States the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as our own citizens.

The Bern Convention has little or no direct bearing on these questions, inasmuch as the United States are outside it. But Article 3 of the Convention appears to secure all the benefits of the Convention to Americans, or other citizens of non-contracting Powers, publishing their works in any of the countries of the Union. And by Article 18 other countries may at any time join the International Copyright Union established by the Convention. It seems, therefore, that we could, if necessary, claim the benefit of the American Act under the second as well as the first of the conditions above quoted from its final section. Nothing is said in the Convention about the place of printing as distinct from publishing, and I cannot see that there is anything in its terms to prevent "the conditions and formalities prescribed by law in the country of origin of the work," as mentioned in Article 2, which is the principal operative clause of the Convention, from including the condition that the work, if it is a book, shall be printed in that country. Whether it would be considered in accordance with the spirit of the Convention to impose any such condition is a question for diplomatists rather than lawyers. I wish, however, to guard myself against being thought to assume that any party to the Convention could enact a printing clause similar to that of the American Act without incurring some risk of diplomatic difficulties. In the same way, the existence of that clause might be a practical obstacle in the event of the United States wishing to join the Bern Convention. But I am not aware that they have any such desire. It has been sufficiently explained that the rights of American citizens in respect of their

* 49 & 50 Vict. c. 33, s. 8. "The expression 'produced' means, as the case requires, published or made, or performed or represented" (s. 11).

† See the International Copyright Act, 1886, s. 8, sub-ss. 3, 4.

works published in the United Kingdom are wholly independent of the International Copyright Acts, and are secured by our ordinary law. The facts above set forth also show that we have given citizens of the United States all that can be given in the way of facilities for acquiring British copyright, and, through the Convention of Bern, European copyright also. We have no valuable consideration to offer them in return for any further advantage to our own people.

Turning from the law to its consequences, we find a great apprehension in this country that British authors will be driven in effect to become American authors. They must print in America to get American copyright, and rather than incur the expense of printing in England also they will supply the English market with copies of American manufacture. Hence, we are told, will flow disaster to British printers, American innovations in our spelling and literature, and other perils and sufferings. Some people think, on the other hand, that the dislike of the British reading public to American spelling will more or less protect the British printer by maintaining a distinct demand for books of the accustomed English appearance. This appears to me but a slender hope. I do not believe the majority of readers here have any such strong feeling about American paper, print, or spelling, as will make them insist on being supplied with editions of home manufacture. Several American magazines already have a large English circulation, and I doubt whether many of those who read or skim them pay any attention to the spelling. My own eye is much less caught by Webster's variations of English orthography than by such forms as *Teil, Rat, Tat, Not*, in recent German printing. And I confess that I dislike them only in a lukewarm way. So far as there is any right or wrong in the anarchy of English spelling, I think Webster's changes are mostly right; but I think them too small to justify the trouble of making a difference between English and American usage. Until we can abolish all spelling rules whatever for a generation or two, and see what comes out at the other end (in which we should only be following the example of our ancestors three centuries ago), the common tradition of the printing-office is no worse than anything else. But I do

not think British authors or publishers will be found ready to sacrifice any considerable part of their gains as confessors against the Websterian heresy, or that the public will largely rally to the cry that Britons never, never, will spell *defence* with an *s*. It is not at all clear, however, that other and more practical considerations will not often make it worth while to print in both countries. If an English author decides to print his work only in the United States, it will take the better part of three weeks for the American printer to send out a proof and receive the author's corrections. In the case of a revise being required this time will of course be doubled. Another week must be added for the original despatch of copy to the printers. And, on the whole, it seems not too much to say that passing a book through the press under these conditions will, on the average, entail a full month's delay in publication. To this must again be added the time requisite for the transmission of plates or printed sheets, as the case may be, to England; and, finally, there must be a margin of some days to insure perfectly simultaneous publication, as the copyright in either country would be lost by a day's priority of issue in the other. The risk of losing MS. or proofs in transit is not great, but in the total of a publishing business I suppose it is appreciable. Time and risk would clearly be saved by printing in England first, and sending out corrected sheets to be reprinted in America. When these were ready for publication, and the publisher at home so advised by cable, the two editions would issue on the same day. It would be possible, and might in many cases be sufficient, to send out a carefully corrected type-written copy in the first instance, and trust the American printer for the rest. But it is also possible that many authors might object to this. It remains to be seen whether the saving in time and convenience by printing a double edition will not be found to outweigh the expense as often as not. And it must be remembered that the British authors who will most largely avail themselves of the American Copyright Act are those who are in a position to make their own terms in matters of this kind, and whose works command so large a sale that there is no occasion for author or publisher to measure the cost of production over-narrowly.

Meanwhile, the work of English printers in producing fresh issues of standard books in which copyright has expired will remain unaffected. I do not know what may be the proportion of this to the work done in printing new books, but I imagine it must be a great deal more than most people think. Moreover, as Mr. Scrutton pointed out some time ago,* "that class of [British] writers for whose works there is a small but genuine demand in the States, so small that they are not worth pirating, but so genuine as to send orders to England, will not be affected in any way by the Bill." Many kinds of expensive and scholarly books are in this category. The British printer will be unmolested as regards all these. Altogether I am disposed to think that the price we have to pay for the benefit of American copyright will turn out to be much less heavy than is feared by the representatives of the trade interests concerned.

There is one point in the Act which will favor American reviews and magazines at the expense of English ones. By the eleventh section, every number of a periodical is to be treated as a separate publication. An English periodical printed in England—this *Review*, for example—cannot acquire American copyright. Hence an English author collecting review articles for republication, or publishing a novel which has appeared in serial form in an English magazine only, can acquire

American copyright only by publishing the collected work, in the manner required by the American Act, with additions or alterations. Such additions or alterations are, by section 5, capable of being copyrighted, save that a very ill expressed clause at the end of the section appears to withhold all protection from works of which any part has been first published in a serial form outside the United States before July 1, 1891; but I am not sure that I rightly understand it. Having sometimes had occasion to criticise the form of our own statutes, I must admit that this time the Congress of the United States has attained a pitch of bad English, awkward and obscure construction, and general clumsiness, wholly beyond any recent performances of Parliament, and barely surpassed, if at all, by the Copyright Act of 1842 itself.

Learned friends who may do me the honor to read this paper will perhaps think I have insisted too much on elementary legal conclusions. But there are amateur lawyers as well as learned and qualified lawyers, and the law of copyright is a rather favorite hunting-ground of amateurs. When an amateur lawyer once goes a-mare's-nesting among Acts of Parliament, there is no knowing what falls may ensue to him, or any one who follows him; and my only fear in this respect is that I may not have been elementary enough.—*Contemporary Review*.

LONDON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

THE "Athenæum," announcing the publication of a new edition of Cunningham's well-known "Handbook to London," said that "the immense changes that have taken place since the work was issued, in 1850, have made it necessary for the great part of it to be re-written," as has been done well by Mr. Wheatley. If the changes in the aspect of London since 1850 have been so great, it may be of interest to give some recollections of a period twenty years earlier, when the con-

trasts with the London of to-day were much more marked. Without attempting detailed descriptions or formal statistics, I propose to set down a few desultory notes, as they occur to memory.

My first visit to London was in the autumn of 1829, the year of the accession of William IV. I had a longer holiday that year than usual, the classes of the Edinburgh Academy, where I had been at school for six years, closing at the end of July, and the classes at the University not opening till November. To see London was a treat looked forward to with feel-

* *Law Quarterly Review*, iv. 348.

ings beyond the Scottish experiences of previous holiday seasons. The opportunity came through invitation of two old Indian comrades and friends of my father, who had been in the service of the Honorable East India Company in the good old times when George the Third was King.

There were several ways of getting to London from Edinburgh in the year 1829. Railways, as yet, were unknown north of the Tweed, in fact the first English locomotive for passenger traffic was seen in October of that year, a date memorable for the tragic and lamented death of Mr. Huskisson, on the occasion of the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool line. By land there was no way of travelling but by coach, except walking, as many a Scotchman did in those days, besides peddlers and cattle drovers. Within the memory of men then living the stage coaches had taken the best part of a week to make the journey from Edinburgh to London. It is true that the time had gradually been lessened and the speed accelerated, till the Royal Mail had brought the time down to less than forty-eight hours. But the journey was fatiguing and costly, and comparatively few passengers were carried by the mail or other coaches. The most common and still the favorite method of transit was by sea, and the celebrated Leith Smacks took hundreds every year from the Forth to the Thames at moderate charge, and in time varying according to wind and weather. Fortunately the General Steam Navigation Company had some few years before put two steamboats on the east coast for the Scottish passenger traffic, and in one of these, the *Soho*, I made my voyage to the south, returning in due time by the companion vessel, the *James Watt*.

The *Soho* started, as far as I remember, from Granton, and in about forty-eight hours cast anchor off Blackwall. Why it had to stop there I did not then know, but was afterward told it was on account of the crowded ships, barges, and boats on the busy stream higher up, chiefly in connection with the building of the new London Bridge.

The passage from the steamer at Blackwall to the landing-place at Chelsea, close to Old Chelsea Bridge, was made in a Thames waterman's wherry. Captain Peevor, whose house in Church Street was my first destination, had brought the Chel-

sea waterman all the way to Blackwall, and the return voyage was now made, with two boys and their luggage added to the weight. In those times there were regulated fares for watermen to every point on either side of the river, both above and below London Bridge. The regulation fare to Chelsea Bridge was half a-crown for a pair of oars and fourpence for each person carried. Of course it was a larger sum by agreement to go and return the longer distance of Blackwall, but the fare was small compared with what the journey would have been by land. The watermen on the river were then almost as numerous as the coachmen on the streets, and the tables of fares for oars or scullers were as detailed as the cab fares of subsequent times, when wherries for passengers had gradually become few. The traffic can hardly be imagined by those who know the Thames only since steamboats plied above London Bridge and granite embankments lined the banks, causing the gradual disappearance of most of the old "stairs" and landing-places on both sides of the river.

The name of Captain Peevor I have mentioned because he was well-known in Chelsea, where he was for a long period one of the resident officers at Chelsea Hospital, respected by his colleagues, and much loved by the old pensioners, to whose welfare he devoted himself. At the time of which I am writing he had just retired from the army, and opened an establishment for receiving pupils sent home from India, one of whom was my companion in the steamer, and in the boat from Blackwall.

But we must go back to the arrival of the steamer at Blackwall and the voyage in the waterman's boat up the river. The first thing that struck the eye was the immense number of ships moored in the midstream, a large porportion of them being colliers, far more than were ever seen afterward, when coal began to be carried by rail and by steamboats. There were long rows of collier vessels, and the transfer of the coal to barges alongside was done in a rough manner. Gangs of grimy black laborers stood on a raised platform above the hold, and when the big baskets below were filled, they were brought to the surface by the men jumping all together from the stage down to the deck. A crane turning the load to

the barges seemed the only machinery for helping the muscular labor. It was as rude a process as the pavior's work in the streets in these same times, whose loud chest-grunts were painfully audible.

As we advanced up the river, our attention was directed to Greenwich Hospital and Deptford, and the crowded masts of ships in the several docks, and past the Tower, till we were warned to prepare for "shooting London Bridge." This was no trivial or easy affair in 1829. The piers of the new Bridge stood out with grand effect, but the chief peril was in passing under one of the many arches of Old London Bridge, which was left standing until the opening of the new Bridge. Altogether the "shooting the rapids" was a skilful piece of management by our steady waterman. The various points of interest on both sides, after the first view of St. Paul's and the Monument, and the many church spires of the City, need not be enumerated, nor the successive bridges—Southwark, old Blackfriars, Waterloo, finished only twelve years before, and reckoned the finest in the world, and old Westminster Bridge, after which came the Abbey, and Lambeth Palace, and so to Chelsea. Suffice it to say that the first sight of London and the journey up "the silent highway" was a romantic introduction to the metropolis, such as no traveler nowadays can have in approaching by train to the great termini of the railways, or by any entrances to London by road.

I forget whether there was any boarding of the steamer by Custom House officials, or any examination of cargo; but I do remember, years after, in passing the Border by coach, the passengers' baggage was searched for contraband whiskey; probably because there were differential duties in those days upon English and Scotch spirits.

The old house in Church Street to which we were going was a spacious mansion, with a good garden and playground. Occasionally, during the past half century, I have gone to look at the place, and on my last visit found it in possession of the General Omnibus Company, whose offices and workshops and stables would have made the house almost unrecognizable but for the fine brick frontage still unchanged.

Church Street, so called from its leading to Chelsea Church, with its old massive

tower, was for a long time little altered compared with adjacent districts. The greater part of the ground now covered by streets and squares was at that time open and sparsely peopled. There was one portion known as Chelsea Fields, an unclosed common. Large old mansions stood here and there, having extensive pleasure-grounds and gardens. Many years afterward I saw at the end of a long garden in Beaufort Street, a portion of the massive brick wall which had bounded the domain of Sir Thomas More. Cheyne Row, famous in connection with Thomas Carlyle, and a few other streets, are little changed, but the whole space from the river to the King's Road has been built upon in more recent times. The Embankment has changed the aspect of the old riverside road, with its pleasant wooded banks, where Turner studied the glorious English sunsets. Don Saltero's Museum was broken up years before, but remained as the name of a public-house, at the beginning of the village street, with its china shops, and bunshops, and the primitive public-houses, much frequented by Londoners on Sundays and holidays.

On the south side of the Thames, between Nine Elms and Lambeth, there was a wider tract of desolate land, then called Battersea Common or Battersea Fields, with few houses, the most notable being the Red House, where boatloads of revelers used to assemble, and where frequent sounds of gun and pistol shots were heard, due to pigeon matches, and occasionally, in early morning, to duels fought in the neighborhood. Railway works and gas works hastened the occupation of regions almost unpeopled sixty years ago.

After a day's rest, and rambling in the neighborhood of Chelsea, the business of sight-seeing commenced. Our host was a great pedestrian. We walked to St. Paul's as the first place of interest to be seen, and we saw it thoroughly, from basement to the cross on the top, an expedition never again made by me in the sixty years that have intervened. There were fees demanded for each section of the building, admission to the Cathedral itself, except at service hours, being only on payment of twopence each person. There were comparatively few statues to be seen in those days, but we saw those of the heroes of the great war, and at the en-

trance of the chancel the figures of Johnson and of Howard, the first statues erected in St. Paul's, and were told of the story of the foreigner who supposed these were figures of St. Paul and St. Peter, the prison keys in Howard's hand causing him to jump at that conclusion.

On many celebrated occasions I have since been in St. Paul's, but never had inclination to ascend again to the ball and cross, even when the Royal Engineers had their "crow's nest" there while taking the metropolitan survey. Once, during a dense brown London fog, I got a young friend to go up, and at the upper gallery he had risen above the dark fog, but the air was still beclouded by white mist. The hope of seeing blue sky and sunshine above the fog was disappointed. Another time, a messenger, special permission being given by the Dean, ascended during the night, in order to witness daybreak and "sunrise from the summit of St. Paul's," and gave a graphic account of his experience in the pages of the "Leisure Hour."

The sight of St. Paul's was the great feature of that first day in London, but many other things and places were observed. We walked through Chelsea Hospital, and by the Duke of York's Military School, and along what is now the busy Chelsea Road, the buildings of which were not continuous as now, for I remember a long reach of dead wall, where birds in cages and rows of rude pictures and ballads were exhibited for sale. After St. James's Park, we saw on the parade ground, behind the Horse Guards, the identical two pieces of ordnance, a long gun and a winged bomb, trophies of the great war, which are still, or lately were, on the same spot.

In Whitehall the front of the Horse Guards and the Admiralty looked then as now, mounted Life Guardsmen and the beribboned recruiting sergeants astonishing us as they have successive generations of boys. Then came Charing Cross, in everything different from what it now appears. We stood before the long frontage of the court of Northumberland House, with the lion over the gateway, and rustics waiting to see the erect tail wag. There were real live lions to be seen at Exeter Change, not far off, as there were also at the Tower, before the Zoological Gardens, then recently opened, concentrated such attractions. Trafalgar Square

did not then exist, nor the National Gallery, the annual show of the Academy pictures being at Somerset House. Pall Mall was not then a row of palace-like edifices, the finest of the clubs being then unbuilt. We went up Regent Street as far as the Quadrant, then (and long after) marked by the heavy-pillared arcades covering the pavement on both sides of the roadway. The shop of Swan and Edgar was traversed from Piccadilly to Regent Street, then considered an emporium of unique magnitude, the pioneer of the vast marts and stores by which its fame has been superseded. The costumes in Bond Street were in the "Regency" epoch. From Piccadilly Circus all the way eastward, especially by the line known now as New Oxford Street, all is changed from what then met the view, the most marked changes having been in our own time. London maps of different dates since the accession of Victoria will show at a glance the alterations in this region, which our space forbids us to specify in detail.

On subsequent days expeditions were made in various directions. That to Westminster took in the Abbey, with its chapels and its monuments, the whole of the interior and surroundings greatly different from what it became after Stanley was Dean. Westminster Hall was then as grandly imposing as it is now, but it was not the vestibule to the Houses of Parliament, with their magnificent buildings and towers. The incongruous accretion of what were called the New Courts of Law still defaced the site. In Old Palace Yard stood the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the former containing among its ornaments the historic tapestry representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the latter known as St. Stephen's Chapel, used as the people's Parliament house ever since the time of Edward VI. These venerable chambers and the Speaker's House were destroyed by fire nearly ten years after I saw them. From the Horse Guards down Whitehall to Westminster Bridge everything remained in 1829 as in the old days of Addison and Chatham, of Pitt and Fox. Of the old Whitehall Palace the only part remaining was the Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo Jones's architecture, and happily still standing, one of the grandest buildings of the London of our own day. In later times, since George I., it has been known

as the Chapel Royal, but its chief interest to a stranger was its being associated with the execution of Charles I., who passed through the Hall to the scaffold erected in the front toward Whitehall. The Hall is to be now transferred to the United Service Institution, but with provision that no change is to be made in the building, and that the painted ceiling by Rubens is to be protected.

Although all our excursions, far or near—one of them to Harrow on-the-Hill—were made on foot, it was not for lack of public conveyances. To Chelsea itself, described in the guide-books of the period as “a village on the Thames, two miles from London,” there were coaches running from the Strand, from Charing Cross, and Leadenhall Street. Brief reference to some of the many coaches running at that time to various suburban villages will give better idea than detailed descriptions of the spaces sixty years ago, now absorbed in the vast metropolis, and densely populated. Hackney was then known as “a populous village about two miles from Shoreditch Church.” It included what were then styled the “hamlets” of Upper and Lower Clapton, Dalston, and Homerton. Coaches ran several times daily from the Royal Exchange, the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate Street, and from Snow Hill. A more curious entry in the same suburban guide-book calls Islington “an extensive village about two miles from London, with a church and several chapels.” This village was said to be “remarkable for the salubrity of its air and the number of its chalybeate springs.” Islington was likewise “noted for supplying a great portion of the metropolis with milk.” Coaches ran to Islington from Holborn Bars, from Fleet Street, and Cheapside.

Touching the supply of milk to London, there is a curious reference in a letter of the celebrated Edward Irving, then in the zenith of his popularity. It is dated in August, 1828, from Mornington terrace, Hampstead Road. He says, “It is just striking twelve upon the Somers Town church, which is almost right opposite my window, with a green grass park full of milch cows between, which I overlook on this sweet autumn day.” Whether the church clock was that of Somers Town or of Old St. Pancras, this description of the open pasturage and the

cows will surprise the present dwellers in these crowded regions.

Turning to other suburbs of sixty years ago, Kensington, “the old Court suburb,” then occupied a very circumscribed area, and was reckoned a village, while Earl’s Court was “a hamlet in Kensington parish.” Further to the west was Hammer-smith, “a populous village four miles from London, with many ancient houses and villas,” to which coaches ran at stated times from St. Paul’s Churchyard and the White Cellars. Peckham was wholly rural. So we might recall other suburbs and “villages;” Greenwich, Kew, Hampstead, and many more, even Paddington itself being spoken of as “a village about a mile from London.” A favorite excursion was to travel in “express boats” on the canal from Paddington toward the west. Bayswater, with its dense population and multitudinous omnibuses, was hardly known by name sixty years ago. Ten or twelve years later, what is now known as “Westbourne Grove” was literally a wooded rural region with a few small houses.

There were “stands” for hackney coaches, whether two-horse chariots or one-horse chaises, few in number compared with our modern cab-stands, but under strict regulations as to fares and other matters. The fares were not high, a shilling for the first mile, and sixpence for every half mile farther. By time, the charge was a shilling for each half hour after the first hour, or five shillings for two hours. The fare by distance from Hyde Park Corner to St. Paul’s was three and sixpence, and to Islington Church five and sixpence. The table of fares “to places of amusement” was very limited compared with such tables nowadays. There were only three licensed theatres in London proper; the Opera House, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden. The other “places of amusement” fares were to Vauxhall, Sadler’s Wells, Astley’s, and the Circus. The hackney-coachman of those days was a more imposing personage than most of our cabmen, generally with broad-brimmed hat and many-caped coat. “Lost property” had to be taken to the Hackney Coach Office “and deposited with one of the clerks,” before the times of the police and of Scotland Yard.

Sedan chairs were no longer in public use for hire, though still favorite convey-

ances in quiet West-end squares and streets, in some of which the railings still show the pendent iron extinguishers for the torch-bearer's convenience.

Another curious vehicle still in use sixty years ago was the brewers' sleigh, a sledge without wheels, on which a single cask was dragged along by a showy dray horse. The same kind of sledge is in common use in Madeira, but there drawn slowly by oxen, the driver standing on the front of the plank with goad in hand, a very different figure from Barclay and Perkins's drayman of the old song and old times.

Part of my time in London was spent in a visit to Captain Lynn, who had commanded one of the splendid armed ships of the Honorable East India Company, and on retiring had an institution for training pupils for naval service. His house was in Leadenhall Street, near the East India House and Leadenhall Market. Over the door was a figure in uniform, holding up a sextant, such as Dickens described. From this centre my expeditions were made to the Docks, the Tower, the Custom House, the Mint, the Bank, and Royal Exchange, and other places of interest in central and eastern London. The changes have not been so remarkable here as in the western and northern parts of the metropolis, but many places besides the old Exchange and the India House which I knew in 1829, have disappeared, and many new buildings and streets now occupy the sites of that period, especially between St. Paul's and the Monument, Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street being among the most notable "improvements." On the river side I also remember the strangely different aspect when Billingsgate was supplied through fleets of fish smacks and deep sea boats instead of by huge steamers as in after days. The coal traffic by steam has also revolutionized the appearance of this part of the Thames. The greatest of all contrasts is that in the shipping itself, both in the docks and the river, the proportion of steamers sixty years ago being scarcely worth reckoning in the traffic and commerce of the port of London.

The street cries and street noises of London have continued much the same as they were in the middle of the fifteenth century, when John Lydgate wrote his quaint old ballad of the country yokel Lackpenny, who was bewildered by all he saw and heard among the salespeople. Flowers and fruits, fish, fowl, milk, and all articles of diet, and many sorts of dress are loudly advertised as for sale, while O' Clo' and other cries are heard from buyers. Among the street noises of sixty years ago, the horn of the news vendor is heard no more, and the loud bell of the dustmen and nightmen. The mention of the last recalls the dangers that threatened to bring the Plague or the Black Death again to London while the population was becoming so vast. No general system of sewage had as yet been attempted, and the dead were still buried under churches and in the midst of the living. The opening of cemeteries, and the system of sewage, had not begun in the time of which we are speaking.

Such are some slight recollections of London sixty years ago, when the Royal Exchange, built in 1668 to replace that which perished in the Great Fire, yet remained, and Old London Bridge was not yet removed; when watermen's wherries plied on the unembanked Thames, undisturbed by bustling steamboats and tugs; when the old British Museum (Montague House), and St. Stephen's Chapel, and old Blackfriars and old Westminster Bridges yet stood; when Paddington, and Islington, and Chelsea were still suburban townships, and districts now densely peopled were green pasturages; when the City and Metropolitan police force had not been organized; when gas lighting was only beginning to be general, and no railway stations yet existed, nor railway bridges spanned the river; when mail coaches carried a few bags of stamped newspapers and heavily rated or franked letters to the country and provincial towns; when the space covered with houses and streets was not one half, and the population not one third, of what it was in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign.—*Leisure Hour.*

HO! FOR THE ORIENT.

BY J. C-B.

Ho ! for the Orient in its glory,
 Heedless let western shadows fall,
 First in the east was told the story,
 Peace and goodwill that brings to all.

Ho ! for the rosy flush flamboyant,
 Op'ning the eyelids of the world ;
 Eve's hues, though rich, are little joyant,
 Ever in gathering darkness furled.

Hail to great Phoebus juvenescent !
 Climbing the amber staircase bright,
 While sinks the sad and frigid crescent,
 Pale from the sorrows of the night.

Westward the star of empire travels,
 Eastward the hopes of men are drawn,
 Whate'er life's mystery unravels
 Comes from the regions of the dawn.

Westward we gaze in ceaseless wonder,
 Eastward our knees in reverence bend ;
 Here sounds the roll of Sinai's thunder,
 There clink of coin and strife cries blend.

Oh ! for the happy days of boyhood,
 With hope abounding once again ;
 Oh ! for the thrill the tales of Troy could
 Send through the eager heart and brain.

Oh ! for the vine-draped slopes of Chios,
 Oh ! for the silv'ry Attic strand,
 The flowery cradle-land of heroes,
 Hellas ! the proudly-templed land.

Worn by my work and very weary,
 Naught glads me now that comes to pass ;
 Love-songs have in them something dreary,
 As on a grave the bright, green grass.

Only the Orient in its splendor
 Folds up the bat's phantasmal wing ;
 Only the Orient's voice so tender
 Wakes birds their madrigals to sing.

Every fair ship that leaves our haven,
 With white sails bulging to the east,
 Beckons, and on my heart leaves graven,
 The call that stirred the soldier-priest,

Oh ! for the crystal dew of Hermon,
 Oh ! for the olive girdled mount,
 Where from His lips there fell the sermon
 Of sweetness and of light the fount.

Ho ! for the Orient in its glory,
 Heedless let western shadows fall,
 Think of the golden day before ye,
 Dream not of night's star-spangled pall.

—Academy.

POLITICS IN FICTION.

POLITICS naturally play an important part in the fiction of a nation, where they are the common talk of all the world, from the prince on the steps of the throne to the cottager smoking in the alehouse. Everybody is supposed to be thoroughly at home in them, and Wilkie, in the solemn earnestness of his "Village Politicians," went to the very root of the matter. In a country which has boasted of its free institutions since the Witenagemot of the Saxons, a public career is open to all comers, and the gifted son of a scavenger may aspire—theoretically—to direct the destinies of the British empire. Indeed, stranger things are likely to happen in these days of school boards with the advent of free education. But in writing of politics in fiction, we are less concerned with the possibilities of the future than with the picturesqueness of the past. We are sorry to think that, from the more sensational point of view, the prosaic has been replacing the romantic. Our older novelists had grand opportunities, and, happily for historians, they did not neglect them. Great statesmen, when platform oratory was less common, and when the practice of reporting was comparatively in its infancy, made novels the channels for communicating their thoughts, and discussing the condition of the country and the masses. In their fiction they followed the course of the thrilling political struggles which had enfranchised the democracy for good or for evil, and carried a succession of bills for "giving everything to everybody." Those statesmen, if they wrote as partisans, wrote in the ripe maturity of habitual reflection, and founded the scenes, which were brightened and colored by imagination, on personal experiences and reminiscences. Nor in their brilliant books, as in many others, was the popular and dramatic side of politics neglected. They analyzed the ambition which burned as a fever, making men hazard everything on the hope of distinction, compromising with conscience and throwing principle

overboard. They dwelt on the careers of youths who dreamed of being the disinterested benefactors of the human race ; who fondly fancied they might regenerate and revolutionize, and who subsequently either came to signal grief or settled down into steady-going, practical men of business. Those good old days were the days of fiercely contested elections, fought out regardless of expense and law, in contempt of peace, purity, and public order. It was then that Brougham, though but a rising lawyer, somehow found vast sums of money to fling to the winds in battling in Cumberland against the Lowthers. It was then that three great Yorkshire families must have hopelessly embarrassed themselves in a triangular duel, had they not had inexhaustible mines beneath boundless acres. It was then Earl Spencer is said to have spent £150,000 on what is known as the "spendthrift election." Those were the days of the rotten boroughs, when each marketable borough went to the highest bidder ; when a Sir Pitt Crawley kept one seat for himself, selling the other to a nabob or a Government nominee ; when a man might qualify his bailiff and his butler to return a couple of millionaires to represent them in Parliament ; and when less strictly limited electorates in the south-western counties looked to clear a few hundreds per head at each welcome dissolution. Those were the days when there was no sneaking nomination by signed papers within doors. The hustings were set up in the market-place in good old constitutional fashion, and the candidate had to stand forward and talk if he could, or in any case to pose as a cock-shy. Business first, pleasure afterward. For days before, the free and independent electors had been making their bargain ; the "men in the moon" had been shuffling and dealing handfuls of bank-notes in the back parlors of the public-houses, and the taps of liquor had been set running in the bars. Any dissolute rascal with a vote, or the possibility of influencing a vote, might

count upon a retainer with nothing to do. The spirits of philanthropy and geniality reigned supreme ; the women were kissed and the children petted, the men were kept in a chronic state of intoxication. In short, the business being transacted with infinite joviality, the electorate was wound up to a proper pitch of excitement for the grand carnival of the nomination. It was then that the unfortunate non-electors had their chance of showing their interest in public affairs. The candidates were simultaneously proposed and pilloried. They showed their dexterity in dodging dead cats and dogs ; they had often to protect themselves with stout umbrellas against well-directed volleys of apples and rotten eggs. Nor was the declaration of the poll by any means decisive. There had generally been an abundance of bribery and corruption, and it was only a question of proving personal guilt or agency. If a sufficiency of evidence and money were forthcoming, the petition followed in due course, and the electioneering campaign was shifted to Westminster, to be fought out before a parliamentary committee ; the scenes changed, but the same influences were still at work. There are parliamentary agents with *carte blanche* for their bills ; there are silver-tongued counsel with fabulous fees on their briefs ; there are subsidiary agents akin to the men in the moon, trying all they know to 'earwig' the hostile witnesses, who are jealously guarded while they live like fighting cocks on the luxuries of the metropolis. All that, and much more of the kind, is embodied in the fiction by our best and most brilliant novelists.

The fathers of English fiction have little to say about politics. In Fielding we find casual allusions to Knights of the Shires ; and Smollett talks suggestively of Roderick Random dancing attendance upon patrons and peers that he may obtain a surgeon's berth in the navy. Everything then, like kissing, went by favor. A vote meant something substantial, and the control of a section of voters a great deal more. There is a good story told of a Cambridge divine who preached before the elder Pitt, when the all-powerful Minister paid a visit to the university. The preacher is said to have taken for his text, "There is a lad among us with some barley loaves, and a few small fishes : but what are they among so many ?" The sarcastic clergyman sent

the shaft home. Every man with patronage, or with the means of influencing it, was hunted by packs of hungry expectants. It was a case of every one for himself ; and there seemed to be no such thing as disinterested patriotism. The Prime Minister was beset by noble and greedy borough-mongers. Lord North complains bitterly in his confidential letters of the hard bargain driven by Lord Falmouth for the sale, or rather the lease, of some Cornish seats. Yet seats must be secured if the Ministry were to stand. Lord Marney in "Sybil" is refused a dukedom by the Whig oligarchs. He renounces his principles, counts his boroughs, consults his cousins, waits for an opportunity, and takes a signal revenge. Lucrative posts closed the mouths of dangerous aspirants to the leadership of the House. So Macaulay tells how the avarice of the elder Fox was gratified with the Paymastership of the Admiralty, which meant, in other words, that his accounts were to be passed, while he put the country to pillage. A corrupt chief was bound to connive at the malversations and peculations of his subordinates. Contracts were given away to the most influential bidders, and the men whose duty it was to check the quality of the Government stores drew commissions as sleeping partners of swindlers. Perhaps Britain was in some measure indebted for her naval victories to the inferior quality of the powder, for the bite of her bulldogs was more dangerous than their bark, and they had learned to rely on the boarding-pike and cutlass. On the other hand, the maggoty beef and the weevily biscuit often brought the seamen to mutiny, or the verge of it ; they died of the scurvy on the foreign stations like rotten sheep, or were sent to hospitals to be tended by unskilful surgeons and dosed with adulterated drugs. Smollett gives a terrible picture of the sufferings of the expedition to Carthage ; and even in the later days which Marryat has dramatized, things had not greatly changed for the better. The most responsible posts were often filled by the most incompetent men. The flagrant abuses could not have been tolerated had the light of parliamentary committees been flashed upon them ; but the conspiracy of silence was too strong for protest. The long-descended democrat in "Sybil" speaks bitterly of the younger branches of the aristocracy being provided for, as

"colonels without regiments, and as housekeepers of royal palaces which had ceased to exist." The system of sinecures was in full swing, and the nation was saddled with the payment of hereditary pensions. There were Clerks of the Rolls, Clerks of the Stoles, Clerks of anything and everything, drawing handsome salaries for the non-discharge of long-neglected duties or ceremonies. Disraeli's Marquis of Deloraine, a peer who lived like a prince, derived the better part of his ample income from the pension transmitted to him by his grandfather the Chancellor. Even when Trollope wrote his "Can You Forgive Her?" Mr. Vavasor earned several hundreds per annum by signing a few documents quarterly. A similar system pervaded the whole public service. The winning member at an election had accepted promissory bills at discretion, which were sometimes met under force of pressure, though far more often inevitably dishonored. All public places, down to those of excisemen, tide-waiters, and messengers at public offices, were filled by favor. It was a misfortune, perhaps, that the appointments were permanent, and that, according to the constitutional arrangements of our American cousins, a clean sweep did not follow each general election. For the lame, the halt, and the idiotic held on, and the Civil Service became a benevolent institution for cheering the declining years of the superannuated.

Nowhere were those flagitious abuses carried to greater length than in Ireland. Ireland, with its honors and treasury, was the resource for the destitute and undeserving of the British empire. Englishmen who had never set foot on its shores were raised to the dignity of peers, or were accommodated by unscrupulous Ministers with pensions borne on its budget. Among the land-owning borough-mongers who sold themselves and their "convictions" on sufficient temptation, it was a free fight for money or place. With their reckless expenditure and heavily burdened estates, each election came as a godsend, offering a chance of some temporary relief. So, with the strongest self-interest inciting Celtic ferocity, bludgeons and blackthorns were brought into play, the battle-fields were strewn with the maimed and the wounded, and vendettas were engendered between neighboring baronies. Nor did the mischief end there. It was the busi-

ness of each landowner to multiply fictitious forty-shilling freeholds, and the barren bogs and moorlands were parcelled out among squatters who kept body and soul together on the potato. They were always hopelessly behindhand with "the rint," and a failure of the potato crop brought pestilence and starvation. Nowhere has the abject condition of those "forty-shillings" been painted more forcibly or in blacker colors than by the peasant-born Carleton in his novel of "The Squanders of Castle Squander." "If there were two classes," he says, "upon the face of the earth, steeped beyond all parallel in deep and atrocious corruption, it was that of the landlords on the one hand, and the 'Forties' on the other." As for "the Forties," they were "serfs in the lowest and most despicable sense of that word; semi-barbarous in their feelings and habits, without self-respect, without any standard of domestic comfort beyond a truss of straw to sleep on, or a potato and salt to eat." Such as things were, they had to be counted with as vested interests when Castlereagh undertook to carry the Union. Lever in his "Knight of Gwynne" has vividly described the feelings, the intrigues, and the envenomed debates of the eventful crisis when the fate of the Irish Parliament was decided. The hot blood was boiling on both sides, savage personalities were answered by ready challenges, and those who were too patriotic or too deeply committed to be bought, sullenly resented the lavish distribution of peerages, ribbons, and money. But in reality, as recent historians have shown, though the conduct of the Government may have been questionable, according to our ideas, they could hardly have acted otherwise if they believed in the benefits of union. What they gave away, or what they spent, was rather compensation than corruption. When a man reckoned upon a seat as the most reliable part of his income, he could not be expected to vote it away without adequate remuneration. His rents, of course, were chronically in arrear, but his borough was always salable for hard cash. The West Indian slaveholders might be compensated as matter of justice, but it was indispensable to come to terms with the Irish borough-mongers, who, commanding the votes, were masters of the situation.

Talking of Ireland and of Lever, the

most genial of Irish novelists, naturally suggests the story of contested elections. Writing in his rollicking vein in his earliest works, he presents them in their droller and more humorous aspect, but in reality they were characterized by brutal ferocity. It speaks worlds in favor of his versatile genius that we are carried away by his irresistible fun, and laugh in defiance of law and morality. Look at the election in "Charles O'Malley," when old Godfrey is standing against Sir George Dashwood, that chivalrous and distinguished general officer, who seems strangely *dépaycé* in the wilds of Galway. Look at the appropriate prelude, where this head of an ancient and honorable house, whose privilege from arrest has expired with the dissolution of the Parliament, dodges his Dublin creditors, and travels down to Connemara in a hearse to appeal to his constituents for a renewal of their confidence. Fancy a respectable legislator nowadays masquerading in a shroud and secreting himself in a coffin! Once in Castle O'Malley, its master is as safe from the bailiffs and the writs as any Baron of the Pale in the middle ages. He can count on his hereditary vassals and on the serfs of his allies, but the doubtful controllers of voters must be canvassed. And listen to the gentlemen of character and position on the other side, discussing their candidate's prospects. We cannot choose but laugh, to borrow Scott's phraseology in the "Bride of Lammermoor;" yet every one of those worthy western squires might have been indicted at the Old Bailey. "And Mosey's tenantry," says one, "I swear that though there is not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the Court-house, they'll leave standing on another." Very pleasant boys Mosey's tenantry must have been! "And may the Lord look to the returning officer!" piously ejaculates another gentleman, turning up his eyes. "The Kiltopher boys won't vote this time," observes a third; "they say there's no use trying to vote when so many were transported last sessions for perjury." "They're poor-spirited wretches." "Not they; they're as dacent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings' worth of spirits." Then we are told incidentally of half a barony afraid to come in, from well-founded apprehension of a wholesale massacre.

Fighting, as we know, is meat, drink, and frolic to the typical Irishman of song and story; and blows, bloodshed, and the bludgeons with bits of scythe fixed in the ends of them, might pass for legitimate electioneering. But it would seem to be carrying the fun of the contest a little too far, when Godfrey O'Malley's followers swooped upon Miss Dashwood and prepared to pitch the English beauty over the bridge into the torrent. Alas for the days of barbaric chivalry, when Tom Moore's young virgin, bedecked in glittering jewels, perambulated the Green Isle in safety and honor!

Crossing the Channel, we come to the fine old English elections. Lord Mauncy boasts that his grandfather spent £100,000 upon one of them; and the Lonsdales, the Fitzwilliams, the Cavendishes, and the Spencers could say that Lord Mauncy did not exaggerate. Brougham, as we have remarked, might have spoken much and feelingly upon purity of elections. Brougham was the Mr. Quicksilver, the Lord Blossom and Box of Warren's "Ten Thousand a-Year," perhaps the most fascinating political novel that ever was written. We well remember the pleasure with which we perused it first in the pages of "Maga." Since then we have read it again and again, until we could stand a severe cross-examination without preparation. The legal and political portraits and the political scenes are masterly. The electioneering, as we need hardly remind our readers, was laid in the days when the monarch had reluctantly bowed to the will of the elected majority of the nation, and the new Reform Bill had become the law of the land. Warren, who was a stanch old Tory, heartily disliked the measure for "giving everything to everybody." He had no sort of faith in the three pole-stars of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. Consequently he describes the incidents that followed with a party pen. Take the names of his election committees by way of example. Those of the Tories are eloquent of good birth and high character; those of the Whigs, Radicals, or Liberals are typical of self-seeking adventurers and men of straw. But making every allowance for his party bias, the electioneering pictures are as truthful as they are graphic. Yatton is a typical burgh of the purer sort. It is not exactly in the pockets of the Aubreys, but by long hereditary and benefi-

cent influence they can practically return the member for the little agricultural town. They have gone on the principle of living and letting live, and have earned the love and gratitude of their dependants. The constituency of yeomen and tradesmen, and the outsiders who shout and intoxicate themselves at election times, have not yet tasted of the deadly fruit of the tree of good and evil. They know very well that they are well off, and they have no suspicion that they are serf-ridden by tyrants. Suddenly the situation is changed, and the constituency is enlarged by the new Reform Bill. Simultaneously the virtuous Aubreys are ousted from the old Hall by Mr. Titmouse, the *ci-devant* shopman of Oxford Street. It is the old story of a beggar upon horseback; and the ignorant, vulgar, and dissipated *parvenu* is a puppet in the hands of the astute Mr. Gammon. Had he submitted to the direction of the subtle and far-seeing attorney of Saffron Hill, all might have passed smoothly. The Conservative Lord De la Zouch, although he abominated Mr. Titmouse's "principles," would have been slow to interfere with his vested rights. And Gammon, as he has pledged from a future Lord Chancellor, has every desire that the election should be managed quietly. In an evil hour for himself and his wire-puller, Titmouse puts himself into the hands of the prototype of our present Irish demagogues. Gammon's safe and sober address is revised by Mr. O'Gibbet, who, promulgating wild revolutionary doctrines in turgid periods, flaunts defiance in the faces of the Tory magnates. Mr. Delamere, the son and heir of Lord De la Zouch, moved by his passion for Miss Aubrey, comes into the field, and Gammon, to his intense disgust, stands committed to a costly battle. He does not flinch, and he seems likely to win; for good Mr. Parkinson, the local Conservative agent, is no match for him. So the Delameres find out; they have no mind to be beaten, and Mr. Crafty, the famous London electioneering agent, is brought down on a special retainer. Then we are shown the secret machinery of contemporary election contests. As Crafty's manner is, he goes to work very quietly; but Gammon quickly recognizes his presence. There is no mistaking that a master-hand is directing Machiavellian intrigue. Crafty would have liked a free hand and *carte blanche*. But

there is an admirably suggestive touch when Warren describes his disgust at receiving peremptory instructions from his employer. No bribery, no corruption; but watch the enemy carefully, and get up materials for a petition. "What is the use of going to Waterloo without powder!" he exclaims bitterly. But he prepares to do his best. Then we get into the thick of the intrigues, of the mining and the countermining, and we follow the subterranean campaign with unflagging interest. The Quaint Club, the associated waiters upon events, notoriously command the issues of the election. They are fully alive to the penalties of being detected in selling the privileges of the free and independent. All the same, they are loath to miss a magnificent chance. With covetousness tempered by apprehensiveness, they keep their decision in suspense. Their chief has mysterious interviews with secret agents, who telegraph by signs on the fingers mystic intimations in the dusk. The doors of their place of meeting are ostentatiously watched. Between the terror of prosecution and the hope of an advance in prices, they hesitate to close unfinished bargains. Till at last, by a dexterous stroke of audacity, the subtle Gammon sweeps them into his toils.

Then there is the epilogue to the thrilling drama. Crafty hopes for his revenge, when he proposes his petition. Irresistible evidence of gross bribery is adduced before the Committee at Westminster. Unfortunately the Committee was constituted by ballot, and the chances of the lot made the chairman a Radical. According to Warren, he gives the sanction of his casting vote to a case of flagrant perjury. The petition is dismissed. The counsel for the sitting member follows up his success by asking that it may be declared frivolous and vexatious—a declaration which will carry costs. "The Committee will probably hesitate before going so far," remarks the eloquent and experienced counsel for the claimant; but he proves to be wrong, as he had fully expected. "Neither would they believe had one risen from the dead," he ejaculates solemnly in sepulchral tones; whereupon the chairman, though with a visible tremor, threatens to commit him for contempt of court. And that was no very exaggerated caricature of the infamous proceedings in those times of envenomed controversy,

when prostituting principle to party became almost a matter of course.

Nothing can be more brilliantly humorous than the contest described by Warren ; it is the English counterpart of Lever's Irish scenes. Warren had fought elections himself ; he had taken a keen interest in politics, and had been retained by parliamentary agents. But the Lonsmere election in "My Novel" rises to a higher level. Warren was a man of no ordinary ability ; Lord Lytton was a distinguished statesman and a novelist of rare genius. No more than Warren does he neglect intrigue, by-play, and subterranean machinations ; but the battle at Lonsmere is a Homeric epic, and the very poetry of militant politics. Audley Egerton is the type of the great commoners, who with all their faults have been the glory of English political history—of the Seymours, the Pitts, and the Peels. But the great commoner is idealized in Egerton. Irreproachable in private life and austere respectable, he is superbly indifferent to his private fortune. He has lavished it in sumptuous hospitality ; his purse has been always open to appeals with almost culpable indiscriminaton ; he has been the modern representative of the magnificent feudal barons who feasted hosts of dependants at their tables. It was impossible that he should stoop to place for lucre ; his has been such an unsullied career as Englishmen of all opinions admire. Even calumny scarcely dares to assail him. Unpopular he may have become in the great industrial constituencies, but his name and fame still carry infinite weight. But now the great statesman has lived too long ; all he cares for is to keep his seat in the national council, and continue for the few years that may remain to him the only interests that give some zest to existence. He has put himself almost passively in the hands of his friend, who assures him of the old seat for Lonsmere. He comes listlessly to the nomination. As matter of course and of courtesy, he rises to address the constituency. But there is a fine touch, possibly suggested by Lord Lytton's own recollections, when he recognizes the familiar faces of London reporters looking eagerly up to the platform. The memories of keen political controversies are revived, and the echoes of old debates are resounding in his ears. The speaker forgets the present and ignores his rustic

audience. He soars away far above and beyond their intelligence, and addresses England and the empire from the hustings of the little northern borough. It was natural ; it was *bonne guerre* ; but it was scarcely a telling speech.

Harley L'Estrange, on the contrary, is drawn from the quiet rôle of onlooker by the sudden challenge of a man in the crowd. The anxious inquirer is something of a bully, like the butcher who used to "draw" Lord Palmerston at Tiverton ; he likes the idea of sparring with a peer, and believes he will have it all his own way. Never was man more mistaken. Egerton was a practised and finished speaker, but Lord L'Estrange proved a born orator. The listless Sybarite who never spoke in public before, instinctively strikes the sympathetic note, and plays with a master's hand on the feelings of his friends and neighbors. Like all fine speakers, as Helps remarked in "Realism," he is somewhat nervous at the start ; but in self-forgetfulness, and with the sense of inspiration, he speedily gains confidence. Had he sprung from the people in a ruder age, he might have been the Masaniello of an emotional democracy. Randal Leslie is the antithesis of Lord L'Estrange. He is one of the most able and interesting studies in the long panoramic gallery of Lord Lytton ; and moreover, with his bright prospects, and their dramatic eclipses, he teaches an impressive moral lesson. He was born several centuries too late, and developed his talents in an uncongenial atmosphere. He has the intellect and the selfish shrewdness of a mediæval Italian. As an aspirant in English statesmanship, although with somewhat less cynicism he might have been so far successful, he is foredoomed to failure. His cold and calculating temperament could never have stirred popular enthusiasm, or awakened emotional sentiment by soul-moving speeches. The clever politician *par excellence* prematurely overreaches himself, and his collapse is as complete as his rise might have been rapid. Yet he was so clever that up to the very last the sharp Baron Levy is inclined to back him. It is refreshing to turn from the brooding Randal to the bluff Richard Avenel. The sprightly, the smart, the clean-shaven Dick suggests the broad field of democratic electioneering in America. He comes home to the old country, full of the caucus and

claptrap. Though he comes forward as a self-made man of the people, he is out of touch on the platform with the British masses, who, after all, and fortunately, in more senses than one, are essentially conservative. Even his supporters are painfully conscious that in the unbridled flow of his abusively personal rhetoric their champion has laid himself terribly open. The Avenels may have the electorate with them in the future, but when Lord Lytton wrote "My Novel," they were some generations in advance of the age.

Dickens, in his capacity of reporter, had witnessed many contested elections; but the contest at Eatanswill in "Pickwick" is appropriately burlesqued. There is a capital touch, though, where Sam amuses his master with a reminiscence of his father's electioneering engagements. We know, Mr. Weller, says the chairman of committee, that you are a capital coachman, and can do what you like with your team. Now, if you should have an accident at such an awkward corner, etc. Strangely enough, at that very corner the coach load of expected voters are upset; all are knocked out of time, and one gentleman is missing—at least there was a hat, the wearer of which was never accounted for. And Sam, with a look of inexpressible slyness, remarks on the singular coincidence by which a providential catastrophe brought his father a contingent tip. Two good elections are brought in by Thackeray, though rather in the way of illustrating individual character. Nothing can be more delightfully facetious than the attitude and the magnificent oratory of Fred Bayham, when the gallant old colonel, armed with the silver-headed bamboo, goes down to fight his nephew Barnes at Newcome. And the bitter humiliations to which the baronet had to submit, shows the value attached at all times to a seat in Parliament by men whose social positions should apparently make them independent of it. The Whipham election in "Philip" is made artistically dramatic by the breakdown of the old peer's chariot and the discovery of the missing will. But the immediate cause of the accident is a pretty example of the personalities in which combatants freely indulged. The unpopular candidate has the misfortune to have a dash of the tar-brush in his complexion. Accordingly Philip Firmin, who invariably is glorified for the rough chivalry of his

nature, draws the enemy in the character of a nigger, asking, "Am I not a man and a brother?" and the effigy is paraded in a donkey-cart driven by a sweep, amid the tumultuous applause of the mob. It was hitting a man who was virtually defenceless, for Mr. Woolcombe had no gift of speech. But sometimes those rough personalities were mistakes in strategy, when the man assailed was able and ready to hit back. Perhaps the best of Trollope's election fights is that which came off at Barchester, when the hard-drinking contractor and ex-navvy, Sir Roger Scatcherd, was pitted against the spick-and-span Mr. Moffat. Moffat was no more of an orator than Woolcombe. Even with the prompting of the eloquent George De Courey, he cannot disentangle his ideas, nor utter two consecutive sentences. Scatcherd, on the other hand, is all there; he knows nothing of bashfulness, and has the courage of his vices. They flaunt a canvas before his eyes, showing a navvy leaning on a spade and holding up a spirit-bottle. The democratic Demosthenes makes a snatch at the weapon, turning it against those who forged it, and to his own advantage. He is prompt to explain. He made his money by hard and honest work; he had earned the right to take a glass when he liked it, and he was always happy to share the glass with a friend. So popular a sentiment was cheered to the echo, and the election would have been over—as when Delamere was wounded at Yatton—could the mob have been polled.

We wish, by the way, that some one would give us a good picture of contemporary Scotch electioneering, with the terrible heckling to which the unfortunate candidates are subjected who go in for competitive examinations in home and foreign politics. No one could have done it better than Aytoun, who told the memorable story of the Dreepdaily election with inimitable humor and no little truth. With the social and local sketches, but slightly caricatured and burlesqued, it is a brilliant satire on the Whig "cliques" prompted from the Parliament House, which, modelled in many respects on the American caucus, were at that time supposed to pull the party strings. Readers of the "Tales from Blackwood" will remember how the immortal Mr. Dunshunner, having dissipated the gains he had got from his Glenmutchkin Railway

—Aytoun's names are quite as suggestive as Thackeray's—was prompted by his *fidus Achates*, Bob M'Corkindale, to seek parliamentary immunity from debts and duns at the hands of the immaculate Dreepdaily electors. How he finds the constituency, from the Provost downward, terrorized by "the clique," as potent and as dreaded at the Suabian *Vehm gericht* of the middle ages. How he makes acquaintance, through Toddy Tam, with the secret triumvirate of chiefs, and holds council in a cellar over the all-important question of the *currency* and the application of gold. And how, after having given solid and satisfactory pledges, in bullion and bank paper, for his sound Revolution principles, the clique and the candidate are sold alike by the unseasonable revelations of their subterranean understanding.

We have been tempted to linger over that Homeric electioneering warfare, for we shall never look upon the like again. But we must pass on to the political fiction of Lord Beaconsfield, which has not only a retrospective interest, but permanent historical value. He professed his impartiality in the preface to "Sybil;" and although he soon attached himself definitely to the Conservative party, we are struck everywhere by the sagacious foresight and the independent judgment of the man who set himself to educate the Tories. Many of his epithets and epigrams will be immortal. To select one or two at random, there is "the Venetian oligarchy" of the Whig magnates; and the party-cries of the whips and wire-pullers, such as "Our Young Queen and our Old Constitution," or Tadpole's summing up of a forthcoming political programme as "Whig measures and Tory Ministers." No novelist has rendered with greater spirit or fidelity the gossip of the hungry waiters upon Providence, while critical divisions were impending or offices and places were being distributed. His lifelike characters, though satirized or caricatured, may generally be identified with actual personalities. There was no mistaking Rigby, whom Lord Monmouth (the Marquis of Hertford) appreciated as sure to be useful and bought at his own valuation. Rigby, who was a self-respecting parasite, had rude tact with a rough-and-ready speech, and could always be counted on for a slashing article. But he was held hard and fast, by his interests and prejudices, in the

well-worn grooves, and was left behind by rising politicians like Coningsby. Disraeli's sympathies were with the rising Young England school, though he mistrusted and gently ridiculed their sentimental extravagances. As patriot and politician, his leanings were distinctly aristocratic. An impecunious adventurer himself, he had his high and generous ambitions from the first, and had no sympathy with the fortune-seeking crawlers and grubbers, such as the Tapers and the Tadpoles. He dwells upon the beneficial influence of the great nobles, when they had ability as well as wealth, and could use both on occasions. Lord Eskdale, the Sybarite and voluptuary, could be a Spartan when it pleased him. The Duke of St. James, under the influence of a genuine passion, rouses himself to make a brilliant maiden speech. Lord Monmouth, the mighty borough-monger, had cast his responsibilities upon Mr. Rigby; but when his political ascendancy was threatened by the revolutionary Reform Bill, he quits his Parisian Capua to keep open house in northern England. He would fain have inspired the Ministers whose political futures were at stake, like his own, with his own magnificent audacity. Above all, it is curious to see Disraeli sketching Peel, and doing generous justice to the gifts and good qualities of the "great renegade," whom he was afterward to assail with unmeasured invective.

"Coningsby" is the most sparkling of his political novels, but "Sybil" is more serious, more pathetic, and more picturesque. He wrote the book when untrammelled by the ties and responsibilities of office as an advanced and democratic Conservative. With the dark shadows and lurid lights of a Rembrandt, he has delineated the condition of England in the reaction after the war, with its inflated prices and the artificial prosperity which had enriched a few at the cost of the many. Class was arrayed against class; distress, destitution, discontent, disturbances might have been the mottoes of the country that had emerged victorious from the twenty years' war. He has flashed light into the darkest corners, and probed the sores with unsparing touch. Reform of some kind had become inevitable as the alternative to revolution, for despair was making men reckless. It was only the tact and prompt resolution of Lord Althorpe hastening to

act and assume responsibility without consultation with his colleagues which averted armed insurrection at Birmingham. With all the difficult social problems of the present day, with our troubles with aggressive unions and their strikes, with the heads of families crying for bread while they revolt against reasonable wages, we may be thankful that things have changed so much for the better. Nowadays we are glad to believe that the extremity of misery is only to be found in the overcrowded warrens and rookeries of great cities; and even these are within reach of relief. Take Disraeli's picture of the rural town of Marney, depending on the wealthy peer who took his title from it.

"Those wretched tenements seldom consisted of more than two rooms, in one of which the whole family, however numerous, were obliged to sleep, without distinction of age or sex or suffering. With the water streaming down the walls, the light distinguished through the roof, with no hearth even in winter, the virtuous mother in the sacred pangs of childbirth gives forth another victim to our thoughtless civilization. . . . These swarming walls had neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or admit the sun, or supply the means of ventilation; the humid and putrid roof of thatch exhaling malaria like all other decaying vegetable matter. The dwelling-rooms were neither boarded nor paved; . . . the hovels were in many instances not provided with the commonest conveniences of the rudest police; contiguous to every door might be observed the dung heap, on which every kind of filth was accumulated, so that when the poor man opened his narrow habitation in the hope of refreshing it, he was met with a mixture of gases from reeking dunghills."

The agricultural laborer, when lucky enough to be in tolerably regular employment, was supposed to be contented and bring up his children creditably on eight shillings a-week. In Dorset and some of the south-western counties, by the way, the laborer's pittance was considerably lower. There were many parishes with poverty-stricken clergymen, and no resident gentry; and the price of bread was still abnormally high. As to the artisans, the mill-hands, and the miners, now that the Continental industrialists were bestirring themselves again, the supply was far in excess of the demand. Consequently the answer to complaints was a threat of summary dismissal. In "Sybil" there is a terrible picture of the truck system, shamelessly abused in spite of legislation, and relentlessly taxing the trifling pay. The

overtasked working folk, always on the verge of starvation, drew usurious bills on the wages that ran for five weeks in arrear, and then they were largely paid in kind.

"The question is," says one man, "what is wages? I say, 'taynt sugar, 'taynt tea, 'taynt bacon. I don't think 'tis candles; but of this I be sure, 'taynt waistcoats."

"I have been obliged to pay the doctor for my poor wife in tommy," said another. "Doctor," I said, says I, "I blush to do it, but all I have got is tommy; and what shall it be, bacon or cheese?" "Cheese at tenpence a pound," says he, "which I buy for my servant at sixpence! Never mind," says he, for he is a thorough Christian, "I'll take the tommy as I find it."

So with the miners, complaining of the "butties" or middlemen. "Their are deeds of darkness, surely; for many's the morn we work for nothing, by one excuse or another; and many's the good stint that they under-measure. And many's the cup of their ale that you must drink before they give you any work." No wonder that such outrages as were subsequently organized by the Sheffield unions were common then from individual impulse, without any criminal organization at all. In ill-lighted streets, with no adequate police force, they might be perpetrated with comparative impunity. Even if the culprit was detected, he had the satisfaction of vengeance, and the prison or the penal settlement could hardly be a change for the worse, from the hovel in which he shivered and starved. Nothing was more easy or much safer than setting a match to a rick in the dark. The suspicion of informing would have been as dangerous as in the Clare or Kerry of the Land Leaguers. When Egremont, the brother of the landlord, said something about an act of incendiarism to the laborer to whom he handed his horse, the sullen expression on the man's stolid face struck him as a painfully significant symptom. It is difficult to realize now the dangerous elements with which the Duke of Wellington had to deal, when the metropolitan Chartist were gathering in their masses to present the great national petition. For brutal ignorance and pitiful suffering, with a well-founded conviction of reducible wrongs, had been unscrupulously *exploité* by agitators and demagogues.

Trollope has been underrated, or at least insufficiently appreciated, as a political novelist. Without the poetry and elo-

quence of Lord Lytton, with no pretensions to the political genius of Disraeli, he is perhaps more realistic than either, and his political portraiture is unrivalled in its way. He is a Teniers, rather than a Vanduyck or a Rembrandt. He did not go in for the ideal, but drew his men, like the masters of the domestic Dutch school, as he saw or fancied he saw them. And by carrying his characters forward from tale to tale, he gave himself ample elbow-room on his canvas, like Balzac. We have had from his own lips confirmation of our opinion, that "The Last Chronicle of Barset," notwithstanding its unlucky and irritating interludes, is the most perfect of his books. But we know more than one keen politician who has read his political novels again and again, by way of refreshment from hard work, always finding fresh interest in them. We know that in "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers," which were really the creation of a singularly intelligent imagination, he wound himself so into the inner life of a cathedral close, as to defy the criticism of canons and prebends. Of course, he wrote of politics more from outer knowledge than mere imaginative instinct. Thus in "Phineas Redux," he takes us into The Cosmopolitan—we forget if he gives the club in Charles Street its actual name or not—and makes us listen to the midnight gossip of its distinguished casuals. But with slight apology, he has the superb audacity to usher us into the *sanctum sanctorum* of bureaucracy and introduce us to the deliberations of a Cabinet council. We have never held office ourselves, either as Minister or messenger with an ear at the keyhole; but Trollope's report, with the accompanying distribution of seats, could not have read more plausibly had he been hovering over a roofless Whitehall in charge of an Asmodeus. Phineas Finn is his chief political hero, and we are bound to say that the broad conception of Finn's brilliant career is somewhat romantically extravagant. But his details are not only highly dramatic, but inimitably true to the life, and every day we are meeting at our clubs the men with whom Phineas came familiarly in contact. There was more of Hibernian devil-may-carelessness than of Saxon foresight and common-sense in the fashion in which the bog-trotting son of the Irish country doctor, with a precarious allowance of £100 or £150 per annum,

went for the big stakes in the great political game. We hear nothing of the brogue that must have clung, and the way in which Phineas casts the slough of the Tipperary bogs is simply miraculous. But it must be remembered that he is represented as a god-like young Apollo, with silver speech and most fascinating manners; that it became the fashion among fair aristocrats to take him into favor; and that having climbed by luck as much as genius, he secured his tottering fortunes by marriage. Phineas, like Lever's Con Cregan, is a brilliant Irish adventurer, put on the stage in order to introduce us to a great variety of good company and a succession of exciting episodes. Trollope fell in love with him, and latterly Trollope, like Balzac, had learned to live in the personalities of his characters, in writing the successive chapters of an English "Comédie Humaine." Mildmay and Daubeney, Monk and Turnbull, are all excellent. Though undoubtedly drawn from the life, the features are so ingeniously confounded, that there is no possibility of absolutely identifying them. But Plantagenet Palliser is a pure creation, wrought out through some half dozen of novels, from apparently unpromising material, till he approaches artistic perfection. His creator never achieved anything more clever. When we meet him first, incidentally, in one of the Barsetshire social stories, he strikes us as simply a prig and a bore. Though Englishmen are naturally inclined to reverence his great position and prospects, all the world is disposed to sneer at the laborious heir of a ducal millionaire, whose monomania is some small rectification of the currency. He is stiff and ill at ease in society; he is dull and tedious as a speaker. He lies in the face of a beneficent Providence, by refusing to enjoy the gifts the gods have showered upon him. But the man has a heart and a conscience, chivalrous susceptibilities, steadfast resolution, and ambitions more noble than he suspects himself. Above all, he is an English gentleman, the soul of honor, and of inflexible integrity. It is not he who will tamper with convictions for place, or sacrifice conscientious scruples to opposition. In fact, power is more than indifferent to him, and responsibility in lofty isolation becomes an almost intolerable burden. There is something pathetic in the lonely Premier turning for consolation rather than

advice to his trusted friend the old Duke of St. Bungay. No man is perfect, and morbid susceptibility is his weakness. Heartily as he may despise a Quintus Slide or a Lopez, nevertheless they have it in their power to sting him, and the stings will fester and smart. He would gladly renounce all he has gained in a career that has surpassed his wildest expectations, but his duty to his colleagues and his country comes before all. If he does not wear his heart on his sleeve, it is impossible to conceal the anxieties that torment him. Yet he carries himself through all with such commanding and self-respecting dignity, that no man dare venture on a personal liberty with him. It is a very long way from the painstaking member for Silverbridge in "Dr. Thorne," to the Duke of "The Prime Minister" and "The Duke's Children." Yet we must recognize the

same man, purified and ennobled, in a character artistically and consistently developed; and any one who may have tried his hand at writing the sequel to an earlier novel, must see that Trollope has triumphantly achieved one of the most difficult of literary feats. We have said that he virtually created Mr. Palliser; but if there was any English statesman from whom he may have taken a hint, it was undoubtedly Lord Althorpe, who was in many ways akin to his Grace of Omnium in his stainless integrity and political straightforwardness, as well as in his political and constitutional objects. Since Trollope ceased to write, the political novel seems to have been going out of fashion; and though there are books like those of George Meredith, eminently worthy of notice, we prefer to draw the line at the dead.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TWO RECENT NOVELS.

THE IRON GAME. A Tale of the War. By Henry F. Keenan, Author of "The Aliens," "Trajan," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

JERRY. A Novel. By Sarah Barnwell Elliot. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Keenan's novel, "The Iron Game," deals with an epoch which will retain its fascination as long, or longer, than the War of the Revolution. For poet and fiction writer, for the essayist and historian, the events which occurred in 1861-65 will not be exhausted of their rich material till perhaps some other great cataclysm, for which silent and unconscious forces will have been gathering for many a long year bursts on the nation and shakes it with an earthquake. Perhaps no future possibility of revolution, however, will ever involve so many intricate and picturesque features as did the last. Mr. Keenan, among the less well-known fiction writers, has a good reputation, and deserves to be more widely read for the strain of originality and freshness which gives a sparkle sometimes even to his crudities, and at all times suggests something of genius. His first novel, "Trajan," was a production of merit—perhaps the cleverest book he has yet written, from the purely literary point of view; and his anonymous work "The Money-makers," followed by "The

Aliens," indicated a coming power among the newer writers. We cannot quite regard "The Iron Game" as a marked advance on either of its predecessors, but it has the fundamental merit of being alive in every page, and stamped by a strong individuality. His grasp of the facts and conditions of the last war, political, social, and military, is generally competent, and reflected vividly in the story of the imaginary beings who people his book. It would be equally easy and ungracious to point out errors of detail, into the like of which even the ablest men in literature may sometimes fall through carelessness or misguided enthusiasms. These, however, do not affect the general interest of a story which should be read for its own sake. "The Iron Game" deals with the years 1861-62, when the war was not yet fully grown. The story is largely developed during a period of enforced idleness on the part of the hero, his soldier friends, and his family in Virginia. It is, consequently, as much, or more, a story of love and intrigue than a story of war. Jack Sprague is wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, captured, and by a most extraordinary series of circumstances, finds an asylum, instead of a prison, at the country-seat of his old college friend, a Southern officer, who is also at home wounded. How Jack's mother and sister, several of his soldier friends, his sweetheart, besides an enemy—his sweetheart's brother—are also

gathered under the hospitable roof of a Confederate family, and there develop the main web of the narrative, is one of those extraordinary things which we can hardly reconcile with even remote probability, though Mr. Keenan brings it about in the easiest manner possible. The drama of the book is built up on events which occur at the home of a friendly foe. The most serious fault of this novel is that which we have indicated, extreme improbability in the events described, and the nexus of the story. People are made to go in and out through the army lines between Washington and Richmond as if it were a Pullman car journey of the present day. Putting aside, however, these considerations, and taking things for granted, the story is interesting, and all the people genuine flesh and blood creatures. The best strokes in the book are those given to the description of the first battle of Bull Run, one of the most vivid and lifelike paintings of a battle we remember to have seen for a long time, and the sketch of social life in official Confederate circles in Richmond. However one may find minor faults with "The Iron Game," it is fresh in its way of seeing things, written with an impetuous vigor which allows no break of dullness, and with an iridescence of wit which lightens its more serious features.

"Jerry" has been appearing anonymously as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*, and has attracted a good deal of comment as indicating a new writer of great promise. Its publication in complete form, and the privilege of reading it connectedly and leisurely do not disappoint the expectation aroused in telling it piecemeal. It is the story of a Western mining camp, but a story which departs widely from the beaten track of mining stories, and involves a great social and personal tragedy growing from the evolution of character. The wail Jerry, or Jeremiah Wilkinson, is brought into the mining camp of Eureka, an outcast from his own rude home in a South-western State, by some kindly emigrants. A generous-hearted doctor takes interest in his education, and his adopted father, a lonely miner, who keeps much to himself, dies when the boy reaches manhood, leaving the young school-teacher—for such he has become—his heir. Jerry finds in the crevices and hiding-places of the old hut great quantities of bank-notes and many bags of coin and gold dust, constituting in all a large fortune. The old miner had been working for many years secretly in a deserted mine, pro-

tected by a superstition connected with the place, and here he had found gold in richest profusion. Jerry, who has in his nature the possibilities of a great financier and speculator, determines to build up Durden's Mine, his adopted father's treasure-trove, into a great fact, which shall eclipse the Eureka Mine. The development of Jerry's character from its original simplicity into the far-reaching astuteness of a skilful financier, which makes him a deadly and daring plotter at home and in Wall Street, New York, is shown with great strength. The tragedy of his final ruin is not necessarily consequent on his speculations, but is due to the fierce hatreds he has evoked, and the treachery of those whose envy has been aroused by his apparent wealth. A mob of infuriated miners, egged on by Jerry's enemies, attempt to cut the dam which holds back a mountain stream from flooding Durden's Mine, and in defending this safeguard of his wealth and prosperity he is fatally shot. The story is extraordinarily dramatic and closely woven, the characters delineated, whether the rude denizens of the mining region or the men and women of civilization, are drawn in broad and vigorous lines, and the study of Jerry himself is quite masterly. No better painting of life in a mining town, of the various types of people evolved under its conditions, of the bitter and implacable strifes which rivalry in money-getting and the ambition of leadership engender, of the subtle and far-reaching effect of a childish feud need be fancied. The successful plebeian owes his ruin mainly to the Machiavellian craft of a man of higher social station, whom he had once severely punished for insolence, and whom he had surpassed in the race of life. The emotion of love has but little to do with the machinery of the story, though there are casual intimations of its possibility between Jerry and his enemy's sister. It seems almost a pity that this element should not have been made to have given the novel a still richer human warmth, and lent to its final issue a profounder passion. One suspects that this may have been the original purpose of the author unfortunately abandoned. It is invidious, however, to find a fault of omission where there is so much else to entrance the attention and stir the fancy. So strong and original a novel makes one anxious that it should have a speedy successor.

FANNY KEMBLE.

FURTHER RECORDS, 1848-1883. A series of Letters by Frances Anne Kemble. Forming a

Sequel to "Records of a Girlhood," and "Records of a Later Life." With a portrait of Mrs. Charles Kemble. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The brilliant actress and author, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, is still one of the delightful names to the older generation. The daughter of Charles Kemble, the niece of the great Mrs. Siddons, and of John Philip Kemble, her inherited talent for acting did not specially display itself till the stress of family poverty forced her to make her *debut* at the age of eighteen, under her father's management, at Covent Garden, London. The genius of the Kembles, a family so eminent in the history of the English stage, at once displayed itself. During the five years of her life as an actress she achieved a success so brilliant that she was compared to her aunt. She retired in 1834, at the time of her marriage with Mr. Pierce Butler, an American, from whom she separated after the end of a few years of unhappy experience. She then fixed her American home at Lenox, Mass., and divided her time about equally between her native and her adopted countries, for both of which she always retained an equal fondness. She did not resume her own proper name of Kemble till 1849, when she procured a divorce from Mr. Butler. Mrs. Kemble began her career of authorship before she went on the stage, as she wrote a play at the age of seventeen. Most people, even of those who remember her well, think of her as the great dramatic reader, who for a series of years gave Shakespearian readings in the United States and England, and whose interpretations threw a light on the poet which no stage rendering could quite give. But it is as an author that we must now consider her. Among the books she wrote were a volume of poems, "A Journal of a Residence in America," an account of European travel under the name of "A Year of Consolation," and "Residence on a Georgia Plantation, 1838-39," one of the best studies of the slavery question ever written. It is not, however, by her books designed for publication that Mrs. Kemble's literary genius will be best known in future years. As a letter writer she shone with surpassing brilliancy, and is worthy to be ranked with Madame De Sevigné and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her profound and extensive knowledge of books, of society, and of art, her charm of expression, the piquant commingling of humor and seriousness, the easy, unconstrained flow of her thought, and the keen sympathy which

she had with everything lofty and sweet make her letters most attractive. Mrs. Kemble knew almost everybody worth knowing, and her comments, though never ill-natured, are often very racy in her sketches of noted people. The present series of letters is fully as fascinating reading as those which preceded them, "Records of a Girlhood," and "Records of a Later Life." Though written to a few people only, these letters probably represent the perfect and complete woman even better than the preceding volumes, a woman fully mellowed, and one who had lost many of her illusions, but yet a woman still full of clear-sighted enthusiasm in many directions, and instinct with a surprisingly fresh and youthful spirit. One could find no end of charming bits of quotation in this volume, showing the power of a man's brain united with the tenderness of a woman's fancy. But the feast must be reserved for those who care to buy the volume. It is assuredly one of the contemporary books eminently worth reading.

A CONVENIENT HANDBOOK.

ADELINE'S ART DICTIONARY. Containing a Complete Index of all Terms Used in Art Archaeology, Architecture, and Heraldry. Translated from the French and Enlarged. With Nearly 2000 Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

M. Jules Adeline's "Lexique des Termes D'Art" is a well-known book of its class, and is recognized as a high authority and as a handy and compact dictionary. The translator has adapted the material with skill, and added to it a large mass of information of a similar sort, which, for the English reader, will be useful. The work of revision has been accomplished by an expert and brought up to date. In many instances the definitions have been made much more full and complete than before. The pages of this book include all such terms as are employed in painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture, not only as they describe the objective sides of art, but as they touch processes, methods, and principles, or as we might comprehend them in general name of æsthetics. Of course in the latter case a bare statement of principles or of methods is all which can be given, but these, it may be presumed, are always authentic. To quote from the preface: "The technical terms for antique vases or mediæval pottery, sacred and domestic implements, as well as for civil and military costume, armor, arms,

etc., are described; everything which forms the component part of a picture, or may be included in its description; notices of the various schools of art and of public picture-galleries in England; an analysis of colors and artistic implements; descriptions of ornamental woods or precious stones; of the saints and their symbols; such manufacturing processes as call art to their aid, or such terms in architecture and the cognate arts as are necessarily used in general art." This dictionary, in its more full and sufficient English edition, appears to be ample for all the ordinary needs of the art student or general engineer, and to fill its purpose very satisfactorily. Definitions are concise and pointed, and yet sufficiently complete to give all the essential facts. The illustrations are well drawn, and furnish an important feature of the book.

WHAT WOMAN HAS DONE.

WOMAN'S WORK IN AMERICA. Edited by Annie Nathan Meyer. With an Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The new era of woman is upon us, and the attitude of the gentler sex toward questions and interests once supposed to be confined to the masculine sphere cannot be ignored even by those who would. The part that women plays to-day in all philanthropic and educational enterprises, in journalism, in letters, in medicine, etc., is so well fixed, and has so powerfully influenced modern convictions, that all future movements in reform and the upbuilding of civilization must take her into account as a most important factor. The book before us is a review of woman's work in America, edited by Annie Nathan Meyer, with an introduction by one of the most brilliant of American women—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The chapters include three articles on the education of women East, West, and South; woman in literature and journalism, in medicine, the ministry, and the law; woman in industry; and seven chapters, perhaps the most important ones, on woman in philanthropy and charity.

The editor's aim in collecting these papers, she tells us, is "to set forth certain plain facts, shorn of all sentiment, before the world in accessible form, to preserve the record of a great, brave, and essentially American struggle; to serve as a stimulus to many women who are working along a weary road; to hold up

before the entire sex in every sphere of life only the highest standard of excellence." Mrs. Howe, in her brief essay, sums up the results of the destruction of the old theory that women should not be workers (that is, except slaves, servants, and other household drudges), and says: "The changes which our country has seen in this respect, and the great uprising of industries among women are, then, not important to women alone, but of momentous import to society at large. The new industries sap the foundation of vicious and degraded life. From the factory to the palace the quickening impulse is felt, and the social level rises. To the larger intellectual outlook is added the growing sympathy of women with each other, which does more than anything else to make united action possible among them."

Woman in education, literature, and, to some extent, in art, and in all branches of philanthropic work, of course is an old story. But her part, even in these directions, has been far more energetic and important than ever before in the olden time. The reader will find the chapters on philanthropy and reform specially interesting.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's forthcoming novel, "David," as well as many other new works, will be published also by Baron Tauchnitz in his collection, which has now for fifty years contributed so much to the popularity of English authors on the Continent.

MR. HJALMAR PETTERSEN, of the University Library, Christiania, has published a catalogue of anonymous and pseudonymous works in Norwegian literature from 1678 to 1890. He includes (1) all works printed in Norway, whether written in Norse or other languages; (2) works of Norwegian authors printed abroad; (3) translations of Norse books; and (4) works in foreign languages about Norway and its authors. The total number of pieces here catalogued exceeds 2100; and for a large proportion of them the real names of the authors have been found. Altogether, this is a very laborious and no less useful piece of bibliographical work.

THE study of modern languages, Continental papers say, is to receive new encouragement in Prussia. The Cultus Ministerium intends establishing six annual "Modern Language

Travelling Scholarships" of the value of 1000 marks each, after the fashion of the existing Archeological Travelling Scholarships.

DR. STEIN's catalogue of the 5000 Sanscrit MSS. found in Jammú is now complete. Among the Vedic MSS. there are numerous old codices: one, containing a portion of the "S'āṅkhâyaṇa-s'râuta-sūtra," is dated 1148 of the Vikrama era. At Amb, in the Salt Range, he lately visited the ruins of an ancient city with walls in places fifty feet high, and three temples, at the entrance to one of which he observed groups of figures in relief of beautiful workmanship. He has also sent us some printed notes concerning his forthcoming edition of the "Rājataranginī."

THE report of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language says that during the past year over one thousand books more have been sold than in the previous year, thus bringing the total number of books sold since the society was founded to over one hundred thousand. Though difficulties and drawbacks still hamper and impede the spread of the national language, nevertheless the movement advances. Nearly one thousand pupils presented themselves for examination in Irish during the past year in the national schools.

THE death is announced, at the age of seventy-eight, of Professor Miklosich, of Vienna, the celebrated Slavonic scholar. His "*Radices Linguae Paloslovenicæ*," his "*Lexicon Linguae Palæoslovenicæ*," and his "*Vergleichende Grammatik der Slawischen Sprachen*," made his name known quite forty years ago. His "*Slawische Bibliothek*," published between 1851 and 1853; his "*Monumenta Serbica*," issued in conjunction with Dr. J. Müller; and his "*Acta et Diplomata Græca Medii Ævi*," are standard works. His monographs on the formation of Slav proper names and names of places, and on the dialects and wanderings of the gypsies, are also familiar to scholars. Professor Miklosich was a Correspondent of the Institute of France.

PROFESSOR BELOCH, of the Roman University, will publish immediately the first volume of his "*History of Greece*," which will contain the period of legendary and Homeric Greece. In it he denies the historical reality of the so-called Doric migration and the return of the Heracleidæ.

THE Government of India publish yearly a statement showing the progress of education

throughout the Indian Empire. According to the statement recently issued for 1889-90, the number of public and private institutions dealt with by the Education Department in that year was 134,710, compared with 131,709 in 1888-89. The percentage of scholars to the total population of school-going age was 11.4 in 1889-90 as compared with 11.2 in 1888-89. The total number of pupils under instruction in the educational institutions of all classes on March 31st, 1890, was 3,626,390; on March 31st, 1889, the number was 3,544,257. There was a slight fall from 11,250 to 11,219 in the number of pupils at Arts colleges, but the number at secondary schools rose from 452,058 to 469,153. Of the pupils under instruction, 352,356, as against 342,953 in the previous year, were studying English. The expenditure on education rose from 27,092,324 rupees in 1888-89, to 27,658,697 rupees in 1889-90.

THE Newspaper Press Directory for 1891 states there are now published in the United Kingdom 2234 newspapers, distributed as follows: London, 470; Provinces, 1293; Wales, 90; Scotland, 201; Ireland, 157; Isles, 23. Of these there are 142 daily papers published in England, 6 in Wales, 19 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, 1 in the Isles. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1778, of which more than 448 are of a decidedly religious character.

CONVOCAION at Oxford has sanctioned a grant of £150 a year for three years, out of the common university fund, to maintain a student at Dohrn's marine biological laboratory at Naples. Cambridge has already occupied a table at this institution for the past fifteen years; but it is feared that the other table supported by the British Association will be given up after the present year.

PREPARATIONS have been made for some time past for the issue on the Continent by an English firm of the works of English and American writers, in a series similar to that published by Baron Tauchnitz. The friendly co-operation of the chief English authors, especially writers of fiction, has been secured and a Company formed, which will immediately begin operations at Leipzig. The concern is to be known as Heinemann & Balestier, Limited, the first directors being Mr. William Heinemann the publisher (the present business being entirely independent of his London establishment), Mr. Wolcott Balestier, well known among English authors as the resident member of the New York firm of Lovell

& Co., and Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Irving's business manager at the Lyceum. The firm of F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, is retained to direct the distribution and sale of books on the Continent; and besides Herr Brockhaus's depots at Leipzig, Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, arrangements are being made to extend the sale in other directions. Among the authors who will contribute to the early issues of the "English Library" are Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, George Meredith, Henry James, W. E. Norris, Hall Caine, B. L. Farjeon, H. Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, Sir Edwin Arnold, W. D. Howells, Justin McCarthy, S. Baring-Gould, Mrs. Walford, Margaret Deland, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Wooda, Miss Poynter, Helen Mathers, Maxwell Gray, Mrs. Hungerford, Ouida, and Rhoda Broughton. The first three issues of the series will be Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "The Light that Failed," Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Light of the World," and Mrs. Deland's "Sidney."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Athenæum* as follows: "There is already some talk of an association of English authors and owners of copyrights, having for one of its special objects the establishment or control of a first-class printing house in the United States. This is regarded by some authors as an indispensable preliminary to any attempt to take advantage of the new Act, since it would be the only effectual guarantee against their books being 'printed in the American language.'

"Though the United States Senate and House of Representatives have agreed together on certain principles of copyright legislation, and the President has assented to an Act of Congress, this Act will not become operative for Englishmen until the American Secretary of State has declared himself satisfied, in the terms of the Act, that equivalent privileges of copyright are secured for United States citizens in this country."

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY writes from New York to the London *Athenæum* concerning the new International Copyright Bill, and thus discusses the business side of the question as affecting printers and publishers:

"Telegrams from England inform us of the very natural desire of your printers and publishers to retaliate on the protectionist features of the new Act. It is doubtful, however, whether the English workmen would be sufficiently protected to do more than keep an occasional luxurious American book at a high

price for Englishmen. It could have little or no effect here, because, with the rates of work in England, your publishers already find little or no profit in importing sheets or plates from this country. Probably in most cases the English house prefers to set up in its own style and spelling the American book. To American authors the proposed retaliation is a matter of perfect indifference, except that they are nearly all advocates of 'free trade,' and might regret to see England relapsing into our ignorant 'M'Kinleyism' just as there are signs of reaction from it in America. It is probable also that this typographical interest will soon become of much less international importance to either country than it appears to possess at present. The multiplication of new processes for reproducing books and engravings, the inventions for swift type-setting, are becoming such as must diminish the importance of the victory obtained by this fraternity at Washington. As for English publishers, their plain course is to establish houses in this country, and themselves publish books which Americans may try to obtain at less than their value, because of the compulsory negotiation to which the foreign author is subjected."

A LETTER from Bombay, from Mr. James Douglass, *apropos* of Egyptian papyri and mummy finds, of which so many remarkable discoveries have been recently made, will be of interest to many of our readers:

"The paper on Egyptian papyri in the *Athenæum* of the 31st of January brings vividly to my memory a conversation with the late Mr. Harris in the year 1851.

"It was after dinner, and with his hookah, seated in his sanctum and surrounded by the idols of Egypt, he related to me that a native had one day brought him the arm-bone of a mummy along with some papyrus, for which he gave a trifle. The native described minutely the spot where he had found it, how he had to wrench the arm from the body to get it intact, and that there remained more papyrus under the other arm. On examining it some months after by the aid of chemicals, he discovered, to his surprise, that it was a portion of Homer's 'Iliad.' His curiosity was excited, and the next time he went up the Nile—every season saw him there—he resolved to visit the spot so minutely described, and, sure enough, though 700 miles from Alexandria, he found the body, minus the right arm, and more papyrus.

"He paused in his narrative, after relating that this last was inscribed with the words, 'This is the Grammar of me, Tryphon, the Grammarian of Alexandria,' ceased his hubbub-bubble, stalked across the room to a glass-case, from whence he drew something like a moss-stick from an Irish bog, and threw it upon the table, exclaiming, 'There, sir, is the right arm of Tryphon, the Grammarian of Alexandria.' I looked at the black and skinny fingers which had once beckoned the students from visions of lentil soup and red mullet, 'food of great Callisthenes,' and seemed to listen to his dying injunction, which was, no doubt, to bury him with his own grammar, and the next greatest book in the world, Homer's 'Iliad.'

"These relics, then at Kum-el-dyk (Fort Napoleon), are doubtless those described by your correspondent."

MISCELLANY.

THE CLASSICAL SCHOLAR IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.—You are, let us say, a young professional man in chambers or offices, incompetently guarded by an idiot boy whom you dare not trust with the responsibility of denying you to strangers. You hear a knock at your outer door, followed by conversation in the clerk's room, after which your salaried idiot announces, "A Gentleman to see you." Enter a dingy and dismal little man in threadbare black, who advances with an air of mysterious importance. "I think," he begins, "I 'ave the pleasure of speaking to Mr. ——" (whatever your name is). "I take the liberty of calling, Mr. —, to consult you on a matter of the utmost importance, and I shall feel personally obliged if you will take precautions for our conversation not being overheard." He looks grubby for a client—but appearances are deceptive, and you offer him a seat, assuring him that he may speak with perfect security—whereupon he proceeds in a lowered voice.

"The story I am about to reveal," he says, smoothing a slimy tall hat, "is of a nature so revolting, so 'orrible in its details, that I can 'ardly bring myself to speak it to any 'uming ear!" (Here you will probably prepare to take notes.) "You see before you one who is of 'igh birth but low circumstances!" (At this, you give him up as a possible client, but a mixture of diffidence and curiosity compels you to listen.) "Yes, Sir, I was 'fruges consumeary nati.' I 'ave received a neducation

more befitting a dook than my present condition. Nursed in the lap of hafluence, I was trained to fill the lofty position which was to have been my lot. But 'necessitas,' Sir, as you are aware, 'necessitas non abat lejim,' and augh I found it. While 'still receiving a classical education at Cambridge College—(p'raps you are yourself as alumbus of *Haima Mater*? No? I apologize, Sir, I'm sure)—but while preparing to take my honorary degree, my Father suddenly enounced the horfu news that he was a bankrupt'. Strip of all we possessed, we were turned out of our sumchnous 'ome upon the cold world, my Father's gray 'airs were brought down sorrowing to sangwidge boards, though he is 'still sangwin of paying off his creditors in time out of what he can put by from his scanty hearnings. My poor dear Mother—a lady born and bred—sank by slow degrees to a cawfy-stall, which is now morgidged to the 'ilt, and my eldest Sister, a lovely and accomplished gairl, was 'artlessly thrown over by a nobleman, to 'oom she was engaged to be married, before our reverses overtook us. His name the delikit hin-stinks of a gentleman will forbid you to inquire, as likewise me to mention—enough to 'int that he occupies a prominent position among the hupper circles of Society, and is frequently to be met with in the papers. His faithlessness preyed on my Sister's mind to that degree that she is now in the Asylum, a nopeless maniac! My honely Brother was withdrawn from 'Arrow, and now 'as the yumiliation of selling penny toys on the curb-stone to his former playfellars. 'Tantee nannymice salestibus hire,' indeed, Sir!

"But you ask what befell myself." (You have not—for the simple reason that, even if you desired information, he has given you no chance, as yet, of putting in a word.) "Ah, Sir, there you 'ave me on a tender point. 'Hakew tetigisti,' if I may venture once more upon a scholarly illusion. But I 'ave resolved to conceal nothing—and you shall 'ear. For a time I obtained employment as Seckertary and Imanuensis to a young baranit, 'oo had been the bosom friend of my College days. He would, I know, have used his influence with Government to obtain me a lucrative post; but, alas! ere he could do so, unaired sheets, coupled with deliket 'elth, took him off premature, and I was once more thrown on my own resources.

"In conclusion, Sir, you 'ave doubtless done me the hinjustice to expect, from all I 'ave said, that my hobjick in obtaining this

interview was to ask you for pecuniary assistance?" (Here you reflect with remorse that a suspicion to this effect has certainly crossed your mind.) "Nothing of the sort or kind, I do assure you. A little 'uming sympathy, the relief of pouring out my sorrows upon a feeling 'art, a few kind encouraging words, is all I ask, and that, Sir, the first sight of your kind friendly face told me I should not lack. Pore as I am, I still 'ave my pride, the pride of a English gentleman, and if you was to orfer me a sovereign as you sit there, I should fling it in the fire—ah, I *should*—'urt and indignant at the hinsult!" (Here you will probably assure him that you have no intention of outraging his feelings in any such manner.) "No, and *why*, Sir? Because you 'ave a gentlemanly 'art, and if you were to make sech a orfer, you would do it in a kindly Christian spirit which would rob it of all offence. There's not many as I would bring myself to accept a paltry sovereign from, but I dunno—I might from one like yourself—I *might* 'Ord hignara mali, miseris succurreary disco,' as the old philosopher says. You 'ave that kind of *wey* with you." (You mildly intimate that he is mistaken here, and take the opportunity of touching the bell.) "No, Sir, don't be untrue to your better himpulses. 'Ave a feelin' 'art, Sir! Don't send me away, after allowing me to waste my time 'ere—which is of value *to me*, let me tell yer, whatever *yours* is!—like this! . . . Well, well, there's 'ard people in this world? I'm *going*, Sir . . . I 'ave sufficient dignity to take a 'int. . . . You 'aven't got even a trifle to spare an old University Scholar in redooed circumstances then? . . . Ah, it's easy to see you ain't been at a University yourself—you hain't got the *hair* of it. Farewell, Sir, and may your lot in life be 'apier than— All right, don't *hexcite* yourself. I've bin mistook in yer, that's all. I thought you was as soft-edded a young mug as you look. Open that door, will yer; I want to get out of this 'ole!"

Here he leaves you with every indication of disgust and disappointment, and you will probably hear him indulging in unclassical vituperation on the landing.—*Punch*.

A MAGICAL PLANT.—It is to be doubted whether any better instance could be found of the wealth of tradition, legend, and story that centres in a single little plant than that which has accumulated round the mandrake. It has a literature all to itself, and learning seems to have exhausted itself over its etymology. The

plant itself is so insignificant that it would not naturally excite any great interest. Its leaves are long, sharp-pointed, and hairy, rising immediately from the ground, and are of a vivid dark green. Its flowers are dingy white, stained with veins of purple, and its fruit of a pale orange, about the size of a nutmeg. The root is spindle-shaped, often divided into two or three forks, and rudely resembles the human form, from which possibly it takes its name. But if we turn from the plant itself to the monument of learning that has been erected around it, it is impossible not to be struck with the universal interest it has possessed for all people and in all ages. We do not know how many Shakespearean commentators have puzzled over the allusion in Juliet's immortal soliloquy:

"And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;"

and contrasted it with the parallel apostrophe of Suffolk in *King Henry VI.*, who, asked by Queen Margaret whether he has not spirit to curse his enemies, replies:

"Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear."

As the legend runs, in order to procure the magic plant it was necessary to cut away all the suckers to the main root before pulling it up, which would cause death to any man or creature who heard the human screams it made. They had an ingenious if cowardly way of getting over the difficulty, which would certainly not commend itself nowadays to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After carefully stopping their ears, they took a dog and tied its tail securely to the plant, and then walking away to a short distance called the dog to follow. In doing this the luckless animal would pull up the much-coveted root, but would fall dead upon the spot. This was at any rate, according to Josephus, the old Jewish practice; but the tradition at least long survived. Whatever may be the origin for the theory that the roots shrieked or groaned when separated from the earth, it certainly remained a current tradition long after Shakespeare immortalized it. Since, however, the root is named from its imaginary resemblance to the human figure, it is not unnatural to suppose that it may have been credited with possessing some of the attributes

of human feeling. Langhorne, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, tells us to

"Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands."

Among its names in this connection are those of the "Devil's Food," and the "Devil's Apple," the "Tuphach el Sheitan" of the Arabs. That this uncanny belief continued down to almost modern times is shown by an anecdote for which Madame du Noyer is responsible. According to this, on the murder of the Maréchal de Fabert in 1662, which was popularly attributed to his having broken a compact with the devil, two mandrakes of extraordinary beauty were found by his friends in his rooms, and these were regarded as conclusive proofs of the diabolical league, of which they failed to find, as they hoped, any written record.

It has always been in great vogue in the East, both Jews and Arabs having from time immemorial also valued it for the magic virtues which were so long commonly attached to a love-philtre. This attribute, which dates at least from Old Testament times, remained current in Italy until the Middle Ages, for there are plenty of records showing that there was a brisk demand for the root among the Italian ladies. Perhaps the most extraordinary of the properties attributed to it are those which it shared in common with the *Rastrictava* of Russia, of enabling house-breakers to pick locks, which is certainly one of the most amusing developments of the solar theory. "Love," it is said, "laughs at lock-smiths;" but the connection between the mandrake and "burgling" seems a little forced. There is a tradition that the moonwort will unshoe horses if they step upon the plant, and similar powers have been attributed to the vervain and the mandrake.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY.—The great Siberian Railway, which will more closely connect Europe with the teeming millions of China, Japan, and Eastern Asia, will be commenced this spring. The total length of the line will be 4,810 miles, and the cost about thirty-two millions sterling. In case permanent bridges are built over the immense rivers Obi, Yonesei, Lena, etc., the outlay will be still greater. The commercial and political importance of this

undertaking is greater than most people suppose. It will not only help to open out the immense resources of Southern Siberia, but will enable Russia to compete more successfully for the Japanese and Chinese carrying and import trade. Goods that are now sent by sea to Europe will ten years hence be carried overland into Europe, and a good deal of the Chinese carrying trade will go into the hands of Russia. A large portion of the railway will run through millions of acres of the finest virgil soil, over immense rivers, primeval forests which have never been cut, and through countries abounding in mineral and vegetable wealth. When the line is ready it will be possible to work the rich gold, silver, iron, copper, and plumbago mines of Eastern Siberia, which have hardly yet been touched in consequence of the scarcity of labor and the absence of machinery. The rich and fertile regions of the Amoor and Usuri, which boast of a climate as fine as that of France, will then be open to colonists, and also millions of acres of land which are at the present moment almost unpopulated. By means of this railway Russia will be able to convert Vladivostock into a great naval and military station like Sevastopol, and, if necessary, pour several hundred thousand troops on the Chinese frontier in less than three weeks' time. And last, and not least, among the benefits which will accrue to mankind through this undertaking, will be the possibility of visiting China or Japan in about a fortnight from Central Europe, with all that comfort that is attached to railway travelling in Russia.—*From a Correspondent*.

COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS.—The theory of Lippmann's process is described by him as follows: The light entering through the objective passes without sensible deflection through the sensitive film of the plate, and effects, with the light reflected from the metallic layer, the division of the film into extremely fine waves, each of which has the exact thickness required for producing the corresponding color. The vibrations of light are consequently fixed and reproduced almost in the same way as the sound waves in the phonograph. Professor Lippmann submitted to the Académie des Sciences, Paris, the results of his experiments in various plates and prints, in which the colors were completely fixed, without being subject to change by the action of light or air.